

Hymn and —————
Revival Anecdotes

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"But without a parable spake he not unto them." Mark 4: 34.

THE
Gospel Worker's Treasury
OF
HYMN AND REVIVAL ANECDOTES,

Texts, Subjects, Outlines, and Scripture Readings.

COMPILED BY
REV. E. S. LORENZ, A. M.

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PREFACE.

The pressure upon a minister's time and strength during a revival is something tremendous. One or even two meetings each day, with a sermon or extended address at each, not to mention the even more taxing exhortations of indefinite number and length, the large demands for personal and pastoral work made upon his time during the day, the care and management of so many persons, saved and unsaved, and of the many details of the meeting, exhaust his time and nervous force, without adding the task of preparing his discourses. Yet the gravity of the interests involved demands the most thorough preparation possible for the pulpit; for "it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." While the inspiration of the work, and, what is better, the presence of the Holy Spirit, will often enable the preacher to make almost wholly extemporaneous addresses of wonderful power, the conscientious worker almost invariably feels that, if to this inspiration and baptism of the Spirit he could have added an adequate previous preparation, even more might have been accomplished. Under the pressure of this thought, the editor, from the beginning of his ministry, has felt it his duty during the whole year, and especially during the months immediately preceding the revival season, to gather together such materials as seemed particularly adapted for the work,—illustrations, anecdotes, texts, themes, and the like,—to secure books in which these were to be found, and to organize them sufficiently to make them immediately accessible, just when needed. This collection is the outgrowth of this effort to supply a personal necessity, that in the pressure of the evangelistic services there might be an abundance of materials from which to select. As his resources grew larger and richer, it finally occurred to the writer that doubtless hundreds of other ministers had the same needs, but fewer opportunities to collect the desired materials, and that it was his duty to share with his brethren his gathered treasures. As he has labored still further to enrich his stores, gleaning in fields far from the beaten highway, he has constantly had in mind the needs of the young minister, without the resources accumulated from experience or

reading; but he is quite sure that many who are older will gladly avail themselves of the fresh materials garnered here.

It would have been easy to give even more help than this work affords, but the editor's desire was to avoid doing for those whom he wished to aid what they ought and must do for themselves. Knowing that a merely mechanical appropriation of the contents of this volume could only do harm to the preacher and his work, he has endeavored to so arrange the materials as not to become a party to such an abuse of the benefits it is sought to confer. The anecdotes have been condensed, so that it is left to the speaker to elaborate the details. The application, when given at all, is merely suggested, so that the preacher can easily adapt it to his immediate purpose. The sermon outlines given are in most cases so simple and slight that they can hardly be used otherwise than suggestively. The help that this collection affords is therefore legitimate, and can be honorably accepted by the most conscientious worker.

If the original sources of these illustrations could have been given, it would have been a satisfaction to the editor; but it represented more labor than he could afford to give to a matter of mere taste. For the sake of uniformity, he has indicated no sources, even when they were known. Nor has he stopped to investigate the authenticity or historical truth of these anecdotes, considering that a matter of little importance in a parable.

Thanks are due to a number of ministerial brethren who have kindly furnished, at the editor's request, original illustrations from their own experience and observation.

That these smooth stones from the brook may be useful to many Davids all over the land, is the earnest prayer of the editor.

E. S. LORENZ.

Dayton, Ohio, July 1st, 1887.

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PART I.

HYMN ANECDOTES.

HYMN ANECDOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

The power of no other part of public worship is so little utilized as that of song. While it may be conceded to add a little variety, and to give the congregation a small chance to participate in the service, it is practically looked upon as the padding which helps to fill up the time of the service. The minister announces the number of the hymn, and, without waiting for the congregation to find the hymn in order that they may follow its reading in an intelligent way, he reads it through in a wooden, mechanical manner that convicts him on the spot of a lack of appreciation of, and sympathy with, the spirit of the hymn; if he is a sloven, he will simply read a line or two—not enough to make sense—and will omit the remainder to save time. If a minister should manage his public prayers in the same way, he would be unfrocked. And yet song is the peer of prayer as a public devotional exercise, and deserves equally intelligent treatment. It has need of the same sincere and earnest spirit which alone makes prayer acceptable.

This neglect of the hymn is all the more unpardonable that, as far as immediate impressions upon the people are concerned, song is more powerful than prayer. It will wake the feeling, kindle the enthusiasm, and lift the spirit of worshippers, as few men can with their prayers. That it does not usually do this, is due to the fact that it is generally an unreal, conventional performance, little calculated, and indeed not intended, to touch the heart. The success of Mr. Sankey is an illustration of the way in which congregations respond to a leader to whom song has meaning and reality. It is this hymnic vitality, rather than any genius or skill, which

has given him success. That a clergyman or gospel worker has no musical knowledge or skill, does not matter greatly in making the song service a power; he needs but to enter into the spirit and meaning of what is sung. He may not be a good reader, and may even be unable to sing a note; but if his heart understands the hymn and responds to it, the electric current of his feeling will run through the congregation, and rich results will follow from the service of song.

While some persons have by nature a quicker and deeper insight into the meaning of a hymn than others, it will open its heart to any one who studies it lovingly and appreciatively. When not only the thought, but also the feeling, of every phrase and word is understood and appropriated as one's own, the reading of the worker will be no longer formal and mechanical, but the direct expression of his own heart, natural and unaffected. Such reading, however defective from the stand-point of an elocutionist, will have power, and will equal in devotional value a fervent prayer, or a well-rendered Scripture lesson. It gives the spiritual key-note which makes or mars the whole song service.

But as the impressiveness of a Scripture lesson is often greatly augmented by pertinent comments, so the meaning of a hymn may be made more evident, and the congregation lifted to a greater responsiveness to its feeling, by a few well-chosen remarks or an apt illustration, anecdotal or otherwise. Often the older and more familiar the hymn, the more necessary is such revivifying comment. The narration of historical facts concerning the hymn or its author, such as are found in abundance in Dr. Duffield's most excellent and helpful work on "English Hymns," will add very much to its effectiveness. Anecdotes illustrating particular sentiments in the hymn are even more useful, as they are more likely to touch the heart. These illustrations need have no historical connection with the hymn; that they impress more deeply its leading sentiments, establishes their pertinency. Comment and illustration need not be confined to the beginning of the hymn, but at the conclusion of any stanza the thought of the next may be quickened into life by a few earnest words. It should, however, be said, that extended remarks are entirely out of place, and worse than useless, as they defeat the object desired.

These hints have particular value in evangelistic services, in which, if properly conducted, song must play an important part. Here the danger too often is, that mere noise and senseless excitement shall be the results of the thoughtless, unintelligent singing. Song expresses, and at the same time begets, emotion, and that is its purpose; but the skillful worker will see to it that this emotion has an intelligent basis, and is directed to the accomplishment of definite ends. The freedom of such services gives the leader fine opportunities for the full utilization of the aggressive power of song. It affords opportunities for passing remarks that are often richer in results than the abler and sustained addresses against which the unsaved brace themselves. The writer once sang, in a revival service, Bliss' "I know not what awaits me," and spoke of the sudden death of Mr. Bliss soon after composing the music of the song, as illustrating its leading thought. In the audience was a young man for whom many prayers had arisen, seemingly in vain, and who had just that day returned from a trip to the East. The mention of the wreck of the bridge at Ashtabula reminded him of the high bridge over the Ohio River which he had crossed at Bellaire that morning, and the thought came like a flash that if that bridge, like the one at Ashtabula, had gone down, his soul would have been lost. The contrast between his feeling and the calm trust of the hymn sung only deepened his conviction, and in a few days he confessed Christ as his Savior. What sermons and personal entreaties had failed to accomplish, this passing allusion had done. Very often a whole service may be devoted to song, these comments and personal applications of the sentiments of the songs taking the place of the address or sermon. In this way song services become a powerful agency for winning souls to Christ.

A large number of hymn anecdotes follow. They are gathered from many sources, both public and private. In addition to these, many of the illustrations of the body of the book will find their place in adding interest to the service of song. One of the indexes furnishes the numbers of the anecdotes illustrating particular hymns. This treasury will therefore yield the skillful worker abundant materials which he can adapt to his purpose for the children's meeting, the prayer meeting, or the revival service.

"PRAISE GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW."

1. A child on the top of Mt. Washington was with her father above the clouds, while a thunder-storm flashed and rumbled below. Where they stood, all was perfect calm and sunshine, though the eye found nothing but the blue of heaven and a few rocks and mosses on which to rest. "Well, Lucy," said her father, "there is nothing to be seen here, is there?" But the child exclaimed: "O, papa, *I see the doxology!* all around seems to say:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below."

2. This doxology was a great solace to the starving "boys in blue" that were incarcerated in Libby Prison. Day after day they saw comrades passing away, and their numbers increased by fresh, living recruits for the grave. One night, about ten o'clock, through the stillness and the darkness, they heard the tramp of coming feet, that soon stopped before the prison door until arrangements could be made inside. In the company was a young Baptist minister, whose heart almost fainted as he looked on those cold walls and thought of the suffering inside. Tired and weary, he sat down, put his face in his hands, and wept. Just then a lone voice of deep, sweet pathos, sung out from an upper window, —

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"

and a dozen manly voices joined in the second line, —

"Praise Him, all creatures here below;"

and then by the time the third was reached, more than a score of hearts were full, and these joined to send the words on high, —

"Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;"

and by this time the prison was all alive, and seemed to quiver with the sacred song, as from every room and cell those brave men sang, —

"Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

As the song died out on the still night that enveloped in darkness the doomed city of Richmond, the young man arose and happily said, —

"Prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

3. In the great cotton famine in England, which desolated Lancashire for long and weary months, the people, men and women, went into the Sunday-school houses and prayed. They had been taught to do so, and they were upheld in the time of trial by the truths they had learned. When the first wagon-load of cotton arrived, the people unhooked the horses and drew it themselves, and surrounding it, began to sing—what do you think they sang? They sang the grand old doxology, while the tears came flowing down their cheeks,—

“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

4. The crew of a British man-of-war, at anchor off the coast, heard across the water a voice singing “Old Hundred,” and at once conjectured that a Christian Englishman was there on the land, held in slavery by the Mohammedans.

They manned a boat, rowed ashore, and following the sound of the stranger’s devotions, came to a small building at the foot of a native garden.

Without hesitation they burst open the door, snatched the captive from his knees, and bore him rapidly away, in utter ignorance of where he was going, or what such violence meant. When he found himself on the deck of the frigate, among his fellow-countrymen, a restored British citizen, he was half frantic with joy. He said he at first supposed, when the sailors rushed in upon him, that a party of Turks or Arabs had come, for they often assaulted him at his devotions and whipped him when on his knees.

5. Still more vividly, to aid a pious fancy in representing a heavenly fact, comes to mind Bayard Taylor’s description of the echoes in that magnificent East Indian mausoleum, the *Taj Mahal*. He says: “Two gentlemen visited the Taj together, and one of them, who had a strong voice, sang softly the tune of ‘Old Hundred,’ ‘Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.’ His companion, who was a strong, impulsive man, burst into tears. Invisible beings seemed to take up the sweet song of praise until the echoes swelled into the sound of many voices, as if a heavenly choir were chanting their earnest hymn.”

6. One of the singular occasions for the employment of the doxology was on the evening of Thursday, October 15, 1884, when

a great crowd filled the street in New York City before the Republican headquarters, and the news of an important election in Ohio was received. It was two o'clock in the morning before the last bulletin was posted. Previous to this announcement a thousand voices had been singing uproariously, "We won't go home till morning," but the moment that the message was displayed the stereopticon flashed out the line, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." "Good night." A deep-voiced man in the throng pitched the doxology, and a mighty volume of song swelled upward. Then the lights went out, and the happy watchers departed to their homes. If a political victory can evoke such lofty expressions of joy, what will be the rapture of singing this same ascription of praise when the kingdom of our Lord shall have won its final victory?

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

7. The great evangelist, and president of Oberlin College, Charles G. Finney, was walking about his grounds not long before his death. In the church where he had preached for forty years, the evening service had just begun. Presently he heard this hymn floating to him from the distance. He caught it up, sang with the invisible congregation, and joined in their praises to the end. Before the next morning he had joined the choir about the throne.

8. It is said that an excursion of Sunday-school teachers and scholars on Lake Winnipiseogee was saved from panic and disaster during a storm by the singing of this hymn. It almost seemed as if the clouds broke and the wind allayed while the verses were being sung.

9. Mr. Spurgeon says: "An ungodly stranger, stepping into one of our services at Exeter Hall, was brought to the Cross by the words of Wesley's verse, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' 'Does Jesus love me?' said he; 'then why should I live in enmity to him?'"

10. A Mrs. Lewis, of Norwich, England, many years ago went to hear Mr. Hook preach at the Tabernacle, being under great distress of mind. She had determined to attend divine service once more, and if she obtained no peace, she intended then to drown herself. The first hymn which the preacher announced was, "Jesus, lover of my soul," which so startled her and suited her

condition that she supposed that he "had made this hymn for her sake," for she had no doubt that some one had informed him of her state of mind. As a result of this experience she was hopefully converted.

II. A chaplain in our army one morning found Tom, the drummer-boy, a great favorite with all the men, and whom, because of his sobriety and religious example, they called "the young deacon," sitting alone under a tree. At first he thought him asleep; but as he drew near, the boy lifted up his head, and he saw tears in his eyes. "Well, Tom, my boy, what is it?" "Why, sir, I had a dream last night which I can't get out of my mind." "What was it?" "You know that my little sister Mary is dead—died when ten years old. My mother was a widow, poor but good. She never seemed like herself afterwards. In a year or so, she died too; and then I, having no home and no mother, came to the war. But last night I dreamed the war was over, and I went back to my home, and just before I got to the house, my mother and little sister came out to meet me. I didn't seem to remember that they were dead. How glad they were! O, sir, it was just as real as you are real now." "Thank God, Tom," said the chaplain, "that you have such a mother, not really dead, but in heaven, and that you are hoping, through Christ, to meet her again." The boy wiped his eyes and was comforted.

The next day there was terrible fighting. Tom's drum was heard all day long, here and there. Four times the ground was swept by the contending armies. But as the night came on, both paused, and neither dared to go on the field, lest the foe should be there. Tom, "the young deacon," it was known, was wounded and left upon the battle-field. In the evening, when the noise of battle was over, and all was still, they heard a voice singing, away off on the field. They felt sure it was Tom's voice. Softly and beautifully the words of that precious hymn floated on the wings of the night,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

The first stanza ended, the voice began the second more softly,—

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me."

The voice stopped here, and there was silence. In the morning the soldiers went out and found Tom sitting on the ground, and leaning against a stump—dead. His soul went up in the song. Did his mother and Mary meet him? Who can say?

12. Shortly before the death of the late Baron Rothschild, he called at the bookseller's to inquire if he could furnish him with a hymn-book containing the precious hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Happy for him if in his closing days his mind and heart were turning to Him who is "the hope of Israel and Savior thereof in time of trouble."

13. At the close of a Sabbath day's service in a village on the coast of Wales, during a terrific storm, a large ship was seen driving before the gale toward the rocky shore, where inevitable destruction awaited her and her only occupant. Pastor and people were assembled on the beach. Helpless hands were wrung with sorrow, and fervent prayers were offered for the doomed mariner. "Could we not send him a message?" cries some one. A trumpet was brought and put into the pastor's hand. What could he say to one who was just sinking into eternity? "Look to Jesus!" he cries. "Can you hear?" "Aye, aye, sir!" was heard in reply, more distinctly than could have been expected. Hark! he is singing; and they catch here and there the words of his dying song,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

The voice ceases; the singer has dropped into the sea! His prayer has been granted, and he has joined the company of the redeemed before the throne.

14. A young man who had recklessly left his home to seek his fortune in his own way, only to find failure and disappointment, was pacing the floor of his boarding-house chamber one sleepless night, in a gloomy and desperate mood, when he heard a voice, a soft but full and rich voice with tears in it, singing the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

He silently parted the shutters, and saw, under the half-raised curtain of a chamber window in the opposite house, a death-bed scene.

His eyes watched it and his ears listened with a strange fascination. The singer, whether relation or friend, was holding the dying girl's hand, and a sorrowful group knelt by the bed. The song went on, sweetly and tremulously, till at the words—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,"

the singer's voice broke, and the watcher knew by the agitation in the chamber that the fluttering soul had passed away.

The young man turned from his window and knelt down and wept—wept long, and prayed. He did not rise from his knees till he had made all the words of that hymn his own, and cast himself forever on the mercy of Christ.

15. A coasting vessel once went on the rocks in a gale in the English Channel. The captain and crew took to the boats and were lost. They might have been saved had they remained on board; for a huge wave carried the vessel up among the rocks where the ebbing tide left her high and dry. In the captain's cabin a hymn-book was found lying on his table. It was opened to a particular page, and the pencil still lay in it which had marked the favorite lines of the stout sailor, who was just going into the jaws of death. While the hurricane was howling outside, the captain had drawn his pencil beside these glorious words of cheer—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.”

Blessed death song!

16. Several years ago a ship was burned near the English Channel. Among the passengers were a father, mother, and their little child, a daughter not many months old. There was great confusion, and the family was separated. The father was rescued and taken to Liverpool, but the mother and infant were carried overboard by the crowd, and, unnoticed by the rescuers, drifted out of the channel with the tide, the mother clinging to a fragment of the wreck, with her little one clasped to her breast. Thus she floated for hours, until her strength was well-nigh exhausted. Late in the afternoon of that day the attention of the captain of a vessel bound for America was called to an object floating in the water at some distance off which looked like a person in the water. As their vessel was scarcely moving, it was thought best to get out a boat and row to the object. As they drew near, the sailors heard a female voice sweetly singing. As with a common impulse, the men stopped rowing and listened, and then the words of the beautiful hymn, sung by this trusting Christian woman, all unconscious that deliverance was so near, came over the waves to their ears,—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

In due time the vessel arrived in America. The mother wrote

to her friends in England, and thus the father learned of the safety of his wife and child, and in about four months from the time of their separation, they were happily reunited.

17. A sinful woman was dying in a New York tenement house. A minister was sent for, but his words and prayers were vain. She said again and again, "It's no use; I'm too wicked, and it's too late." At length the clergyman began to sing, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and sang two verses. Noticing her deep interest, he turned to her and asked, "Can't you trust him now?" With a smile of joy she replied, "Other refuge have I none." Her happy face showed her acceptance of Jesus.

"ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME."

18. The greatest of modern hymns had its spiritual birthplace in a barn! About the year 1756, a bright lad of sixteen, the son of Major Toplady, was taken by his widowed mother to visit some relatives in Ireland. During this visit at the hamlet of Codymain, an earnest layman was holding evangelistic services in a barn, for the benefit of the surrounding peasantry. The young lad, Augustus Montague Toplady, was attracted to the place by curiosity. The homespun preacher's text that day was, "Ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." Up to that time the boy had been a stranger to the great salvation, but the plain discourse led him to Jesus. He was converted that day, and the sermon that converted him gave, in the end, to Christendom the matchless hymn, "Rock of Ages."

19. A little girl of my acquaintance was once looking at a picture which represents a rock in the midst of a stormy sea, bearing upon its summit a cross, to which a female figure, just recovered from the angry waves, clings, faint and exhausted, while at her feet a hand, grasping a part of the wreck, is just disappearing in the dark water. "What does that mean?" asked the child. "It is called the 'Rock of Ages,'" was the answer. "That means Jesus, to whom we cling for salvation. You know the hymn says, 'Simply to thy cross I cling.'" "Oh, yes," said the child, after a moment's hesitation, "but that rock isn't my Jesus; when I cling to him, he reaches down and clings too."

20. A poor, shabby-looking man, partially intoxicated, entered one of our wealthy and fashionable churches during service, just

at the close of the second hymn. He walked all the way up the aisle, and seated himself near the pulpit, no one (for a wonder) offering to stop him. During the sermon he fell asleep, and his loud snoring attracted so much attention that one of the deacons rose to put him out. Then the minister interfered, and pleaded for him. "The man does not disturb *me*," he said. "I believe the Lord sent him in; and perhaps he will wake up and hear something that will do him good. Let him stay." The singing of the last hymn awoke the drunkard with a start. It was,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

He stood up awhile, looking around bewildered, and then sat down again, covering his face with his hands. Old and sacred memories were busy with him; and when the minister came down from the pulpit, he found him in tears.

That poor inebriate, so narrowly saved, by Christian forbearance, from being driven out of the meeting-house, became one of the members of that church, and subsequently one of its deacons.

21. One of the "Jubilee Singers," a student of Fisk University, was on board a steamer that took fire. He had presence of mind to fix life-preservers on himself and wife. But in the agony of despair, when all on board were trying to save themselves, some one took from his wife her life-preserver, so that she found herself helpless amid the waters. But she clung to her husband, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders as he swam on. After a little her strength was exhausted. "I can hold on no longer," was her cry. "Try a little longer," was her husband's agonized entreaty; and then he added, "Let us sing 'Rock of Ages.'" Immediately they both began faintly to sing; and their strains fell upon the ears of many around them, while they were thus seeking to comfort each other. One after another of the nearly exhausted swimmers was noticed raising his head above the waves and joining in the prayer,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee," etc.

Strength seemed to come with the song; and they were able to hold out a little longer, still faintly singing. A boat was seen approaching, and they did get strength enough to keep themselves afloat till the crew lifted them on board. And thus Toplady's hymn helped to save more than one from death by sea, as it has often helped to save souls ready to perish.

22. During the war of the Revolution, an Irish corporal named O'Lavery, serving under Lord Rawdon in South Carolina, was detailed, with a single comrade, to carry an important dispatch through a section of country held by the Continental forces. He started in the night on his perilous mission, but on the way a shot from an American picket killed his companion and mortally wounded him in the side. He made his escape, running with the dispatch in his hand until disabled by the loss of blood. Then, perceiving that he must die, and determined that the enemy should not discover his secret trust, he crushed the important piece of paper into a little ball and crowded it into his wound. On the following day he was found by a British patrol, and was just able to point his comrade to the place where the strangely-hidden paper lay, before he breathed his last.

There is a message from heaven in every wound of Christ. Held forever in the cleft side of the Rock of Ages, the "good news" so vital to mankind is safe from infernal theft.

"ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME."

23. The dying words of the author of this hymn, Rev. Edward Perronet, were, "Glory to God in the height of his divinity! Glory to God in the depth of his humanity! Glory to God in his all-sufficiency! And into his hands I commend my spirit!"

24. Some fifty years ago a Methodist local preacher, named William Dawson, a man of genius, was preaching on the Divine offices of Christ. He had portrayed the Savior as teacher and priest, and he proceeded to set forth his glory as a king in his own right over saints and angels. Kindling at the thought, he drew the picture of a coronation pageant. The great procession was arrayed. Prophets and patriarchs, apostles and martyrs, moved grandly on. The vast temple was filled, and at the climax of the thought the preacher suddenly broke from his ordinary tone, and sang with startling effect,—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!"

The effect was overwhelming. The crowd sprang to their feet, and sang the hymn with a feeling and a power which seemed to swell higher and higher at every verse.

25. Rev. E. P. Scott, a missionary in India, decided to visit an interior tribe of murderous mountaineers who had not received the gospel. After two days travel, he was suddenly confronted by members of the tribe which he sought, who pointed their spears at his heart. Expecting nothing but instant death, he drew out a violin he had with him, shut his eyes, and commenced to play and sing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" At the stanza, "Let every kindred, every tribe," he ventured to open his eyes, and found an altogether different state of affairs. It was the commencement of a residence of two years and a half, and its results were great.

26. A teacher once asked a child, "If you had a golden crown, what would you do with it?" The child replied, "I would give it to my father to keep till I was a man." He asked another; "I would buy a coach and horses with it," was the reply. He asked a third; "Oh," said the little girl to whom he spoke, "I would do with it the same as the people in heaven do with their crowns, — I would cast it at the Savior's feet."

"THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD."

27. A man of violent prejudices against religion, and especially against clergymen, owing to the unworthy conduct of a former ministerial friend, met with a severe injury, his arm being drawn into machinery and crushed so that amputation was necessary. It was at first doubtful if the patient would rally, but finally he was heard to murmur something, and as a friend bent over to catch the words, he distinctly caught the language of the stanza:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

It was a confession of faith upon what seemed—though providentially it was not—the very edge of death.

28. Catharine Harris was a foundling, residing near the city of Canterbury. At the age of twelve, through exposure, she became consumptive. When her pastor visited her, he expressed a hope that she found comfort by reading the Bible. She replied that nothing else would give her comfort now, excepting that one hymn she loved so much, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

She said death had lost its sting; and the morning afterward she entered into rest.

29. During the last revival in Ireland, Belfast had a large share in its blessing. Soon after it began, the curate of the parish visited one of the factories in which two hundred girls were employed. On his entering the building with the manager, a young woman near the door, seeing her minister, began to sing with a very sweet voice, "There is a fountain filled with blood," to the touching and well-known tune. The girl next to her took it up, and so onward it rang down the mill, till all the girls joined with deep and heart-felt fervency. Great as was the noise of the looms, the tender and subduing voice of praise rose above the din and clatter of the machinery. They wanted no books to sing that hymn; it was well known to all there. The manager, a Manchester man and an infidel, and ever on the alert to make ridicule of religion, was so overcome by that outburst of psalmody that he ran out of the mill. Meeting the curate afterward, he said: "I was never so hard put to it as this morning; it nearly broke me down." How the author, Cowper, would have been cheered to have heard that chorus!

30. Lieutenant G——, an officer of the Union army, having received his death-wound in a gallant charge at the head of his regiment, was visited in the hospital tent by the chaplain, who inquired how he felt. He said he had always been cheerful, and was now ready to meet God in peace. He added: "Chaplain, I was once passing through the streets of New York one Sunday, and heard singing. I went in and saw a company of poor people. They were singing, 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' I was overpowered with the impression the hymn made upon me, and I gave my heart to God. Since then I have loved Jesus, and I love him now." That was his last speech. The minister said, "Trust Jesus!" and the officer whispered, "I do trust Jesus," and then expired.

31. A notorious robber of New York grew weary of his sinful life, and wanted to become a Christian, but almost despaired of being saved. A Christian man talked and prayed with him, but could not give him any encouragement. At last he sang the first words of—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

but the poor man said, "There is nothing in that for me." He then sang the second stanza,—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

"That means me," said the penitent robber. Hope sprung up in his heart, and he was soon after happily converted.

32. A poor Sabbath-school scholar fell down a hatchway and broke his hip. The doctor pronounced him internally injured, and that nothing could be done for him. The boy's teacher was sent for and was surprised at the greeting he received. "Teacher, you are just in time to hear my great joy; I am going home to Jesus." "I did not know you ever thought about such things, John," said the teacher; "how long have you felt so?" "Dear teacher, you never asked me; I have been longing to have you ask me for six months. Now sing my favorite hymn with me, dear teacher." And while they sang the sweet words,—

"And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains,"

the messenger came to call the lad home.

"ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED?"

33. At the Soldiers' Cemetery in Nashville, Tennessee, a stranger was once seen planting a flower upon a grave. When asked if some relative was buried there, he replied: "No; when the war broke out, I was too poor to enlist, as I had a wife and seven children to support. I was drafted, but had no money to hire a substitute, and made up my mind to go. After I was all ready to start, a young man came to me and said: 'You have a large family, which your wife cannot take care of. I will go for you.' He did go in my place, and at the battle of Chickamauga he was wounded and taken to Nashville, where he died. Ever since I have wished to come and see his grave. So I have saved up all the spare money I could, and came on and found my friend's grave." He then took the head-board and fixed it into the ground at the head of the grave. It bore the soldier's name, and underneath were the words, "He died for me."

34. The evangelist, E. P. Hammond, ascribes his conversion to this hymn. It was at Southington, Connecticut, when he was seventeen, and not at any time of revival.

35. A converted Japanese was explaining the atonement. He used this touching illustration. A woman was crossing the great plain. She carried a child on her back. When in the midst of the plain she suddenly looked behind her, and saw that it was afire. She had but a moment to think. She laid down the child, desperately scooped with her hands a hole in the earth, with trembling haste laid the child in it, and covered it with her own body. There they found the two. The poor mother was dead, but the child was saved. "So Jesus died for me," said the simple-hearted convert. "That I might live, he put his body between me and everlasting fire."

36. In 1872, on the coast of Scotland, seven young boys rowed out to sea to fish. The boat was too small, and the boys having suddenly gone to one side, she upset, and all the seven were plunged into the sea, not far from land. One little fellow alone could swim, a boy not yet thirteen years old,—let his name be recorded,—Alexander Sutherland. One after another, that boy saved five of his companions. In trying to save the sixth, he became himself exhausted and sank to rise no more. The five whom he had rescued were restored to their weeping parents, but the brave little swimmer who had saved his fellows sank and was drowned, and they laid him in his grave upon the shore.

37. Mayor Prince, of Boston, Massachusetts, related recently an incident he had heard from General Averill, who had commanded in the United States Army in Arizona. The General stated, that while he was there, an Indian slew a white man, and then made his escape to the woods. Orders came from Washington to demand the murderer from his tribe, and to inform them that unless he was delivered on a certain day, war would be made on the whole tribe.

The Indian chiefs, with their followers, searched faithfully for the murderer, but could not find him. They tried to obtain more time; but the commander's instructions were peremptory. The culprit must be surrendered on the given day, or war would begin. Another thorough search was made, but with no result, and sadly the chiefs met in council to consider what to do.

After some time spent in hopeless discussion, one warrior arose and said, "Brothers, we cannot find this man. The white men will make war, and our women and children will be killed, and our tribe will be destroyed. Take me and shoot me, and give my body to the commander of the white men's army." And after a while this was done. The warrior was shot, and his body was laid at the feet of the officers.

38. When Dr. Doddridge lived at Northampton, there was a poor Irishman condemned for sheep-stealing. In those days the statute-book of England was very cruel. He thought that there was scarcely proof of the man's guilt, and he believed in the Book that teaches that a man is better than a sheep. He traveled, toiled, and tried hard to get that man a reprieve, but unsuccessfully; he came back, and the man was hanged. On the road to execution, the convict got them to stop the cart just opposite Dr. Doddridge's house, and kneeling down, he said: "God bless you, Dr. Doddridge; every vein in my heart loves you, every drop of my blood loves you, for you tried to save every drop of it." There was a man! What love he had for the intercessor who had failed! But Christ has succeeded, and what a price He has given! Oh, that every one would feel this, and be led to exclaim, "Every vein of my heart loves thee, O Christ! every drop of my blood loves thee, for thou hast died to save me."

"HE LEADETH ME! O, BLESSED THOUGHT!"

39. A little girl and her papa were on their way home, hand in hand, when the child in her playfulness said, "Now, papa, let's play I was a poor blind girl, and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you must lead me along, and tell me where to step and how to go." So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and the walk began. "Now step up," "Now step down," "Here we go around the corner," and so on, until they reached home, when the little one said, "Wasn't it nice, papa? I never peeped once." "But," said her mamma, "didn't you feel afraid you would fall, dear?" With a look of trusting love, came the answer, "O, no, mamma; I had tight hold of papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."

40. The editor of this work met a German student in the Alps, who was making an endeavor to see all the principal glories of Switzerland during his short vacation. He was venturing everywhere without a guide, and replied to all expostulation that his guide-book and his own good judgment were sufficient to carry him safely through. Two weeks later the papers stated that he had fallen over a precipice in another part of the Alps, and had been dashed to pieces.

41. A gentleman who had passed through the Cave of the Winds at Niagara, said: "Amid all the terrible uproar, the horri-

ble confusion, the difficulty in getting my breath, the slippery rocks, the dashing streams of water from every side, I felt no fear, for I knew that my guide had gone that way before and knew every foot of the dangerous path; moreover, I also knew that he had taken hundreds of others along that way, and brought them through safely. I therefore rather enjoyed the discomforts of the trip, as a new and interesting experience."

"WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR."

42. An agent of the American Tract Society, visiting Pittsburg Landing just after the battle, found among the wounded a Baptist clergyman, a personal friend, who had enlisted as lieutenant, and also acted as chaplain. When the news of the battle came, he was just burying one of his comrades, and in view of the approaching battle, his prayer impressed all those who were present. Several said it could never be forgotten. The lieutenant-chaplain soon fell, severely wounded, and lay without water or help, within the lines of the enemy, for more than twenty-four hours. Shot and shell were falling around him, but he declared that he never enjoyed a sweeter and more precious experience. Several times he found himself singing the above hymn. His sufferings were terrible, but the God who watches over all his children shielded him with such particular love that he reached his home in safety some days later.

43. A Western captain lay on the battle-field at Shiloh, suffering greatly from a fatal gun-shot wound through both thighs, and from thirst. He said: "The stars shone out clear and beautiful above the dark field, and I began to think of that great God who had given his Son to die a death of agony for me, and that he was up there—up above the scene of suffering, and I felt that I was going home to meet him and praise him there, and I felt that I ought to praise God, though wounded and on the battle-field. I could not help singing that beautiful hymn commencing, 'When I can read my title clear'; and," said he, "there was a Christian in the brush near me. I could not see him, but I could hear him. He took up the strain, and, beyond him, another, and another, and we made that bloody field ring with that hymn of lofty cheer."

"BLESSED BE THE TIE THAT BINDS."

44. Dr. John Fawcett, the author of this precious hymn, was called to a large London church, after having spent a few years as

the pastor of an obscure little Baptist church in Yorkshire. He accepted the call, and preached his farewell sermon. Six or seven wagons were loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for the departure. But his loving people were not ready; they gathered about him, and "men, women, and children clung around him and his family in perfect agony of soul." Looking up through her tears, his wife exclaimed: "Oh, John, John, I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!" "Nor I, either," said the good man; "nor will we go. Unload the wagons, and put everything in the place where it was before." This determination was hailed with joy by those around, and a letter was at once sent to London, explaining the case. This hymn was written to commemorate the event.

45. Mr. Moody tells the story of a Sunday-school teacher to whom he had given a class of girls. One day he came into Mr. Moody's store disheartened and sad. He had suffered from hemorrhage of the lungs, and was ordered away from the bleak winds of Lake Michigan. It was probably only to reach home and die, and he felt that he had not made a true effort to save the souls of his class. His despair over this result induced Mr. Moody to propose that they should go together and visit each of the young ladies. They took a carriage and began their work, the teacher, in his feebleness, saying what he could to each. After about ten days of this direct and faithful effort, every one had yielded her heart to Christ.

At a farewell meeting, where all were gathered, they endeavored to sing this hymn, but their hearts were full, and their voices failed. They were all at the railway station, and the teacher, happy in the thought of what he had been permitted to do and see, but pale and feeble from his illness, stood on the platform of the car, pointing upward as the train moved away.

"WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS."

46. Dr. Hall tells the story of a Scotchman who sang most piously the hymn,—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,"

and all through the singing was fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution box!

47. Father Ignatius was about to preach at a well-known

London church. The above hymn of Dr. Watts' was sung before the sermon, and when it ended the preacher slowly repeated the last line,—

"Demands my soul, my life, my all,"

adding, "Well, I am surprised to hear you sing that. Do you know that altogether you put only fifteen shillings into the bag this morning?"

"SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS."

48. In a report of the McCall Mission in France, an affecting incident concerning this hymn is related. A dying girl was delighted when they sang to her in French, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." She asked a young friend who came to her sick-room, if she loved her. "Yes," was the reply. "And I have another friend who loves me; do you know him?" "Jesus, you mean. Oh, yes, he is my best friend." When she knew that she must die, she sent a message to her absent brother: "Tell him that I want him to love Jesus as I have learned to love him." Her nurse repeated the verse, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." Julie smiled, and said, "How blessed that is! Thank you."

49. Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played,—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus," etc.

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" asked Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my two hands—tight!" promptly replied sister.

"Ah! that's not safe," said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along, and cut your two hands off!"

The sister looked very much troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought deeply. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out, "Oh! I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his hands off; so I am safe!"

"I AM SO GLAD THAT OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN."

50. Mr. Sankey relates that a little dying girl, one of his Thursday evening singing class, bore beautiful testimony to the

power of this hymn. "Don't you remember," she said, "one Thursday when you were teaching me to sing, 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me,' and don't you remember how you told us that if we only gave our hearts to him he would love us? And I gave mine to him." "What that dying little girl said to me," adds Mr. Sankey, "helped to cheer me on more than anything I had heard before, because she was my first convert."

51. A missionary of the Sunday-School Union sang this song in a hamlet in Missouri, where he had just organized a Sunday-school. He then put the question, "Are you glad? If not, why?" when a young man in the deepest emotion rushed up to him, threw his arms around his neck, and besought his prayers. "Oh, that song!" he cried. "I could not get away from it, and it has saved me!"

52. Willie, the boy of a drunkard, who had been induced to attend a ragged school, sat singing to himself one evening in his miserable home,—

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me."

"Stop that," roared his father, and Willie was silent; but soon, with the forgetfulness of children, he began again, "I am so glad." This time he was ordered to bed, and though he went quietly enough, the words kept ringing in his head, and he felt he could not be unhappy now that was true. In the middle of the night he was awakened by hearing his name called: "Willie, Willie, sing that again." There sat his father beside his bed. So Willie sat up and sang the hymn. "Is it all true, Willie?" "All true, father; Jesus died for you and me, father, so he must love us." "Oh, Willie, could you pray for me?" "I don't know what to say, father." "Say I'm the biggest sinner on earth, but I want Jesus to love me and make me good." So Willie prayed, and his prayer was soon answered. His father became a temperate and pious man.

"WHEN THE KING COMES IN."

53. A minister was introduced to a prominent man of business by a mutual friend, and in the course of conversation said, "Our friend here tells me that you never go to church. I hope he slanders you." "Not at all," said the business man; "I usually spend Sunday straightening up my accounts." "Indeed! you will find that the Day of Judgment will be spent in the same manner," said the clergyman.

54. There was an underwitted but faith-filled Scotch lad in this country, at the time of the great meteoric shower of November, 1833. When, on every side, men and women were, that night, in terror at the thought that the final hour of doom had come, this lad's mother aroused him from his sleep with a cry, "Sandy, Sandy, get up, will you? The Day of Judgment has come!" Instantly the boy was alive to that call, and was on his feet, shouting, "Glory to God, I'm ready!"

"DEPTH OF MERCY, CAN THERE BE?"

55. An actress, in one of the provincial towns, while passing along the street, had her attention arrested by singing in a cottage. Curiosity prompted her to look in at the open door, when she saw a few poor people sitting together, one of whom was giving out this hymn, which all joined in singing. The words had riveted her attention, and, on invitation, she remained during a prayer which was uncouth in language, but evidently earnest and sincere. The words of the hymn followed her, and she procured a copy of the book containing it, reading and re-reading it. It led her to give her heart to God, and she resolved to leave the stage. The manager of the theater called to ask her to sustain the principal character in a new play, which she had made popular in other cities, but she refused. He insisted and urged her so vehemently that she finally promised to appear at the theater. As the curtain rose, the orchestra began to play the accompaniment of the song which opened the play. But the actress stood like one lost in thought, and the band, supposing her embarrassed, played the prelude a second and a third time. Then, with clasped hands and suffused eyes she sang—not the song of the play, but,—

"Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?"

The performance suddenly ended; not a few were impressed, although many scoffed. The change in her life was as permanent as it was singular, and she at length became the wife of a minister of the gospel.

"TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE."

56. An old Negro slave in Virginia, remarkable for his uniformly happy piety, was once questioned by a Christian white man who did not enjoy the same experience: "Jack, you seem to be always comfortable in the hope of the gospel. I wish you

would tell me how you manage it, to keep steadily in this blessed frame of mind." "Why, mas'r," said Jack, "I jes' fall flat on de promise, an' I pray right up."

"TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE."

57. The origin of this hymn of Miss Havergal is very interesting and helpful. In a letter to a friend, she writes: "Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, 'Take My Life.' I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long-prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, give me *all* in this house!' And He just *did*. Before I left the house, every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart, one after another, till they finished with '*Ever, only, all for Thee.*'"

"ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE."

58. Rev. Matthew Cranswick, a Wesleyan missionary, formerly laboring in the West Indies, certifies that he has a record of upward of two hundred persons, young and old, who received the most direct evidence of the forgiveness of their sins while singing this hymn.

"WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS."

59. Dr. Ray Palmer tells this story. A Christian mother and authoress told him that her son, whom she had advised to unite with the Church, had a difficulty. "I don't see, mother, the great merit in Christ's dying for us. If I could save a dozen men by dying for them, I think I would; much more, if there were millions of them." "But, my son, would you die for a dozen grasshoppers?" That set him thinking. After a few days he came to her with his doubts all cleared. "I don't know about the grasshoppers; they are a pretty clever kind of insect. But if it was a million of *mosquitoes*, I think I should let them die." There are older heads than his that need the same hint.

"AWAKE, MY SOUL, TO JOYFUL LAYS."

60. The writer of this hymn, Samuel Medley, was a midshipman in the navy in his youth, and was severely wounded in the sea fight off Cape Lagos. He was taken to the house of his grandfather, a deeply pious man, who did all that was in his power to induce his grandson to lead a better life. One Sunday evening he remained with him at home, and read to him, in the hope of reaching his heart, a sermon by Dr. Watts, on Is. 42: 6, 7. To the wounded sailor it was a precise description of his case, and it resulted in opening his blinded eyes, and not long afterward he was hopefully converted.

"JUST AS I AM, WITHOUT ONE PLEA."

61. A little street waif once came to a New York City missionary and held up a torn and dirty piece of paper, on which this hymn was printed. "Please, sir," said he, "father sent me to get a clean paper like that." The missionary learned that the child's sister had loved to sing it, and that this copy had been found in her pocket after her death. The father wanted now to obtain a clean set of the verses, that they might be framed.

62. An artist who wished to paint a picture of the prodigal son, saw a beggar in filth and rags that struck him as a suggestive model, and engaged him to come to his studio at a certain hour. The beggar begged the use of some more respectable clothing, and when he presented himself at the studio, the artist said: "I have now no use for you. I wanted you as you were in your wretchedness and misery, in your rags and filth." And it was only when the beggar returned in his own clothes, as the artist had first seen him, that his services were employed.

"DO YOU WONDER THAT I LOVE HIM?"

63. The author of this hymn had made arrangements to attend an elocutionary entertainment one evening, but in the afternoon of that day he was prostrated by a severe attack of sick headache, and when the hour arrived for the readings he was unable to go. Sending his wife with some friends, he remained at home alone. Hardly had they departed, when the pain ceased, and a sweet calm came over body and soul that was almost ecstatic. Wave after wave of thrilling delight passed over his soul, and in

the midst of this experience these verses sang themselves in his heart; and when his wife returned, instead of finding him asleep or still in great pain, as she expected, he was radiant with gladness, and this hymn lay written upon the table. The memory of that hour is yet fragrant and refreshing.

“COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.”

64. It is related of the author of this hymn, Rev. Robert Robinson, that in the latter part of his life he was somewhat frivolous in his conduct, and unspiritual in his ideas, and that, traveling in a stage-coach, he encountered a lady who compelled him to admit his acquaintance with religion. Do what he would, he could not divert her from the topic. He became much agitated, but not being dressed in a conventionally clerical costume, she did not suspect that he was a minister. Finally, she quoted to him this, his own hymn, and spoke of the blessings that it had brought to her heart. Agitated beyond the power to control his emotion, Robinson broke out, “Madam, I am the poor, unhappy man who composed that hymn, many years ago, and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I had then.”

“NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF BEASTS.”

65. Not long since a young Jewess was passing the door of a chapel in England. She was attracted by the sound of music, and went into the porch to listen. The minister gave out the lines,—

“Not all the blood of beasts,
On *Jewish altars* slain,
Can give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.”

She was surprised to hear mention made of “*Jewish altars*” in a Christian place of worship, and waited until the next lines of the hymn were read out,—

“But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.”

She was more than ever startled and interested, for she felt that there was something here such as she had been conscious that she needed, but had never known; and so she continued to listen

while the minister read and the congregation sang the rest of the hymn.

She returned home. But the truth had found its way into her heart and conscience: she was evidently taught of God. It soon became known among her friends that she had embraced the faith of Christ.

"THE DOOR IS SHUT."

66. The Rev. George Whitefield was apt, in the pulpit,—and had great facility in doing it,—to imagine what persons would think upon the passage of Scripture he selected for meditation; and sometimes this was so striking as to convey to his hearers an impression of almost supernatural knowledge. A respectable lady who heard him, in Scotland, preach upon the words, "And the door was shut!" being placed near two dashing young men, but at a considerable distance from the pulpit, witnessed their mirth; and overheard one say in a low tone to the other, "Well, what if the door *be* shut; another will open." Thus they turned off the solemnity of the text. Mr. Whitefield had not proceeded far, when he said: "It is possible there may be some careless, trifling person here to-day, who may ward off the force of this impressive subject by lightly thinking, 'What matter if the door be shut; another will open.'" The two young men were paralyzed, and looked at each other. Mr. Whitefield proceeded: "Yes, another door *will* open. And I will tell you what door it will be: it will be the door of the bottomless pit! the door of hell!—the door which conceals from the eyes of angels the horrors of damnation!"

"THE CHILD OF A KING."

67. The late Duke of H— had two sons. The eldest fell into consumption when a boy, which ended in his death. Two ministers went to see him at the family seat, near Glasgow, where he lay. After prayer, the youth took his Bible from under his pillow, and turned to II. Tim. 4: 7: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness"; and added, "This, sirs, is all my comfort." When his death approached, he called his younger brother to his bed, and spoke to him with great affection. He ended with these remarkable words: "And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a duke, but *I shall be a king.*"

68. A poor but very pious woman once called on two rich young ladies who loved the Lord. Without regarding her mean appearance, they took her into their fine drawing-room and sat down to converse with her on religious subjects. While thus engaged, their brother, a gay, thoughtless youth, came in and looked astonished at their unusual guest. One of them rose up with great dignity and said: "Brother, don't be astonished; this is a king's daughter, only she has not got her fine clothes on."

69. Rev. Ernst Gebhardt, a Methodist missionary in Germany, translated this hymn into the German, and it became very popular. One Sunday, as the children had been singing it with great delight, the teacher suddenly asked, "How many of you feel that you are 'Children of the King?'" A few hands went up. Then she inquired, "How many of you want to be 'Children of the King?'" Among the large number of hands that now went up, was that of a bright little girl who attracted notice by her intense earnestness. A few weeks later she was attacked by diphtheria, and was soon unable to speak. Making signs for her slate, it was brought to her, and with her weak, trembling fingers she slowly and painfully wrote, "I'm the child of a King, I'm the child of a King; with Jesus my Savior—" She could write no more, and in a few moments expired, to don her royal robes, and sit upon her throne.

"THERE'LL BE NO SORROW THERE."

70. A man who was going to the station to take the cars, heard a little Irish boy, who was sitting on the doorstep, singing,—

"There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there;"

"Where," asked he, for his mind was impressed by the words; "where is there no sorrow?" The boy answered,—

"In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

The man hastened on to take his seat in the cars; but he could not forget the simple words of the hymn. A world where there is no sorrow! This was the great idea which filled his mind. He had been an infidel, but now he had resolved to be a Christian; and he did become one, and began to live a new life, a life of preparation for that heavenly land where there is no sorrow.

"SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?"

71. Written in July, 1864. This hymn was the outflow of a contemplative spirit. The author's mind passed beyond the river of death to the river of life. The imagery of the Apocalypse became vivid to him. The words almost formed themselves without effort. The music took form with the words. In the following spring, forty thousand children in Brooklyn, New York, sang it at the May Festival. Then it passed around the world. It has been sung in the festal throng and at the death-bed. One day Dr. L—— was on his way from his church to his home, when a stranger came up to him and said: "I want to tell you how much I am indebted to you. My little daughter died a month ago, and the last request she made was that we should sing, 'Shall we gather at the river?'"

72. A prominent business man thus expressed himself to a Christian minister: "I am interested in church matters, and am always glad to see ministers when they call; but I have thought the subject over long and carefully, and have come to the deliberate decision that I have no need of Jesus." A single week had not passed before that man was taken sick. His disease was accompanied with such inflammation of the throat as forbade his speaking at all. This enforced silence continued until the hour of death, when he was enabled to utter this one despairing whisper: "Who shall carry me over the river?"

"Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?"

"WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS."

73. A gentleman in the mining regions of Lake Superior, deeply impressed on the subject of his personal salvation, determined to fight off his convictions. He kept away from religious meetings, and avoided religious conversation. Stepping into an office where a telephone was in use, he requested permission to witness its operation. Putting his ear to the mystic instrument, he listened, and there came through the transmitter, sounding with strange beauty and power, the words sung by four little children,—

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear."

The appeal went home to his heart. He could hold out no longer; and there and then determined to begin the Christian life.

“THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.”

74. This hymn wrote itself one Sunday morning, but was thrown aside by the author as unworthy of preservation. Months afterward it was found in a drawer of odds and ends, where it was least likely to be found, and succeeded in making a better impression. It was decided to give it a chance, and hence it was published soon afterward. It has already approved itself to the public, and has been a great comfort to invalids and those under sore affliction.

75. An aged Christian, lying on his death-bed in a state of extreme weakness, and often of entire unconsciousness of all around him, was asked the cause of his perfect peace. He replied: “When I am able to think, I think of Jesus; and when I am unable to think of him, I know he is thinking of me.”

“JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.”

76. During a revival held by Rev. E. P. Hammond in Lockport, New York, a gambler came into a morning meeting while they were singing this hymn; and at the close of it, though it was the first meeting he had attended, he arose, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, begged the Christians to pray for him. Earnest prayer at once ascended in his behalf, and it was answered. A few nights after, in relating his experience before a large assembly, he referred to this hymn as having been the means of awakening him, and added, “As I went out of the church that day, and over the canal, I threw the ‘Devil’s Testament,’ with its fifty-two leaves, into it.” He never played a card afterward, but lived a consistent Christian life, and has since died a happy death.

“JESUS IS MINE.”

77. The family of Rev. J. Denham Smith, the English evangelist, were one day singing this hymn, when his little boy of four years was observed, contrary to his usual custom, to be tak-

ing no part. Nothing was said, but after the singing was over he went to his mamma and said to her, "I wish you would not sing that hymn any more; I can't sing it, for Jesus is not yet mine." The next morning he did not come down to breakfast as usual, and his father went up stairs to see what detained him. He found him on his knees before the bed. When the door opened, he arose, and asked in great seriousness, "Papa, when is the next children's meeting?" Being told that it would be on the following Friday, he said, "Won't you ask them to pray for me, that the Holy Ghost may go up and down in my heart, so that I can sing with the rest, 'Now I have found a friend, Jesus is mine'?" At the next children's meeting Willie was present, drinking in every word. At the close, he pressed his way to his father's side, and putting his hand in his, he said, "Now, dear papa, I can sing with the rest, 'Jesus is mine.'" The little boy remained a steadfast and earnest Christian.

"ARE YOU READY?"

78. Rev. Mr. Barron, of Ohio, relates the following incident concerning this hymn. He had engaged an evangelist to come and hold a revival service for him, but at the end of ten days there was seemingly no progress made whatever. On the eleventh evening, the evangelist preached again, but his sermon seemed to produce no effect. The congregation was as indifferent as at the beginning of the meeting. At the close of the discourse, Mr. and Mrs. Barron, both of whom are sweet gospel singers, sang the above hymn with considerable earnestness. Before they had sung all the stanzas, an evident hush had fallen upon the congregation, and deep solemnity reigned. When all the stanzas had been sung, they began again at the first, and sang it through again amid the deepening feeling of the people. Over and over again the solemn appeal of the refrain rang out, "Are you ready?" and broke sinners' hearts, and before they had finished singing it the third time, a score of penitents were at the altar. This was the beginning of a mighty revival in that community.

"WHERE IS MY BOY, TO-NIGHT?"

79. This song was the result of a conversation with a Christian brother concerning the wasting of young men's lives. Dr. L.—went home and put the picture into verse. Many a mother's face has been wet as she listened to this song. It has been of

great use in temperance meetings. Mr. Sankey sings it with pathetic effect.

When Mr. Moody was holding meetings in Baltimore, prayer was frequently asked and offered for a wayward son. A year afterward, in Cleveland, Mr. Moody read a letter from that son's mother, giving an account of his death, which occurred in the Rocky Mountains and from thirst. But in a rock-cleft near his body, an unfinished letter to his mother was found, describing his conversion by means of a hymn which she had sent him. It was the hymn often sung by Mr. Sankey,—

"Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

What a comfort to that mother, when the gladness of *earthly* reunion with her son was denied her, to have Christ's own assurance that heaven rejoiced over him, and to know that she would meet him there!

"LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING."

80. This song was suggested to the author, Mr. Bliss, by an anecdote told by Mr. Moody. There are two light-houses at Cleveland, Ohio,—one on the bluff, called the upper lights, and one at the mouth of the river, called the lower lights. One wild, stormy night, a steamer was trying to make her way into the harbor. The officers were anxiously looking for the lights. By and by the pilot said, "Do you see the lower lights?" "No," said the captain; "I fear we have passed them." "Ah, there are the upper lights," said the pilot; "we have passed the lower lights, and have lost our chance of getting into the harbor." They looked back, and saw the dim outline of the lower light-house against the sky. The lights had gone out. They could not turn around, as the ship would not answer to her helm. Vainly they tried to make the harbor, and finally they went crash against the rocks, and sank to the bottom. Very few escaped; the great majority found a watery grave, because the lower lights had gone out.

81. The keeper of the light-house at Calais was boasting of the brightness of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea. A visitor said to him, "What if one of the lights should chance to go out?" "Never! impossible!" he cried, horrified at the thought. "Sir," said he, pointing to the ocean, "yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to all parts of the world. If to-night one of my burners went out, within six

months would come a letter, perhaps from India, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of, saying, Such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim, the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger! Ah, sir, sometimes in the dark nights, in stormy weather, I look out to sea, and feel as if the eyes of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out? burn dim? never!"

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

82. A little drummer boy was found after the battle of Fort Donelson, by one who visited the field. The poor lad had lost an arm, which had been carried away by a cannon-ball, and his young life was fast ebbing away, but even as he died he was heard joyfully singing,—

"Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

"‘ALMOST PERSUADED’ NOW TO BELIEVE."

83. During a meeting held by Rev. J. H. Young, a young man was deeply convicted, and said to the pastor: "I intend to become a Christian, but not just now. Don't give yourself any trouble about me; I'll attend to it in good time." He was vainly urged to attend to the matter at once; almost, he was not after all wholly persuaded. A few weeks afterward he was injured in a saw-mill, and lay dying. Mr. Young was called in and found him in despair. "Leave me alone," he said. "At your meeting I was almost persuaded to be a Christian, but I would not yield, and now it is too late. Oh, get my wife, my sisters, and my brothers, here (they were standing about his bed), to seek God, and do it now, and not wait an hour. But leave me alone, for I am lost." He thus lamented and exhorted others to seek salvation for an hour, and then died with these words on his lips, "I'm lost, I'm lost! just because I would not yield when I was almost persuaded."

84. Rev. D. C. Talbot writes as follows: "On one occasion while I was holding a revival service, a young man about twenty years of age was a faithful attendant, and while many souls were

converted, he was utterly given to procrastination. I urged upon him the importance of immediate action, but in vain. The meeting closed, and with it the door of mercy seemed to close to this young man. He was then taken exceedingly ill, and his sickness was 'unto death.' He remained haughty until he began to enter the valley and saw for a certainty that there was an eternity, that he must die, and was unprepared. He immediately sent for me to pray for him. Oh, such dark distress! Without a ray of light or a spark of hope he passed into the unknown, crying for prayers, but making no attempt to pray himself."

"I'M GLAD SALVATION'S FREE."

85. At a "bush-meeting," held by Rev. B. F. Noon, a middle-aged man was observed standing near the altar, deeply interested and serious. Suddenly he inquired of a Christian standing near him, "Is this thing free?" When he was assured that it was, he remarked, "Then I will pitch in!" and down he went at the altar, pleading earnestly for mercy. He was soon at peace, and became one of the most faithful Christians in the community, and a class-leader in the church.

"A LONG TIME I WANDERED IN DARKNESS."

86. The organist and leader of the singing in a meeting held by Rev. T. D. Adams, was a young lady of unexceptionable character, but not a Christian. She was a good player and singer, able to render the "Gospel Hymns," which were then new, at sight. One evening Mr. Adams announced the above hymn of Mr. Bliss'. As no one else knew the song, the young lady was obliged to sing it as a solo. The singing of the first stanza, with its confession of sin, powerfully convicted her; the second showed her her need of Christ. During the singing of the third, the tears streamed down her face, and as she sang the chorus, "I know he is mine," all felt that it was a personal confession. At the close of the song, she rose and announced that during its singing she had been converted.

"RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN."

87. A hunter in the wilds of Michigan one day found an insane man who had escaped from his nurse, and who was perishing with cold and hunger. By careful questioning the hunter

found that his home was in a village over a hundred miles away. After a week's travel he reached the village where he supposed the unfortunate man resided. He found the whole community under deep excitement, and more than a hundred men were scattered in the woods and on the mountains seeking for his crazy companion, for they had learned that he had wandered into the woods. It had been agreed upon that if he was found, the bells should be immediately rung and guns fired; and as soon as he landed, a shout was raised, his friends rushed to him, the bells broke out in loud notes, and guns were fired, and their reports echoed again and again in forest and on mountain, till every seeker knew that the lost one was found. How many times the hunter had to tell the story over! The man was of the first and best families, and they hoped his insanity would be but temporary, as it afterward proved to be. How they feasted the hunter, and, when he went away, loaded his canoe with provisions and clothing, and everything for his comfort! It was a time and place of wonderful joy.

“STAND UP, STAND UP, FOR JESUS.”

88. One cannot forget here the dying words of the younger Tyng, “*Stand up for Jesus*,”—words which, in exhortation and sermon and song and illuminated motto, have since given new strength to many a feeble disciple.

“ARE YOU READY FOR THE BRIDEGROOM?”

89. Whilst spending a week, says a correspondent, in the society of a great number of faithful pastors from the Canton of Vaud, one of them, at a public meeting, related to us the recent conversion of a lady of his acquaintance. She was one of those who lived only for this world; the thought of her sins had never caused her uneasiness; she was careful and troubled about many things, but neglected the one thing needful.

One night, while alone in her room, she saw the lamp which lighted it suddenly go out. Although she was alone, she said aloud (thinking only of the accident which left her in the dark), “There is no oil in the lamp!” The words thus spoken echoed in the room and sounded in her ears, but with a new sense. She recalled the parable of the Five Foolish Virgins, who had no oil, and whose lamps had gone out at the coming of the bridegroom; and from that moment, day and night, that word of God remained in her soul as an arrow remains in the side of a stag who flies

away from the hunter. It recurred to her constantly: "No, I have no oil in my lamp. My God! what will become of me? I have not the grace of God in my heart!"

"TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL."

90. There was once a good woman who was well known among her circle for her simple faith, and her great calmness in the midst of many trials. Another woman, living at a distance, hearing of her, said, "I must go and see that woman, and learn the secret of her strong, happy life." She went, and accosting the woman, said, "Are you the woman with the great faith?" "No," replied she, "I am not the woman with the great faith; but I am the woman with a little faith in the great God."

"SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS."

91. "He won't stand long," said the neighbors, when "little Abe," a rough, drinking lad, was converted, and they could not but see the great change that had come over him; what a bright and happy and devoted Christian he was, and how earnestly he preached Jesus to his friends. "He won't stand long," they said. "Won't I stand?" said Abe. "Then I'll fall, but it shall be at the feet of Jesus."

"O, HOW I LOVE JESUS."

92. A religion that has *love* largely in it needs no cringing ceremonies.

"My little girl," says Dr. Talmage, "one day said to her mother: 'Mamma, sister says she is afraid of God. I am not afraid of God. Why, mamma, if I should see God right here, I wouldn't be afraid. I'd just go right up to him, and *put my arms round his neck and kiss him.*'"

The little girl defined better than she knew. She told the difference between Christianity and every other religion in the world.

"COME, EVERY SOUL, BY SIN OPPRESSED."

93. Examples are not wanting—outside the 15th of Luke—to prove how parental love always anticipates filial penitence.

One touching illustration is given in the story a gentleman relates of the disappearance and return of his brother, a widow's eldest son. He ran away when he had just grown old enough to be his mother's prop and stay.

The poor woman, left with several little ones, used to pray and sob over his loss, and often spoke of him in her family, to keep his memory alive.

Fourteen years wore away, and one summer day a tall, dark-bearded stranger walked up to the widow's cottage, while she sat in her little parlor, and leaned his arms on the sill of the open window, and looked at her. She was half alarmed at first, but the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and then she knew him.

"O, Robert, Robert!" she cried out, and sprang from her chair to bring him in.

But he shook his head, and said to her, "Mother, I shall never come in till I hear you say you forgive me."

"Robert! why, dear, I've forgiven you long ago," said the happy mother. "There's nothing to forgive now, except that you staid away so long."

"JESUS PAID IT ALL."

94. Thirty small boys were arrested in Dallas, Texas, not long ago, for giving a "minstrel performance" without a license, the plaintiff being the owner of an old building which they had used without permission. They were tried before the mayor, who said: "I find the prisoners guilty, and fine them one dollar each. The alternative is one day in jail."

The consternation among the little offenders was great—till his Honor added: "But I was a boy once myself, and once I remember I broke the laws in very much the same way. *I will pay the prisoners' fines.*"

Does not this remind us of Him—Judge, Advocate, Priest, and Sacrifice, all in one—who is ever "touched with the feeling of our infirmities"?

"DOWN AT THE CROSS WHERE MY SAVIOR."

95. In a lonely cottage on a moor in England, far away from a church, a minister, or friends, a poor cowherd lay dying—alone, but for one granddaughter, the sunshine and delight of his old age. As his dying hour drew near, he bade the child fetch the old family Bible, and read to him out of its sacred pages. Again and again she read, till one day she came to that blessed verse, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

He stopped her. "Is there such a verse as that there?"

"Yes, grandfather."

"Are you sure it's true?"

"Yes, grandfather."

"Then, if that is true, there's hope for me! Bring me the Book and put my finger on the verse."

She put his withered finger on the verse.

"Tell my friends I die in the faith of that verse."

"I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE."

96. Three little children wandered from home one afternoon. Evening found them playing by the seashore. It grew suddenly cold and dark, and they could not return. In the morning they were found, the two youngest sleeping warm and safe under coverings of garments and sea-weeds, and little Mary, the eldest, lying cold and dead, with her arms full of weeds. She had taken off her own outer garments and spread them over the little ones, and then carried grass and sea-weed to pile upon them, until she had died in her loving devotion.

97. A Moravian missionary to the West Indies found that he could get no access to the colored people, whom he wished to reach, because they were kept at work all day, and at night they were too weary and exhausted to listen to his words. After all other plans failed, he sold himself as a slave, was driven with the rest to the fields, where, at odd moments, he had opportunities to talk to his work-fellows, and led many to Christ.

"ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?"

98. On a ledge of the roof of the ancient and beautiful chapel of the Werden an der Ruhr, in Germany, stands a carved stone lamb. A clergyman relates its history, as he heard it when he visited the spot in 1865.

One day, many years ago, a workman, while making some repairs on the roof, slipped and fell to the ground. Some soft substance received the weight of his body below, and broke his fall. It was a poor little lamb that had wandered near the church and was cropping the scanty grass. This circumstance saved his life, for he escaped with the mere fright, and with not so much as a finger broken. But the poor lamb was killed by his heavy fall

upon it. So, out of pure gratitude, the man had the stone lamb carved and set up for a lasting memento of his escape from so fearful a death, and of what he owed to the poor lamb.

“NO ROOM IN HEAVEN.”

99. When Admiral Lord Exmouth, in 1816, put an end to that long chapter of Mohammedan cruelty, the Algerine trade in Christian slaves, releasing more than three thousand men, women, and children from bondage, the day of deliverance was a sad one for as many more, who had deprived themselves of the privilege of the treaty. A Frenchman, Pierre Joseph Dumont, who had been thirty-four years in slavery, says, describing the scene: “We were taken in by a number of English boats, and there it was that our last chains fell off, not without the deep sighs and regrets of three thousand renegades, who despaired of obtaining deliverance and cursed the day wherein they apostatized from the Christian faith.”

Alas, for the unbelieving dead, who have forfeited forever their right to the liberty of the sons of God! They will only awake “to shame and everlasting contempt.”

“NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.”

100. This hymn is the expression of the common Christian experience. It came up from the throbbings of the soul. The language is simple, the music tender. There is but little wit in it, but great power. It was introduced at the camp-meeting at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, and took immediate possession of the people. It was used as a processional. Thousands of voices joined in singing it. It was the hymn for the inquiry-meeting and the seekers for a higher life. It was sung all through the summer, and then carried away into homes and prayer meetings. A missionary heard it in Madras, India, translated it into the Telugu tongue, and sent a copy to the author, with the story of how much good it was doing among the natives.

“TELL IT TO JESUS.”

101. The three year old son of Rev. S. E. Bartmess, having disobeyed his mamma one day, she shut him in a room alone to punish him. After a while she went to the door and found him

on his knees with his hands uplifted. "What are you doing, Earl?" she asked. "I am telling God what a naughty boy I have been," was the response. That would be good business for older people as well.

"WHOSOEVER WILL."

102. There is a touching story of a young woman in a hospital, who heard the gospel invitation given in the words of that beautiful offer, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Her changed appearance attracted the chaplain's notice, and she gave as the reason for her happiness that she had "just climbed up on that ladder of 'Whosoever.'"

"O, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES, TO SING."

103. Charles Wesley, when speaking to Peter Böhler of the sense of pardon sealed on his conscience, said, "I suppose I had better keep silent about it." The good Moravian shook him by the hand, and replied, "Oh! no, my brother; if you had ten thousand tongues, go and use them all for Jesus"; and he went home and wrote,—

"O, for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace."

"WEEPING WILL NOT SAVE ME."

104. This hymn was the outgrowth of a revival. Many souls were weeping, working, waiting, but not believing. The pastor exhorted them to put immediate faith in Christ. He went home and wrote this hymn. It is severely and thoroughly evangelical. The stanzas are like the heads of a sermon. A pastor in New York City stood up one evening before his congregation and sang three stanzas while the people responded with the chorus. The effect was powerful. Every sinner seemed to see the simple way of salvation. The harvest of souls was great. This hymn has been a great comfort in multitudes of cases.

"NINETY AND NINE."

105. Sankey, the revival singer, tells of his favorite song and the way it originated:

"'The Ninety and Nine' I place at the head of the list. I well remember how I came to compose the music to the words. It was done on the spur of a great and exalted feeling. When I was going from Edinburgh to Glasgow, I picked up a paper on the train and came across the words. They at once struck me as being full of feeling; so I hid the paper away in my pocket. The words rang in my ears. At Glasgow we had a glorious meeting. Mr. Moody preached from the twenty-third Psalm. He touched the hearts of the people. When he was about to close his sermon, I did not know what to sing. I wanted to select something appropriate to the sermon, but I found nothing suitable. Those grand words, full of poetry, simple, yet beautiful: 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake,' as Mr. Moody closed with them, acted as an inspiration. I hastily pulled the crumpled newspaper from my pocket and sang the words of 'The Ninety and Nine' to music that came to me then and there. I did not know how the accompaniment would go. The feeling of the moment carried me through, and I afterwards wrote the music."

PART II.

REVIVAL ANECDOTES.

REVIVAL ANECDOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE USE OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

In revival work we are in the realm of the heart and will, rather than in that of the reason or intellect. While the instruction of the hearer has its place in the gospel meeting, that place is a subordinate one. If the preacher and Sunday-school have been doing their work properly, instruction will not often be necessary in the revival meeting. The will, not simply the judgment, is the object of attack, and instruction has value only as it has power over the volitions. In moving the will, ideas are powerful only as they present their subjective aspects, as they appeal to the feelings, as they reach the motives, the springs of choice and action. The purpose to effect immediate results, to move the will to immediate action, must govern the evangelistic worker in every phase of his activity. His plans and ways of working, the choice of his themes, the arrangement of his materials, the methods of his address—all must obey the imperious rule of this idea.

Among other things, his illustrations must be governed by this shaping purpose. While ornamentation, explanation, and proof, the ordinary uses of illustration, are by no means cast aside, they are subordinated to the purpose of impressing the feelings and waking the emotions of the hearer. Its appeal to the heart is the final test of the value of an illustration for revival purposes. Tried by this test, there is a complete change from the standards obtaining for regular discourse in the relative importance of illustrations. Mere dignity and beauty taking the lowermost seats

and being but little considered, whole classes of illustrations, scientific and historical, are ruled out as worthy of only the rarest use. The relative value of illustrations for proof also suffers a change, as those containing an emotional element are to be preferred. In explanatory illustrations, the appeal to the sympathies is emphasized and demanded even more. Added to these, comes in a class of illustrations which usually have little place in discourse—those which have no other object than the touching of the heart. Logic here is not that of the head, but that of the heart; it is not the harmony of ideas, but of feelings. When one heart-string is set in motion, its related accordant strings are thrilled as well, and are prepared to respond more quickly and powerfully when their help is needed. Not so much the illustration of a thought, as the preparation of the heart to receive a thought, is here the legitimate purpose.

While the anecdote is rarely accorded a place in the more dignified forms of discourse, it is peculiarly adapted to the use of the gospel worker. It gives variety, and thus adds interest and chains the attention. It appeals to the mind and heart of every class, young and old, cultured and illiterate. Adults are, after all, but grown-up children, and have not outgrown their love of stories, as the numerous collections of *ana* in literary, scientific, artistic, and other fields of knowledge, abundantly testify. The anecdote makes concrete the idea to be expressed, and brings it within the range of human sympathy. As violin answers to violin, so the human heart responds to the history of the beatings of other human hearts. Ideas take on flesh and blood in the anecdote, and are no longer phantoms that haunt the intellect, without power to produce results. For revival purposes, therefore, the anecdote must remain the leading, and the most powerful and effective, form of illustration.

The more essential elements of an effective revival anecdote may be enumerated as follows:

1. It must be brief. Every detail which is unimportant, or which the hearer can infer from the details already stated, ought to be omitted. During the progress of a long tale, the attention of the hearer is wearied by the suspense of the mind uncertain of the connection to be established between the thought

and its illustration; or, what is worse, the idea to be emphasized is entirely forgotten. The progress of thought and feeling in the discourse is broken, and the unity of the discourse destroyed. Besides, it occupies time which can be more profitably employed.

2. The anecdote must have point. No mere stringing together of details will be effective. It must have unity, must make progress as it develops, and must culminate in some fact, sentence, or phrase, of such interest as to justify its narration, and of such meaning as to mark a definite step of progress in the development of the thought. If the point is concentrated in a single phrase, it will be all the more incisive and valuable.

3. But that point must be pertinent to the thought and feeling in course of development; the word *feeling* ought to be emphasized, as many an anecdote, while logically pertinent, is emotionally discordant, and its effect is worse than if it were not pertinent in thought but harmonious in feeling. The more striking the point of an anecdote, the more harmful will it be if it is not in harmony with its associated thoughts and feeling, as its distracting force is in so far greater. But the clearer the relation of the thought and the illustration, the greater the impression upon the hearer, even the most uncritical.

4. The more life and dramatic force contained in the incident, the more interesting it will be, of course, to the hearer, and the more effective. This is the case only when the immediate effect upon the will is desired, when all the interest of life and action which will increase point and pertinency adds to the effectiveness of an anecdote. When the purpose is simply instruction, this is not true, as the more interesting and striking the illustration, the more likely is the hearer to remember the illustration and forget the truth illustrated.

5. A large proportion of revival anecdotes ought to make a direct appeal to the sensibilities of the hearer. An appeal to the fundamental affections, to the mutual love of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, of husbands and wives, rarely fails to meet a response. But the broader sympathies—for children, for the heroic and brave, for the distressed in body or mind—are hardly less responsive, and deserve the attention of the revival

speaker. Anecdotes which stir the emotional nature, the sense of the beautiful, of the sublime, which wake joy or sadness, or generate enthusiasm, or put in motion any of the other aggressive emotions which can be utilized for moving the will to make a right choice, are extremely valuable, and should be sought with diligence. Every part of the sensibilities of the hearer may thus be played upon, and utilized to affect the will, and induce its action in the desired direction.

6. An anecdote, to be useful, must be fresh. An old anecdote awakens no interest in the hearer, because the element of surprise has been eliminated. An unexpected application of an incident that is well known, however, is peculiarly effective. A constant supply of fresh incidents must therefore be secured from one's reading and observation. The religious press teems with valuable illustrations, with the applications already furnished. To the suggestive mind, the secular newspapers furnish most desirable matter. But the best sources are personal experience and observation. Comparatively uninteresting incidents have a strange charm when related as personal knowledge. Nor should any self-conscious modesty lead us to make the narration of our experiences impersonal, or to hide our participation in them; for, by so doing, we surrender vantage ground which we can ill afford to lose. One ought to learn to speak of his own experiences as indifferently and unaffectedly as of those of any other person, and when that is done there will be no imputation or complaint of egotism. One's experiences in revival meetings are particularly valuable, and the habit should be formed of carefully noting every striking incident, and filing it away for future use.

It should be remembered, however, that illustrations are the servants, not the masters, of the thought to be expressed. To gather together a number of illustrations of a given theme, and then to build up a discourse about these, is an act of folly whose effect can be evil only. Moreover, not the illustration, but the thought, is to be emphasized. Care should also be taken not to use too many illustrations. A sermon that is but a mosaic of anecdotes may be very interesting, but, like an arrow that is all feathers, will produce little effect. It produces in the hearer a false mental attitude which defeats the ends proposed. He loses

the sense of personal relation to the truth he hears, and becomes a mere spectator, waiting to be amused.

Every illustration that is used should at least seem to spring up spontaneously in the speaker's mind, growing out of the thought itself. When the hearer feels that an anecdote is laboriously and mechanically lugged in, it has become worse than useless. The speaker should have not only faith in his illustration, but a full sympathy with its spirit. This sympathy is absolutely essential to the effective use of any anecdote, the feeling of the speaker kindling that of his hearers.

The following collection of illustrative anecdotes is offered to the worker, with the hope that they may prove useful and effective. In order to facilitate reference, it has been thoroughly systematized, while full indexes nearly double the value of the collection by suggesting other applications of the anecdote than those found in the body of the book.

I. GOD.

I. GOD.—(I.) EXISTENCE.

THE ARAB'S PROOF.

106. Some years ago a Frenchman, who, like many of his countrymen, had won a high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the author of all science, was crossing the great Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed, with a sneer, that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands called on his God.

Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed, till at last one evening the philosopher, when he arose from his knees, asked him with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his eyes on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly: "How do I know there is a God? How did I know that a man and not a camel passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot in the sand? Even so," and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert, "*that* foot-print is not that of a man."

AN ADVANTAGEOUS ERROR.

107. The late Judge James R. Curry, of New Orleans, gave this account of what made him a Christian, when a young man, just entering the practice of the law:

"I was what might be called a skeptic. Harrison (at Natchez), a noble, whole-souled man, whom I almost revered as a father, had a Christian wife, but was himself a confirmed deist, and soon found me out, and was not slow in endeavoring to instill into my mind his notions. He charged me, however, not to let his wife know that he was a deist, or that I was skeptical.

"I asked why; and he remarked, 'If I were to marry a hundred times, I would marry only a pious woman.'

"I said, 'Why?'

"He replied: 'If she is pious, it makes her a better wife, a better mother, a better mistress, a better neighbor. If she is poor, it enables her to bear adversity with patience and fortitude. If she is rich and prosperous, it lessens her desire for mere show. And when she comes to die, if she is in error she is as well off as you and I; and if we are in error, she is a thousand times better off.'

"I asked him if he knew of any other error attended with so many advantages. His reply was evasive; and soon after I determined to examine for myself."

HARD ON INGERSOLL.

108. He came into the editor's room yesterday and stood for a minute looking straight at the troubled and melancholy journalist seated at the desk.

"Do you want a good drive at Ingersoll?"

The editor told the visitor to proceed.

"Well," said he, "now follow me closely. Ingersoll does not believe in worshipping God or in worshipping idols. He claims that when a people gets to the point where they discard both, they have reached the pinnacle of enlightenment. Now, what is the truth? Is he the originator of that idea? Not a bit. There is a nation on earth that has had his belief for ages, and they are none other than the barbarous Zulus of Africa. All authorities agree in saying that they worship neither God nor idols. They are on Bob's platform, or rather he is on theirs. There you have a practical illustration of his principles put into practice. Why haven't they advanced? Why haven't they progressed? Why are they not enlightened? Hey?" And the visitor drew himself back and scowled at the journalist, as if to compel an answer.

A SKEPTIC'S ENVY.

109. Dr. Prime, editor of the *New York Observer*, gives the following proof of the hollowness of skepticism: "George Ripley, of the *New York Tribune*, who died last summer,—a great man, a man of letters, of philosophy, and of the highest culture, whom I was proud to call my friend,—adhered to the school of thought which rejects the gospel and the Bible. As we were

riding together a few weeks before he died, and when he was in perfect health and vigor, he said to me, 'I never see you without a feeling of envy.' On my expression of surprise, he added, 'Your mind seems to be at rest in regard to the future, while mine is not.'"

INFINITE CONTEMPT.

II0. Says a writer in the Whitehall (N. Y.) *Review*:

"An infidel colonel of volunteers, named Robert Ingersoll, is delivering a series of Sunday evening lectures at a theater in New York, in which religion is ridiculed and attacked with scarcely any limit of epithet and imagery. The gallant colonel boasts that he has defied the Almighty for years, and has never been harmed by him. This reminds me of the reply made at the 'Savage Club' by an ex-clergyman named Barton to poor Tom Robertson, who was indulging in a somewhat similar style of idle talk. 'You forget, Tom,' said Barton, 'that the Almighty is capable of infinite contempt as well as of infinite justice.'"

AN INFIDEL ANSWERED.

III. At the close of an infidel lecture in England, a short time ago, the speaker called upon anybody in the audience to stand up and answer him, when up rose a collier. "Maister Bradlaugh," says he, "me and my mate Jim were both Methodys till one o' these infidel chaps cam' along this way. Jim turned infidel, and used to badger me about attending prayer-meeting; but one day in the pit a large cob o' coal cam' down on Jim's head. Jim thought he was killed, and, oh, mon, but he did holler and cry to God." Then, with a knowing look to the listener, "Young mon, there's nowt like cobs o' coal for knocking the infidelity out o' a mon."

INFIDELS GOING ASTRAY.

II2. To a young infidel who scoffed at Christianity on account of the misconduct of some of its professors, Dr. Mason said, "Did you ever hear of an uproar being made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?" The infidel admitted that he had not. "Then," said the Doctor, "you admit that Christianity is a holy religion, by expecting its professors to be holy; and thus, by your very scoffing, you pay it the highest compliment in your power."

AN INFIDEL REPROVED.

II3. An infidel was once talking to a crowd of willing listeners, when an old man, gray-haired and leaning on a staff, followed him to his door and said: "I used to know your mother. She didn't teach you such sentiments. You don't really believe them. You are sinning against great light. Remember the way of transgressors is hard." The young man turned away in silence. He had no rest until he became a Christian. He lived to preach where the old man was present, to whom he gave thanks for his fidelity.

AN INFIDEL CONVERTED.

II4. Ex-Bishop D. Shuck relates the following incident which he himself witnessed. An infidel of wide reading, and skillful in argument, took pleasure in worsting men of less ability in discussions on religion. One day, as he was walking in the woods, he heard a voice, and, going nearer, he heard an old man who had been a drunkard, but who had been reclaimed and converted, in earnest prayer. The remarkable change in the man's life had already left its impression, and this incident only deepened it. A short time later, he attended a meeting for testimony, during a revival, and heard the old man testify to the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. Immediately afterward, one of his singing-school scholars (for he was also the singing-teacher of the community), a young lady for whom he had great respect, rose and gave expression to a touching experience. The infidel, who had come to scoff, was completely broken down, and crying, "Here comes a Saul of Tarsus," he rushed to the altar of prayer, and, within a few days, he was soundly converted, and afterward became a useful minister of the gospel.

HEINE AND THE VENUS OF MILO.

II5. An affecting story is told of Heinrich Heine, the German writer, who was prematurely disabled by disease, and utterly heart-sick and weary. In the Louvre, one of the art-palaces of Paris, there is the famous statue called the "Venus of Milo," the bewitching goddess of pleasure, which, by the rude accident of time, has lost both its arms, but preserves much of its supreme, enchanting beauty. At the feet of this statue, Heine cast himself down in remorse and despair, and, to use his own words, "There I lay a long time, and wept so passionately that a stone

must have had compassion on me. The goddess looked down compassionately upon me, but she was helpless to console me. She looked as if she would say, 'See you not that I have no arms, and that therefore I can give you no help?'" So, vain and useless is it to look to any for spiritual help and comfort, except to Him of whom it is declared, "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save."

(2.) ATTRIBUTES.

(a.) *Omnipotence.*

THE GREAT UNSEEN ARM.

116. Mr. Oncken was summoned before the burgomaster of Hamburg, who bade him cease from holding religious meetings. "Do you see that little finger?" cried he. "As long as I can move that finger, I will put down the Baptists." "Yes," said Oncken, "I see your little finger, and I also see a great arm which you cannot see. As long as the great arm of God is lifted on our behalf, your little finger will have no terror for us."

THE ARM OF RICHARD.

117. When Saladin asked to see the sword of Richard the Lion-hearted, he was surprised to find it of no better steel than his own, and asked that bold warrior with what he had slain so many. Baring his arm, he replied, "Not the sword, but *the arm of Richard.*"

Every disciple has the "sword of the Spirit." But he only wins victories with it, when he remembers that the arm of God must wield it.

JESUS STRONGER THAN SATAN.—I. JOHN 4:4.

118. A little boy came to his father, looking very much in earnest, and asked, "Father, is Satan bigger than I am?"

"Yes, my boy," said the father.

"Is he bigger than you, Father?"

"Yes, my boy, he is bigger than your father."

The boy looked surprised, but thought again, and then asked, "Is he bigger than Jesus?"

"No, my boy," answered the father; "Jesus is bigger than he is."

The little fellow, as he turned away, said, with a smile, "Then I am not afraid of him."

"Little children, . . . greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world."

A KENTUCKY FEUD.

119. Henry Clay once replied to some sneering allusion to the character of American evangelical Christianity: "I do not know practically about what the churches call religion. I wish I did. But I do know what it effects." And then citing the case of a bitter feud between two neighboring families in Kentucky, which had kept the community in a ferment for years, but had at last been settled by the conversion of both parties, he said: "I tell you, that whatever will change a Kentucky feud into loving fellowship so soon and effectively, is of God. No power short of his could do it."

LUTHER TAUGHT BY HIS WIFE.

120. Great-souled Martin Luther could believe and doubt against any man of his time; in believing he could excel the angels, and in horrible thoughts of doubting he could almost match the devils. Great-hearted men are subject to horrible fits of faintness and despair unknown to minds of smaller caliber. One day he fell so low in spirits that his friends were frightened at what he might say or do. He went home, but when he came to the door nobody welcomed him. He entered their best room, and there sat Catharine, his wife, all dressed in black, weeping as from a death in the house. By her side lay a mourning cloak, such as ladies wear at funerals. "Ah," says he, "Kate, what matters now? Is the child dead?" She shook her head, and said the little ones were alive, but something much worse than that had happened. Luther cried, "Oh, what has befallen us? Tell me quick. I am sad enough as it is. Tell me quick." "Good man," said she, "have you not heard? Is it possible that the terrible news has not reached you?" This made the reformer the more inquisitive and ardent, and he pressed to be immediately told of the cause of sorrow. "Why," said Kate, "have you not been told that our Heavenly Father is dead, and his cause in the world is therefore overturned?" Martin stood and looked at

her, and at last burst into such a laugh that he could not possibly contain himself, but cried, "Kate, I read thy riddle. What a fool I am! God is not dead. He ever lives; but I have acted as if he were dead. Thou hast taught me a good lesson."

THE CONSTELLATIONS IN THEIR PLACES.

121. It is related of Abraham Lincoln that when he was a young man he boarded with a deacon, who came one night to his room and told him to rise, for the stars were falling, and the Judgment Day had come. Young Lincoln rose and looked out of the window, and sure enough the stars seemed to be falling in showers. But when he looked away in the celestial distance, far above the flying meteors, and saw the grand old constellations firm in their places, just as he had seen them from his childhood, he returned quietly to his bed, feeling that all was well.

Faith's eye is on the Star of Bethlehem. When every sun and planet has fallen, *that* will still shine.

ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

122. "We trust the Lord is on our side, Mr. Lincoln," said the speaker of a delegation of Christian people to that good man, during one of the darkest days of the late war. "I do not regard that as so essential as something else," replied Mr. Lincoln. The worthy visitors looked horror-struck, until the President added, "I am most concerned to know that we are on the Lord's side."

GOD IS WITH US.

123. The aged John Wesley, a short time before his death, attempted to speak, but could not make his friends understand. Finally, gathering all his remaining strength, he exclaimed, "The best of all is, *God is with us!*"

GOD'S ANSWER TO MAN'S DEFIANCE.

124. Chaplain McCabe tells that, in a Dakota town, a follower of Colonel Ingersoll said he would build a barn that "God Almighty couldn't blow down." So he erected a solid structure entirely of stone; and then the first cyclone that came along

doubled that barn about as a giant would a baby, not leaving one stone on another. Since then the man has been more modest in his asseverations.

DEFYING GOD.

125. A century ago, an infidel German countess, dying, gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it be placed square blocks of stone; and that the whole be fastened together by strong iron clasps. On the stone, by her order, these words were cut: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." Thus she defied the Almighty. But a little seed sprouted under the covering, and the tiny shoot found its way through between two of the slabs, and grew there, slowly and surely, and lifted the immense blocks. No wonder the people of Hanover looked at the tree and opening grave as God's answer to the terrible defiance of the young countess.

GOD IS NOWHERE.

126. "God is nowhere," was the fool's motto which an infidel lawyer nailed up in his office. One day his little daughter spelled out the words, but made a mistake in dividing the letters, "God-is-now-here." Her father corrected her, but she soon read it wrong again. The trifling circumstance impressed the man so much that he finally abandoned his infidelity, and became a worshiper of the ever-present God.

(b.) *Omniscience.*

GOD'S EYE IS UPON US.

127. When the Scotch-Frenchman, Macdonald, was trying to lead up his men to a desperate charge, his eye, sweeping the hill through a glass, caught sight of the Little Corporal. Rising in his stirrups, Macdonald said, "Soldiers, the eye of Napoleon is upon us"; and they went up and swept the enemy before them.

CUT THE EYES OUT.

128. I remember hearing of a girl who went into her master's room, a room not much frequented, to steal. Now, there was a portrait in the room, and the eyes of the portrait seemed to follow her wherever she went, and she felt annoyed by it; and in order that she might steal without this rebuke, she took down the portrait and *cut the eyes out*.

Poor thing! If she could have plucked out God's eye, she might have sinned without remorse. But so long as God's eye was upon her, it was a vain thing that the eye of a portrait could follow her no more.

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

129. Professor Mitchell, of the Cincinnati Astronomical Observatory, one day, to test his telescope, looked down the river, and on a hill thirty miles away, in Indiana, he saw boys stealing apples.

THE VERY DUST A WITNESS.

130. Once, in a certain part of Germany, a box of treasure, that was being sent by railway, was found to have been opened and emptied of its contents, and filled with stones and rubbish. The question was, Who was the robber? Some sand was found sticking to the box, and a clever mineralogist, having looked at the grains of sand through his microscope, said that there was only one station on the railway where there was that kind of sand. Then they knew that the box must have been taken out at that station, and so they found out who was the robber. The *dust under his feet*, where he had set down the box to open it, was a *witness against him*.

AN AWNING OVER THE DOOR.

131. A little boy, about five years of age, was sent to the grocery store on some trifling errand, and while there his bright eyes lighted upon a barrel of pippins exposed temptingly to view just outside of the door. In going out he took one, and returned to his mother, munching it. "Where did you get that nice apple, Willie?" inquired his mother. "Dot it at the drocery," replied Willie. "Did the man give it to you?" "No; I took it."

"Why, Willie, that was naughty. You should not take apples or anything else without permission." "But nobody saw me." "Ah, yes, Willie, there was One who saw you." "Who saw me?" "Why, God saw you." Willie stopped a moment to consider, and then, with a good deal of satisfaction expressed in his face, replied, "No, he didn't see me; *there was an awning over the door!*"

(c.) *Justice.*

MEETING AT THE JUDGMENT.

132. Mr. Moffatt, the missionary, was once talking with a great chief, in the interior of Africa, and alluded to the resurrection. "What!" cried the chief, starting with surprise; "What are these words about the dead? The dead rise?" "Yes," replied the missionary, "all the dead shall rise." The chief, laying his hand on his breast, said to the missionary: "Father, I love you much. The words of your mouth are sweet like honey; but the words of the resurrection are too great for me. I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again; the dead cannot rise; the dead shall not rise." "Tell me, my friend," said the missionary, "why must I not speak of the resurrection?" Lifting his arm, which had been so strong in battle, as if grasping a spear, the chief cried, "I have slain my thousands, and shall they rise?" The thought of meeting his slain was too much for him. It is a great and terrible thought that we shall have to meet again all whom we have neglected, injured, or destroyed.

JUDGMENT SCENES PREFIGURED.

133. The panic in London at the approach of Whiston's comet, in 1712,—half whimsical, half solemn,—is a too probable picture of what poor, idolatrous human nature will do at the alarm of the final judgment. Mr. Whiston, who was highly credited, both as a divine and a philosopher, predicted the appearance of the comet on Wednesday, October 24th, and added (by a stretch of his imagination), that the world would be burned up on the following Friday.

The comet appeared as foretold, and struck terror into all hearts. A number of persons in and about London seized all the boats

and barges they could lay hands on in the Thames, very rationally concluding that when the conflagration took place, there would be the most safety on the water. A gentleman who had neglected family prayers for more than five years, informed his wife that he was determined to resume that laudable practice the same evening. The South Sea stock immediately fell to five per cent., and the East India to eleven, and the captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river that the ship might not be endangered.

Before noon, the belief became universal that the Day of Judgment was at hand. About this time, one hundred and twenty-three clergymen were ferried to Lambeth, it is said, to petition that a short prayer might be penned and ordered, there being none in the church service that would answer on such an occasion. Three maids of honor burned their collection of novels and plays, and sent to the book-sellers to buy them a Bible and Bishop Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." The run upon the bank was so prodigious that all hands were employed from morning till night in discounting notes and handing out specie.

On Thursday, considerably more than seven thousand couples living out of wedlock, were legally married in the face of several congregations; and to crown the whole, Sir Gilbert Hathcote, at that time being director of the bank, issued orders to all the fire offices in London, requiring them to keep a good lookout, and have a particular eye over the Bank of England.

JUSTICE APPLAUDED.

134. Whitefield was present at the Old Bailey, at one time, when sentence was passed on a notorious criminal. The applause of the people at the vindication of justice was, he said, "an emblem of that awful day when all the saints and angels of God shall say, 'Amen.'"

WILL FATHER BE A GOAT THEN?

135. A converted drunkard tells the following incident: "I had been all day in the public house, and at night when I came home, my wife was reading a chapter to the children, as usual. When she was so engaged, I went slipping in like a condemned criminal. The portion of Scripture read was the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, in which these words occur: 'When the Son

of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.' Our youngest boy, then about four years old, was lying with his head on his mother's lap, and just when she had read those awful words, he looked up earnestly in her face, and asked, 'Will father be a goat then, mother?' This was too strong to be resisted. I spent a sleepless, awfully miserable night, wishing rather to die than live such a life. I was now decided, and all the men on earth could not tempt me to drink again. This affecting incident became, by the blessing of God, the turning point in my life."

CONVERSION THROUGH A DREAM.

136. A sailor, who had passed unhurt through an explosion in which most of his shipmates had lost their lives, but who had not been impressed by his marvelous escape, and had gone on in his life of sin, was startled by a strange dream which he had some time after. He thought he saw that the Day of Judgment had come. He saw the Judge seated at a table with a desk before him. On one side of him was Satan standing before a door; and on the other side was a bright angel standing also before another door. John knew, in his dream, that Satan's door was the door into hell, and the angel's the door into heaven. The trial of the crew of the exploded frigate A— commenced. Each name was called in the order in which it stood on the ship's books, and in every instance the person after judgment was handed over to Satan, who opened the door at his back, thrust in the condemned man, closed the door upon him, and John saw him no more. The process went on until the Judge came to the name which stood before John's on the books. John now expected to be called, but his name was passed over, and the one which stood next after his was called. The trial was at length completed, every one of the crew had been shut up in hell, and John was left standing alone. Unable to bear this terrible suspense any longer, he walked up to the Judge and said, "Am I wanted yet?" Whereupon the Judge, gazing upon the inquirer with a look which thrilled his inmost soul, replied, "No, not now; but repent, or you will soon be here." The horror with which the awful tones of that voice filled John, awoke him. Conviction seized upon him, and he soon found peace in believing in Christ.

(d.) Providence.

GARFIELD'S CONVERSION.

137. Garfield, our late President, was addressing an audience of young people, several years ago, selecting, as his text, Ecclesiastes 9: 10 and 11: 6: "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*" "*In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.*"

"Make the most," he said in substance, "of the present moment! No occasion is unworthy of your best efforts. God in his providence often uses humble occasions and little things to shape the whole course of a man's life. I might say that the wearing of a certain pair of stockings led to a complete change in my own career. I had made one trip as a boy on a canal-boat, and was expecting to leave home for another trip. But I accidentally injured my foot in chopping wood. The blue dye in the yarn of my home-made socks poisoned the wound, and I was kept at home. Then a revival of religion broke out in the neighborhood. I was thus kept within its influence, and was converted. New desires and new purposes then took possession of me, and I determined to seek an education, that I might live more usefully for Christ."

Thus God prepared both Garfield's opportunity and himself—and brought them together.

A MERCIFUL PROVIDENCE.

138. "O, Tom, you are always talking about religion and Providence," said a careless sailor to his pious brother, who was giving him some good advice for his next voyage. "I suppose if I should be wrecked, and a ship were to heave in sight and take me off, you'd call it a *merciful providence*. That's all an old notion. These things happen just as other things happen,—by mere chance."

The sailor went to sea, and during his voyage his supposed adventure was realized exactly as he had described. He was wrecked on the ocean, and he and his fellow-sailors drifted three days on the hulk of their dismantled vessel, until a ship appeared and saw their signal of distress flying, and came and took them off.

"Ah, Tom," said he to his brother, when he got safe home

again, "when that ship hove in sight, the words I said to you came back to me like a clap of thunder. I had to own that God's hand was in the matter of saving my life there on the sea, and now, to do the fair thing by him, I'm going to serve him the rest of my days."

A MESSAGE WRITTEN IN BLOOD.

139. A Liverpool merchant's cashier, while holding a bank-note up to the light, to test its genuineness, noticed some faint red marks upon it which, on closer examination, proved to be semi-effaced words, scrawled in blood between the printed lines, and upon the blank margin of the note. Extraordinary pains were taken to decipher these partly obliterated characters, and eventually the following sentence was made out: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers." Mr. Dean was promptly communicated with by the holder of the note, and he appealed to the government of the day for assistance in his endeavor to obtain his brother's release from captivity. The prisoner, who, as it subsequently appeared, had traced the above sentence upon the note with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood, had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years, when his strange missive first attracted attention in a Liverpool counting-house. His family and friends had long believed him dead. Eventually his brother, with the aid of the British authorities in the Mediterranean, succeeded in ransoming him from the Dey, and brought him home to England.

What eye but God's can read the blood-marks of the sorrow of His martyrs, shut up from human aid, and held down under the heel of the wicked?

THE VALUE OF ONE TRACT.

140. The *Advertiser*, Leamington, England, publishes the following: "Some fifteen years ago, a young man, a Spaniard by birth, visited Leamington, from New York, and received a tract in the pump-rooms, which was given to him casually by a lady. It was one of Canon Ryle's tracts, and it was the means of his conversion. On returning to America, where his parents had taken up their residence, he entered one of the universities, and, having been ordained by Bishop Potter, was appointed missionary to the Spanish-speaking people in New York. From thence he went to Mexico, some ten years ago, and was presented by the Emperor

Maximilian's successor with one of the principal churches in the capital. He translated the whole of Canon Ryle's tract into Spanish, and the result was that there are now one hundred and sixty Protestant congregations in Mexico, whereas nine years ago there was but one, and sixty-three thousand people have seceded from the Church of Rome. This was the result of one tract casually given to a visitor in the pump-rooms at Leamington." The title of the tract is, it is said, "Are You Forgiven?"

(e.) *Love.*

HE WHO IS LOVE.

141. Jacobus de Benedictis, a lay brother of the Franciscan order, and author of the famous hymn, "Stabat mater dolorosa," who lived at the close of the thirteenth century, was once found in tears. Asked the cause of his grief, he replied, "Because He who is Love is not loved."

LARGE LIGHT.

142. "Do your gods love you?" asked a missionary of some Indians. "The gods never think of loving," was the cheerless answer. Then the missionary repeated the verse, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Say that again," said the Indian; "that is large light; say it again." When the missionary repeated the verse, he said very earnestly, "That is true; I feel it."

THE MYSTERY OF GOD'S LOVE.

143. A gentleman who thought Christianity was merely a heap of puzzling problems, said to an old minister, "That is a very strange verse in the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.'"

"Very strange," replied the minister; "but what is it, sir, that you see most strange about it?"

"O, that part, of course," said the gentleman, patronizingly,

and with an air of surprise, "'Esau have I hated,' is certainly very strange."

"Well, sir," said the old minister, "how wonderfully are we made, and how differently constituted. The strangest part of all to me is that he could ever have loved Jacob."

There is no mystery so glorious as the mystery of God's love.

GOD'S READINESS TO FORGIVE.

144. An old man and his wife in Flintshire were much annoyed by their neighbor's cattle going over their fences into their wheat and grass, and thus causing great loss to the poor old people. David, the old man, got impatient at last, and one day, entering the house, he said to his wife: "Our neighbor's cattle have been again in our wheat. I'll make him pay the damage this time." "Don't talk about paying, David. 'I will repay, saith the Lord.'" "No, indeed, he won't," said David; "he is too ready to forgive—a great deal—to do that."

GOING TO RECEIVE MERCY.

145. When Thomas Hooker lay dying, a friend said to him, "Brother, you are now going to receive the reward of your labors." "I am going to receive mercy," was the whispered reply.

FORGIVENESS.

146. One of the captive followers of the Duke of Monmouth was brought before James the Second. "You know it is in my power," said the king, "to pardon you." "Yes," said the man, who well knew his cruel character; "but it is not in your nature." However unwise this answer was, its truth was soon seen. Quite a contrast is presented by the case of a hardened criminal, who was executed in the town of Ayr, in Scotland. It pleased the Lord to bring him to repentance when in prison, and so full was his assurance of pardoning mercy that, when he came to the place of execution, he could not help crying out to the people, under the sense of pardon: "Oh, he is a great Forgiver! He is a great Forgiver!" and he added: "Now hath perfect love cast out fear. I know God hath nothing to say against me, for Jesus Christ hath paid all; and those are truly free whom the Son makes free."

HE GAVE HIS SON.

147. The keeper of a draw-bridge one day found, after allowing a great ship to pass, that he had barely time to swing the bridge around in time for a limited express that was about due. The smoke of the coming train was already visible, and he was bending every energy to his task, when, looking down to the stream below, he saw that his little boy had fallen in, and was drowning. If he left his task to save the life of his child, the coming express would be wrecked, and scores, if not hundreds, of lives would be lost; if he saved the train, his son must perish. He closed his eyes to his drowning boy, ran around with the lever that swung the bridge, and succeeded in getting the bridge in position just as the express dashed by; but his little boy was taken from the river a corpse. He had given his son for the train and its passengers.

"TO KISS HIS FEET."

148. "A converted native, employed as my assistant in translating the Scriptures, came to the words in the second verse of the third chapter of I. John, 'Now are we the sons of God.' He ran to me in great haste, exclaiming, 'No, no, that is too much; let me render it, "Now we are permitted to kiss his feet."'"

AFFLICTION A TENDER MERCY.

149. Rev. John Newton had long been anxious for the spiritual welfare of a prosperous man in his parish, who, with his wife, seemed to have become wholly devoted to worldly good. He called upon him at last, and made known his concern, when the man burst into tears, and summoned his wife into the room, and then they told him that one of their children, just then away from home, was reported to be in a dying condition, and they were preparing to go and see him. "God be merciful in laying his hand upon your child!" prayed Mr. Newton, "but God be thanked that he has not forsaken *you*!"

WHY GOD CHASTISES.

150. On one occasion, a father found it necessary to punish his little daughter. But Mary climbed up into his lap, and said, "Papa, I do love you."

"Why do you love me, my child?"

"Because you try to make me good, Papa."

It is in this spirit that God's people should accept the chastisement he sends, remembering it is in love he rebukes and chastens; not for his pleasure, but for their profit, that they may be partakers of his holiness.

A CHASTISING LOVE.

151. Rev. J. R. Chambers writes of a community in which religious interest had ebbed almost entirely away. All efforts to improve the condition of things were vain, and they went from bad to worse. Suddenly the neighborhood was scourged by a dreadful disease, which swept many into the grave. Among the families attacked was one in which the parents were Christians, but only one of the nine children, all of whom had reached maturity, had as yet made a profession. It was this daughter that was fatally attacked. Her peaceful death made a deep impression upon the minds of her surviving brothers and sisters, and before she was buried, six of them were under deep conviction, and were speedily converted. The interest spread into the community, a revival broke out, and more than fifty were converted to God.

UNSEEN DANGER.

152. Two dear friends were once employed to fresco the walls of a grand cathedral. It happened on a certain day that one of these artists was very much interested in looking at his work. He would stand near, and then he would move a little distance away. Step by step he got further from the picture, and near the edge of the high scaffolding on which he stood to work.

All at once, his friend saw his danger; another step back, and he would have been over the edge! What should he do? Quick as thought, the friend seized a wet brush and threw it against the wall, spattering the very picture that had cost the other so much work and time! What could he mean? His friend sprang forward in a great rage, and began to cry out, in bitter words, against such a cruel deed.

"There was no other way to save you," said the artist. "Look behind you! See how near you were to death."

When the man saw his peril, he fell upon his friend's neck, blessing him for what a moment before seemed such an unkind act. This is just a little like the way in which our Heavenly

Father often treats his children. He sees that sometimes they are so much pleased with earthly things that they cannot see the dangers near at hand. The only way to save them is by spoiling the pictures and images that look so beautiful.

2. CHRIST.

(1.) LIFE AND CHARACTER.

COULD A MYTH DO THAT?

153. Some little time since, a woman delivered a lecture in Lancashire, England, against Christianity, in which she declared that the gospel narrative of the life of Christ was a myth. One of the mill hands who listened to her obtained leave to ask a question. "The question," said he, "I want to ask the lady, is this: Thirty years ago I was a curse to this town, and everybody shrank from me that had any respect for himself. I often tried to do better, but could not succeed; the teetotalers got hold of me, but I broke the pledge so often that they said it was no use trying me any longer; then the police got hold of me, and I was taken before the magistrates, and they tried; and next I was sent to prison, and the wardens tried what they could do; and though they all tried, I was nothing better, but rather worse. Now, you say that Christ is a myth. But when I tried, and the teetotalers, the police, the magistrates, and the wardens of the prison all tried in vain, then Christ took hold of me, touched my heart, and made me a new man. And now I am a member of the church, a class-leader, and a superintendent of the Sunday-school, and I ask, if Christ is a myth, how comes it to pass that that myth is stronger than all the others put together?" The lady was silent. "Nay, Miss," said he, "say what you will, the gospel is the power of God unto salvation."

JUST LIKE HIM.

154. A minister, conversing with a pious old Negro woman on the love of Christ in bearing our sins, at length exclaimed fervently, "Isn't it *wonderful*, Aunty?"

Old Mary considered an instant. "No, sir," she said, "I don't fink it's so very wonderful. *It's just like him.*"

A WORD OF POWER.

155. A Russian soldier lay wounded on an Eastern battlefield. He lifted up his voice in an agonizing cry for "water." An English cavalryman passed him, not understanding his cry. In despair, the man cried out, "*Christos.*" The Englishman leaped from his horse, and ministered to the sufferer. This was the one word they had in common. It was a word of sympathy and power. It was a word that saved.

THREE RELIGIONS CONTRASTED.

156. The superiority of the gospel over other systems is finely illustrated in a little sermon which a converted Chinaman once preached. The sermon was this:

"A man had fallen into a deep pit, and lay groaning in the miry bottom, utterly unable to move. Confucius passed that way, and looking over into the pit, said: 'Poor fellow! I am very sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice: If you ever get out, be careful you don't get in again.' And that was all he could say for him.

"Next came the Buddhist priest, and looking down at him, said: 'Poor fellow! I am pained to find you in such a condition. I think if you could scramble up two thirds of the way, or even half, I might reach down and help you out.' But the man was utterly unable to move.

"Last of all the Savior came by, and hearing his cries, went to the edge of the pit and reached entirely down to the bottom, and lifted him up, and set him on his feet, and said, 'Go, and sin no more.'"

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MAN.

157. Of President Lincoln, at the Gettysburg dedication, a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* gives this interesting reminiscence. An address was given in the evening by Mr. Charles Anderson, and in a church. The audience had assembled, and arose as the President entered. An old man, shabbily dressed, followed him up the aisle, and when reaching the seat reserved for Lincoln, was about going in with him. Governor Tod, who escorted the President, put his hand on him, and said, "No, old man, you can't go in there." Mr. Lincoln turned, and said, "Yes, Governor, that's my man," and, putting his arm around the old man, brought him into the pew. It was the man

who entered the battle of Gettysburg with his musket and fought independently all day.

So, in the great assembly of the Judgment will Jesus speak for every one who has fought or served or suffered for him here: "This is my man."

WEARING ANOTHER'S CHAINS.

158. Eighty years ago a fierce war raged in India, between the English and Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion, several English officers were taken prisoners; among them was one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness.

A gray-haired officer said to the native official: "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded man!"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me! I will wear his as well as my own." This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take that city; but his noble friend died in prison. Up to his death he wore two pairs of fetters!

But what if he had worn the fetters of all in the prison? What if, instead of being a captive himself, he had quitted a glorious palace to live in their loathsome dungeon, to wear their chains, to bear their stripes, to suffer and die for them, that they might go free, and free forever!

A SAVIOR AND KEEPER.

159. When the excursion boat Princess Alice, crowded with poor people just out for a pleasure-day, went down in the frightful collision on the Thames a few years ago, a young working lad of Woolwich was on the river bank, and, being a good swimmer, at once dashed into the river and brought out the struggler next to him. He immediately plunged in again, and rescued a second, to rush in again and return with a third. As he was making his way thus to the bank, he saw a small bundle, which he guessed must be a baby. He caught it with his teeth, and thus brought the fourth rescued life to shore. Not then able to swim in again, he carried the baby home to his mother's humble dwelling, and placing the little orphan in her arms, said:

"Here, Mother, nurse this baby for me; I will work for it as long as I live."

Is not this an illustration of the grace of Christ? He finds the sinner perishing, rescues him, and commits him to the guardianship of his Church, saying, "Take care of him till I come."

ROYAL INTERCESSION.

160. In 1517, there was a great riot in London, in which houses were sacked and general insurrection ruled throughout the city. The guns of the Tower thundered against the insurgents, and armed bands assailed them on every side. Three hundred were arrested, tried, and hanged. Nearly five hundred persons were put into prison, and on a given day were brought before the King, Henry VIII., for judgment. As he sat in state in Westminster Hall, the doors were opened, and in marched this great army of culprits, under strong guard, every one with a rope around his neck, ready for the hanging if the verdict went against them. But before the grim sentence was rendered, lo! three queens, Catherine of Aragon, wife of the King, Margaret of Scotland, sister of the King, and Mary of France, approached the throne with their attendants, kneeled at the feet of his majesty, and there, for a long time, they pleaded for the lives of these people. At last the King relented, and forgave them, because of this royal intercession. Behold, a greater than these has interceded for us, and saved us!

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

161. William the Conqueror built a great abbey, called Battle Abbey, on the spot where he overcame the Saxon Harold in the battle of Hastings, and granted it some extraordinary privileges. The abbot had the right to pardon a criminal, no matter what his offense or where he found him, even if the halter were around his neck. One word was sufficient to set the prisoner free. Even so, no matter where Christ finds a prisoner of sin, one word is enough to set him at liberty.

NEGLECTING THE STAR.

162. A Minnesota farmer, returning homeward from a distant market town one day in the winter time, lost his way on the prairie. Night came down upon him while he fruitlessly wan-

dered, and weary with anxiety and numb with cold, he was almost in despair, when suddenly his horses struck into the track of another sleigh. "Now," thought the farmer, "I am safe." He listened, and far ahead, to his great joy, he caught the sound of sleigh-bells. "I will follow this man," he said, "and he will take me home."

He pushed on, and the farther he went the more beaten the track became. He was certainly on the traveled road—but why did he not reach his house? Mile after mile he urged his tired and chilled horses, but still he saw nothing but the same dreary waste of prairie. He began to think his brain was turning. In an agony, he increased his speed to overtake the man before him.

"Where are you going?" he shouted.

"I am *following you*," the answer came back.

Both drivers were lost, and they had been following each other's track in a circle. The two men held a consultation, and then for the first time they thought to look at the sky. There shone the North Star—had been shining there all the time—and north was the way they wished to go. They started, led by the heavenly lamp, and soon reached their homes.

"I DON'T CARE."

163. One day, a lady with whom the Rev. Frederick Robertson was slightly acquainted, assailed him for "heterodox opinions," and menaced him with the consequence which, in this world and the next, would follow on the course of action he was pursuing. His only answer was, "I don't care." "Do you know what 'don't care' came to, sir?" "Yes, madam," was the grave reply. "He was crucified on Calvary."

(2.) DEATH AND ATONEMENT.

"IT MAKES ME CRY."

164. A little boy who was brightly converted at the age of five, under a talk to children on the crucifixion, expressed an unusual unwillingness to attend the Sunday-school the following Lord's day. To an expression of surprise, he replied: "I don't want to go next Sunday, because the lesson is about the death of Jesus,

and I can't stand to hear it. It makes me cry so." And even as he spoke, the tears rolled down his cheeks. At another time, he said, that when he did not feel like praying, all he needed to do was to think how Jesus died for him, and then he could not help praying.

"FATHER, THEY CRUCIFIED HIM!"

165. A father who was a professed infidel, observed his little son intently reading the Bible.

"What book are you reading?" he said, sternly.

The boy looked up abstractedly, and said, with eyes swimming in tears, "Father, they crucified Him!"

The professed unbeliever stood still. It was a word in season. God had spoken to him through the lips of his child. Ere long the scales fell from his eyes. His soul was prostrate at the foot of the Cross, seeking peace and pardon from the Savior he had rejected. And now he is among those who testify to the truth of Christ's religion—to his promise, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

DIED FOR THE PEOPLE.

166. When Edward III. captured Calais, he signified to the conquered people that he considered them all worthy of death, but that if they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters round their necks, for execution, he would accept their death as atonement for the rebellion of the city. The French commander, St. Pierre, offered himself as the first sacrifice, and five other noblemen soon followed his example. They were led out to the English camp between files of soldiers, wearing the fatal ropes round their necks—"ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British Garter."

A JUST, YET MERCIFUL JUDGE.

167. A spendthrift who had wasted a handsome fortune by a prodigal life, and involved himself a hundred thousand pounds in debt, was arraigned by his creditors and condemned (by English law) to finish his days in prison. The judge before whom he was tried, recognized in him an intimate friend of his youth, but the prisoner did not know the judge—nor did that magistrate betray any softening sign, or relax at all his official sternness.

The unhappy debtor pleaded bitterly against being shut up for life, and complained of the harshness of the law. But he was told that the law was intended to prevent just such offenses as his. Instead of being unjust to him, it punished him for being unjust to others. "Unless a man pays his debts, he must go to prison."

He appealed to the mercy of the court, but the only reply was: "I am solemnly sworn to enforce the law, and I have no choice. Your debt is proven, and unless a man pays his debts, he must go to prison."

Then he begged the judge to consider his penitence, telling him how heart-broken he was over the wretched folly of his life. But the judge reminded him that his sorrow could not alter the law. It had always stood as it was, and he should have heeded it before. "Unless a man pays his debts, he must go to prison."

As a last appeal, the poor man solemnly promised reformation, and implored that he might be released, to pass the rest of his days in industry and sobriety. Said the judge: "Would that pay your debts? You never earned anything, and you are now too old to learn how. Your only means you have thrown away. No, this is but a waste of time, and the law must take its course. Unless a man pays his debts, he must go to prison. Officer, take charge of this man." And handing the sheriff a folded paper, he saw him lead the prisoner away.

The wretched debtor now bade his last farewell to the world. But what was his surprise when, instead of entering a gloomy jail, he found himself in a luxurious mansion, and seated in the judge's own library! What was his astonishment and joy when the judge revealed himself to him, recalled the former days, and told him he was free! Loving his old friend still, the magistrate had determined to save him, and satisfy justice, too; and being a man of great wealth, he had paid all the prisoner's debts himself.

SAVED BY HIS DEATH.

168. The inhabitants of the city of Thasus, being besieged by the Athenians, made a law that whosoever would motion a peace to be concluded with the enemy should die the death. Their city began to be distressed, and the people to perish with the sword and famine. Hegetorides, a citizen, pitying the estate of his country, took a halter about his neck, came to the judgment place, and spake: "My masters, deal with me as ye will; but in any case make peace with the Athenians, that my country may be saved by my death."

A FATHER DYING FOR HIS SON.

169. A father and son were being drawn up one of the deep coal-pits of England, when a strange crackling attracted their attention. Several of the strands of the rope were parting, and in a few moments more it was likely that both would be lying at the bottom of the shaft, mangled and dead. Taking the situation in at a glance, the Christian father cried to his son, "Be sure to meet me in heaven," and leaped into the abyss and was dashed to pieces. Relieved of the father's weight, the rope was able to bear the weight, and the son was drawn up in safety. The price of his life was his father's death.

THE ELOQUENT WOUND.

170. History informs us of two brothers, one of whom, for capital crimes, was condemned to die. But on the appearance of the other, who had lost an arm in the defense of his country, there was a stay of sentence; and when he held up the stump of the severed member, the judges were so affected by the recollection of his past service that for his sake they relented, and pardoned the guilty brother.

The Redeemer, presenting himself "as a Lamb that was slain," pleading for his people the merits of his sufferings and death, never pleads in vain.

SUFFERING FOR HIS SON.

171. It is not very long since the dying confession of a wicked young man, untimely brought to his end, released from prison his aged father, who had been bearing the punishment of one of his crimes for twelve years. The old man, to shield his son, had allowed himself to be convicted and condemned as the real criminal, and with a generous devotion, of which his ignoble boy was utterly unworthy, had submitted silently to be made the scape-goat of his iniquities.

A SUBSTITUTE.

172. A Roman servant, knowing that his master was sought for to be put to death, clothed himself in his master's garments that he might be taken for him. He was taken, and put to death in his stead; in memory of which, his master caused his statue

in brass to be erected, as a monument of gratitude for the poor servant's fidelity and affection. What monument, then, should Christians erect for Jesus Christ, who, when we lay condemned to eternal death, descended from heaven, and died to effect our salvation?

SHE DIED FOR HIM.

173. A poor emigrant had gone to Australia to "make his fortune," leaving a wife and little son in England. When he had made some money, he wrote home to his wife: "Come out to me here; I send the money for your passage; I want to see you and my boy." The wife took ship as soon as she could, and started for her new home. One night, as they were all asleep, there sounded the dreaded cry of "Fire, fire!" Every one rushed on deck, and the boats were soon filled. The last one was just pushing off, when a cry of, "There are two more on deck," arose. They were the mother and her son. Alas! "Only room for one," the sailors shouted. Which should go? The mother thought of her far-away home, her husband looking out lovingly and longingly for his wife. Then she glanced down at the boy, clinging, frightened, to her skirts. She could not let him die. There was no time to lose. Quick! quick! the flames were getting round. Snatching the child, she held him to her one moment. "Willie, tell father I died for you!" Then the boy was lowered into the sailors' willing arms. She died for him.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

174. Two boys were at play inside the upper part of St. Leonard's Tower, at Bridgenorth, when the beam or joist on which they were standing gave way. One of them had just time to catch hold of the beam and suspend himself from it, while the other, slipping over his body, caught hold of his legs; and thus they were hung for some time, calling for help, but in vain. At length, the boy who clung to the beam said he could hold out no longer; upon which the other, who was clinging to him, said, "Do you think you could save yourself if I were to loose you?" "Yes," said the other; "I think I could." "Well, then," said he, "God bless you!" and loosing his hold, he fell, and was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below. Upon this his companion either climbed to some place of safety, or stayed till some one came to his help.

Here we have a remarkable instance of heroic self-sacrifice—of

devoted affection; a beautiful illustration of the ways of One well known to our hearts. Wondrous was the love of this dear boy to his friend! But what was it to the love that Christ has for us! What to the love that led him to Calvary, there to give his life a ransom for us, to suffer, "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God"!—that wrung from him that cry of unparalleled anguish, "*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*"

A TRUE HERO.

175. The city of Marseilles, in France, was once afflicted with the plague. So terrible was it, that it caused parents to desert children, and children to forget the obligations to their own parents. The city became as a desert, and funerals were constantly passing through its streets. Everybody was sad, for nobody could stop the ravages of the plague. The physicians could do nothing, and as they met one day to talk over the matter, and see if something could not be done to prevent this great destruction of life, it was decided that nothing could be effected without opening a corpse, in order to discover the mysterious character of the disease. All agreed upon the plan; but who would be the victim, it being certain that he would die soon after? There was a dead pause. Suddenly, one of the most celebrated physicians, a man in the prime of life, arose from his seat and said: "Be it so: I devote myself to the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly, I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow at the break of day I will dissect a corpse, and write down, as I proceed, what I observe." He immediately left the room, and, as he was rich, he made a will, and spent that evening in religious exercises. During the night a man died in his house of the plague, and at daybreak the following morning the physician, whose name was Guyon, entered the room and critically made the examination. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, so that they might not convey the disease to another, and retired to a convenient place, where he died in twelve hours.

A SAVIOR FROM DEATH.

176. A sick young man, in one of the Dublin cholera hospitals, was once providentially placed in a peculiar relation to Father Matthew. Returning after a short visit to another ward, the good priest was surprised to see this young man's cot empty.

He had just died, they told him, and his body was in the dead-house.

Father Matthew had hoped for the recovery of this patient. He could not believe that he was dead. He hurried to the ghastly chamber where the corpses lay, and where rough men were busy rolling the bodies in tarred sheets, nailing the pine coffins, and carrying out and bringing in,—for the city was the plague's battle-field, and the slain of the destroyer were too numerous for careful burial.

Groping through the horrible place, he presently recognized the form of his patient. The workmen, half stupefied with whisky, were tarring a sheet to wrap him in.

"Stop! stop!" cried Father Matthew; and kneeling down, he placed his hand over the young man's heart. A moment of suspense, while the men stood by, astonished.

"Thank God, he is alive!"

And the rescued patient was soon revived by restoratives, and carried and laid in his bed again, pouring out thanksgivings to his deliverer. He subsequently recovered, an affecting example of a *saved man*. But for Father Matthew, in a minute more he would have been lost to the world forever.

TWO MINERS.

177. Two miners were down sinking a shaft, and to do this they blasted the solid rock. They had placed in the rock a large charge of gunpowder, and had so fixed the fuse that it could not be taken out. Through some mistake fire was struck, and the fuse began to hiss. On seeing this, both men dashed to the bucket and gave the signal. The man above in vain attempted to move the windlass. One of the miners, seeing that only one could escape, leaped out again, and said: "Escape! I shall be in heaven in a minute." The bucket sped up the shaft, and the man was safe. Eager to watch the fate of his deliverer, he bent down to hear. Just then the explosion rumbled below; a splinter came up the shaft and struck him on the brow, leaving a mark that would remind him all his days of his rescue. They soon began to search among the fallen rock for the dead body. But to their surprise a voice was heard, and they found that their friend was yet alive; the piece of rock had roofed him over, and he was without injury or scratch of any kind. When asked what induced him to let the other escape, he replied: "I knew my soul was safe; I was not so sure of his."

RISKING HIS LIFE TO SAVE.

178. A man who worked on a railroad in Indiana discovered, one morning, that a bridge on the line had fallen down. Remembering that a train was almost due, he started along the road to meet it. As the train approached, he raised his hands and pointed toward the bridge; but the train sped on. Seeing that there was no time to lose, he threw himself across the rails. The engineer, seeing it, thought he was a madman, and instantly shut off steam, put on the brakes, and stopped the train. The man arose, told his story, and thus saved the train from disaster.

"REPENT AND REFORM."

179. "I don't believe in your doctrine of atonement," said a skeptical physician to a Christian patient. "If a man is leading a bad life, he must *repent and reform*. That is all. There's no necessity for any atonement. The idea of a suffering Savior, and a Divine price paid for human salvation, is monstrous." This he took occasion to insist upon rather frequently, and with considerable dogmatism, mingling his arguments liberally with his prescriptions.

The lady took his medicines, but did not accept his creed. After her recovery, she sent word to the doctor to make out his bill, and come and take tea with her. He came, and in the course of conversation she said to him:

"Well, Doctor, I suppose my long illness has cost you a good deal of trouble and expense, in journeys, and medicines, and personal anxiety."

He acknowledged that it had.

"I am very sorry," she continued,—"very sorry, that I have put you to so much labor and expense on my account, and I promise that in case of any future sickness of mine I will never trouble you again. So you see I both *repent and reform*."

"Ah," exclaimed the doctor, shrugging his shoulders, "I see that doctrine will not do for me."

THE FAITHFUL ARAB.

180. A story is told of an Arab, who, being condemned to death by a king in whose service he was, asked a year's respite,

promising to give himself up at the end of that period, and in the meantime offering a friend as surety. When the year had passed he promptly presented himself, and when the astonished king asked him what had brought him back, he answered that he was a Christian. The king was so struck with the reply that he not only pardoned the man, but became a Christian himself. Tell how Jesus has become surety of the "better testament" for us (Heb. 7: 22).

HEROIC HUMANENESS.

181. One of the unknown heroes of the fearful yellow fever summer of 1878, was thus mentioned with admiration by Dr. Bemis, President of the Yellow Fever Commission, at the meeting of the Health Associations at Richmond, in the fall of that year.

In a village in Mississippi, where there was a mortality of nearly thirty per cent. of the whole population, in the midst of the most terrible part of the epidemic, a pale-faced boy, about nineteen years of age, came walking into the village and proffered his services in aid of the sick. The doctor in charge asked him what he could do.

"Anything, if you will first tell me how."

"Did you ever see a case of yellow fever?" continued the doctor.

"Never," replied the boy.

"You don't know how to nurse yellow fever?" asked the doctor.

Said the boy, "If you will tell me how, I can follow your directions."

The doctor pondered a moment, and then said: "You are already exposed, anyhow; I will keep you here and put you to work, and when you are stricken down I will watch you."

The doctor, in describing this incident to me, said he never witnessed such tender nursing, such faithful watching. The boy continued his work of love, and was the means of saving several lives. Finally his turn came.

When the doctor first visited him, he found him with his arms folded across his chest, and he was at that moment giving utterance to such a prayer as the doctor declared he never before heard. Upon questioning him, the doctor learned that he was the only son of a widowed mother. He had felt impelled by a sense of duty to come and offer his services in the care of the sick in the village. The doctor watched over him carefully, and ultimately the terrible fever left him and he recovered. He was sent back home after the epidemic was over. I did not even learn his name.

THE BLOOD.

182. There is a legend that, on the night of the exodus, a young Jewish maiden—the first-born of the family—was so troubled on her sick-bed that she could not sleep. “Father,” she anxiously inquired, “are you sure that the blood is there?” He replied that he had ordered it to be sprinkled on the lintel. The restless girl would not be satisfied until her father had taken her up and carried her to the door, to see for herself; and lo! the blood was not there! The order had been neglected, and, before midnight, the father made haste to put on his door the sacred token of protection.

A TELEGRAM FROM HEAVEN.

183. A young man was once employed as a clerk in a telegraph office, in a town in England. In some way or other God led him to see that he was a sinner. The young man went to the office one morning in great distress of mind, from the burden of his sins. He was lifting up his heart in secret, and saying, “God be merciful to me a sinner,” when the click of the telegraph machine before him told him that a message was coming. He looked up, and saw that it came from Windermere, up among the beautiful lakes and mountains. There was first the name and residence of the person for whom the telegram was sent, and then followed these words from the Bible: “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!” “In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.” And then followed the name of the person sending it. This was a strange message to send by telegraph. The explanation of it was this: The telegram was sent to a servant girl living in that town. She was in distress about her sins, and trying to find Jesus. She had a brother who was a Christian; he was a servant in the family of a gentleman who was spending the summer at the lakes. This poor girl had written to her brother, telling him about the trouble she was in, and asking him the great question, “What must I do to be saved?” Her brother had no time to write to her just then; so he sent her this telegram. The poor girl found her way to Jesus through those sweet words from her brother, and so did that young man in the telegraph office. This was a *telegram from Heaven* to him. Those precious words—“the Lamb of God,” “taketh away . . . sin,” “redemption through his blood,” and “the riches of his grace,”—brought him to Jesus, and he found peace in him.

SECURE UNDER THE TOKEN.

184. The only survivor of the ill-fated company on board the *Virginus*, captured by a Spanish man-of-war, during the Cuban rebellion, was General Cook, once the ranking officer in the Cuban army, but an American.

A few days after their capture, the imprisoned insurgent officers were taken from the jail where they were confined, and shot, two by two, until Cook's turn came. He was bound and blindfolded, like the rest, and heard the order given to his executioners. But before they could fire, Captain Lambton Lorraine, the English Consul in Havana, rushed to his side with the British flag in his hand, and covered his person with it. "Fire, if you dare!" he shouted to the Spanish commander, General Burriel. "If you hurt a hair of this man's head, I'll blow your town to pieces!"

The Spaniard blustered and swore; but the British gun-boats in the harbor were too likely to enforce the consul's threat, and he was forced to let the American go.

Every sinner who will, may find refuge under the red sign of Jesus' atoning death. Against *that* Satan dares not hurl a single shot.

AN IMPORTANT ITEM FORGOTTEN.

185. In a way more tenderly personal to the penitent sinner, He who silenced the demons silences Satan himself.

Du Moulin relates the legend of the Devil appearing to a dying Christian. He stood at the bedside and unrolled a prodigiously long parchment, written all over, on both sides, with the poor man's sin's; sins of commission, sins of omission, deliberate sins, angry sins, ungodly words, idle words, evil thoughts.

"See your record," sneered the great Enemy, holding up the long list. "Can you pass examination on all these at the bar of God?"

"Ah," said the dying man, meekly, "you forgot to add down below, '*The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.*'"

Then the Devil vanished.

THE WATCHWORD.

186. In one of the rock-galleries of Gibraltar, two British sailors had mounted guard, one at each end of the vast tunnel. One was a believing man, whose soul had found rest on the Rock of Ages; the other was seeking rest, but had not found it. It was midnight, and these soldiers were going their rounds, the

one meditating on the blood which had brought peace to his soul, the other darkly brooding over his own disquietudes and doubts. Suddenly an officer passes, challenges the former, and demands the watchword. "The precious blood of Christ," called out the startled veteran, forgetting for a moment the pass-word of the night, and uttering unconsciously the thought which at that moment was filling his soul. The next moment he corrected himself, and the officer, no doubt amazed, passed on. The words he spoke had rung through the gallery, and entered the ears of his fellow-soldier at the other end, like a message from heaven. It seemed as if an angel had spoken, or rather as if God himself had proclaimed the good news in that still hour. "The precious blood of Christ!" Yes, that was peace. His troubled soul was now at rest.

ONE THING GOD CANNOT SEE.

187. A teacher, speaking to his scholars of the omniscience of God, said, "There is nothing that God cannot see. 'The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good,' and nothing is hidden from his sight." A little boy raised his hand, indicating a desire to speak. The teacher gave him permission, and the little fellow said, "Teacher, there's one thing God cannot see." The teacher asked, "What is that?" The boy replied, "He can't see our sins through the blood of Christ."

"THE PLANK OF FREE GRACE."

188. When McLaren, of Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, lay dying, Gustart, his predecessor in the ministry there, came to see him and inquired affectionately after his present state and occupation of mind. "I will tell you what I am doing, brother," said the dying preacher; "I am gathering together all my prayers, all my sermons, all my good deeds, all my ill deeds; and I am going to throw them all overboard, and swim to glory on the plank of free grace."

3. HOLY SPIRIT.

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.

189. A skeptic, who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by the contradictory passages in the Bible, asked how it

could be that we were in the Spirit and the Spirit in us, and received the reply: "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker. I puts it in de fire till it gets red-hot. Now, de poker's in de fire an' de fire's in de poker." A profound theologian could not have made a better reply.

OBEYING THE SPIRIT.

190. Rev. P. H. Wagner furnishes the following incident. During a revival meeting of great power, under his care, he saw a local preacher, who had been earnestly helping penitents at the altar into the light, suddenly arise and look most earnestly at two young men who were sitting in the rear end of the church, one of whom was the acknowledged leader in all mischief in the community. The local preacher evidently felt impressed that he ought to go and speak to the young men, but, after looking a moment longer, he turned back to the altar and continued his labors there. After the service was over he acknowledged to his pastor that he had been disobedient to the Spirit, but promised that if the same impression were made upon him the next evening, he would go. During the altar services the next evening he had the same experience, and, no longer hesitating, went back to the young men, and sitting down beside the leader in evil, he asked him, "Do you not want to be a Christian?" With suffused eyes and quivering lips, he replied: "Of course I do. I was waiting to see if any one felt enough interest in me to invite me to seek salvation." Without hesitation both the young men arose and followed the local preacher to the altar, and soon were happily converted.

THE DUTY DONE.

191. A Presbyterian minister tells the following story. He was at one time pastor of a church in a town where the richest and, in every way, most prominent man was a notorious neglecter of religion, and openly hostile to the ministers. Seeing the old man in his carriage before a store in the place one day, he felt a strange impulse to "go near and join" himself to this chariot, and ask the liberty of visiting him, that he might preach the Savior. Fearing a scene, he refrained and was conscience-smitten. Six weeks later he met the carriage on the street again. The impulse was renewed, and the same words were suggested. He immediately consulted one of his judicious deacons, who advised him not to visit him. He would be driven from the door; there would

be a scandal, and he would become an object of derision. But he could not rest. He felt it was God calling him to "go near and join" the godless old man; and, in disobedience to advice, the next day he approached the stately mansion, trembling. He saw the old man, and was seen by him. The door was opened. He expected insult. Instead, two trembling hands were extended in welcome, and the strange words uttered, "I have been looking for a visit from you for six weeks. I have been longing to know more about the Lord I have so long rejected." The wife and daughter were called in, and there he "preached unto them Jesus"; and all three soon afterward believed, and "went on their way rejoicing." When one is prompted by the Spirit to speak, it is safe to hope and believe that the Spirit is prompting to hear.

THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT.

192. Rev. M. R. Drury furnishes this striking incident. "While the methods of the Spirit are by no means uniform, his power in the quickening of the heart, and in leading to a complete surrender to Christ, is unvarying in every true conversion. That Spirit can find a sinner anywhere, and make even the most unthought of means the instrument of deep conviction. During a series of special revival meetings in a large city a few years ago, one merchant called upon another whom he knew to be irreligious and profane. He found him reading the report of a sermon to the unconverted, in a daily paper. He was surprised. He was surprised still more when the man laid down his paper, and said with emphasis, 'The Holy Spirit is on that man, or he could not preach so.' He had not been attending the meetings, but by reading the sermons in the papers, God's Spirit got hold of him and he became concerned for his soul, and was soon happily converted. He then called his partners in business together and told them of his change. 'Business has been first with me, as you know very well,' he said to them; 'hereafter religion is to be first, and business second.'"

THE SPIRIT AND THE INFIDEL.

193. The following incident, which occurred in a Western city, is related by Rev. M. R. Drury. A man of wealth and high standing in the community, aged sixty years, was converted at his home. Though a moral man, he was an avowed infidel. A revival of great power and wide interest was in progress in his

city, but he did not attend the meetings. Finally he sent a note to a near neighbor, asking him to call early at his home. This friend complied with the request, and on entering the house found his worldly neighbor weeping. The first thing he said was, "B——, I want religion." The two bowed there together, and soon the man who had long walked in the ways of sin yielded his heart to Christ, and was saved. He then went into the meetings and publicly confessed Christ, and wholly repudiated all his past testimony on the subject of religion. He at once became an earnest worker in the meetings. Such is the power of the Spirit.

"GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT."

194. Rev. J. P. Anthony was one evening preaching on the text, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God" (Eph. 4:30). A business man passing by simply heard the text, but was so troubled that he came back, entered, and sat down. His business required his attention, and he rose and went out, but after he had gone a little distance from the church he was so strangely impressed that he returned and knelt at the altar, and was soon soundly converted.

THE PARALYZED TONGUE.

195. An aged Christian was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, which partially affected his tongue. When the minister came to see him, he could not speak. How that man writhed in agony! All was incoherent. But when the nurse—who, by experience, had learned to see his meaning when his paralyzed lips could only mumble, and his tongue pour forth no sound at all—came and interpreted the noise to the minister, and read the meaning that was expressed on his countenance, with what a sense of relief he fell back on his couch! What is our prayer, oft-times, but the babbling of half-paralyzed lips? "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities."

"I CAN'T PRAY."

196. During a very interesting meeting held by Rev. W. A. Keesy, of Ohio, one man said to another: "Let us go up into the amen-corner. This is all humbug—magnetism or excitement. Let us see for ourselves." Accordingly they took a seat near the pulpit, their motives utterly unknown to the preacher.

When the invitation was given to penitents to come to the altar, a number came forward. Mr. Keesy addressed the two men, inquiring whether they were Christians. "O, I am all right!" said the first. "Thank God," said the preacher. "We are going to pray now; you lead us in prayer." But the man, in consternation, insisted that he could not pray,—that he had never prayed in his life. "Ah, but you said you were all right; how can a man be all right who does not pray?" These words clung to him. "I can't pray," rang in his ears, and terrified his soul, until a few evenings afterward he knelt at the altar and realized the pardon of his sins. Now he could pray, and he has been ever since an exemplary Christian.

"I CAN'T STAND THAT."

197. Rev. J. W. Kilbourn tells of a man who went into a meeting and became deeply convicted of sin. "I can't stand that," he said; "I will go out and get some liquor." He went across the street to a saloon and procured some whisky. "Now," he said, "I think I can stand it," and went back into the meeting. But the power of the Spirit was even greater than before. "It is too much for me yet," he remarked. "I must have some more liquor. I will go and get enough this time." He went out and sought to drown his conviction in liquor, and drank so much that in the morning he was found dead.

4. GOD'S WORD.

"I SEE THE SUN!"

198. A Hindoo was led to forsake idolatry by a few leaves of the Psalms that somehow came into his possession, among which was the fifty-first. This last was his gospel for twenty years, when he met a missionary and received a New Testament. "Ah," he exclaimed, as he read, "twenty years I have walked by starlight; *now I see the sun!*"

"TILL WE GET A BETTER."

199. A society of educated gentlemen, having all adopted principles of infidelity, determined to set apart one evening meet-

ing to the burning of the Bible. A large fire was prepared, and the Bible placed on the table, with the glasses around it from which they proposed to drink a blasphemous toast. One of their number was fixed upon to perform the task; he took up the Bible and was walking forward to cast it into the fire, when he was arrested by looking upon the book; he trembled, turned pale, and laying the Bible down upon the table, he said, "No, we will not burn that Book till we get a better."

BIBLE PROOF.

200. A Christian woman was introduced by the leader of an inquiry meeting to a skeptic, who had warded off all invitations to come to Christ, by raising objections or making cynical remarks. His first remark was, "So you have come to interview me." The reply was, "No, I do not know enough to do that. Let us both interview the Bible, and see what we can learn." Somewhat disarmed by this reply, his tone changed, and he said he was very willing to have a conversation. But his old habit returned upon him, and he propounded one after another of the intellectual difficulties in his way. The lady met each one by saying: "I cannot answer you. I cannot pretend to do so. But let us see what the Bible says about it." And then opening the Bible she would read such passages as gave a Divine answer to each question. In this way, he was driven back by the sword of the Spirit from point to point, until, forced to give up the struggle, he sprang to his feet, saying: "This question must be settled to-night. Pray for me." Eventually he was converted, not as the result of reasoning, but of a judicious use of Divine truth.

"LIGHT FROM ABOVE."

201. The celebrated Mr. Hume once wrote an essay on the sufficiency of the light of Nature, and the no less celebrated Robertson wrote on the necessity of Revelation, and the insufficiency of the light of Nature. Hume came one evening to visit Robertson, and the evening was spent on this subject. The friends of both were present, and it is said that Robertson reasoned with unaccustomed clearness and power; whether Hume was convinced by his reasoning or not, we cannot tell, but at any rate he did not acknowledge his convictions. Hume was very much of a gentleman, and as he arose to depart, bowed politely to those in the room, while as he retired through the door, Robert-

son took the light to show him the way. Hume was still facing the door. "O, sir," said he to Robertson, "I find the light of Nature always sufficient"; and continued, "Pray, don't trouble yourself, sir," and so he bowed on. The street door was opened, and presently, as he bowed along in the entry, he stumbled over something concealed, and pitched down the stairs into the street. Robertson ran after him with a light, and as he held it over him, whispered softly and cunningly, "You had better have a little light from above, friend Hume." And raising him up, he bade him good-night, and returned to his friends.

THE BEST BOOK OF EVIDENCES.

202. At a recent Bible meeting in North Carolina, Governor Vance made an interesting speech, in which he stated how he was relieved from the doubts respecting the authority of the Scripture with which every thinking man is at some time or other troubled. He asked a clergyman of his acquaintance to recommend to him some book which would relieve his mind. The clergyman, with great good sense, advised him to read the Bible itself, rather than any book written on its behalf. He did so, and found his case met exactly.

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

203. A skeptical hearer once said to a Baptist minister, "How do you reconcile the teachings of the Bible with the latest conclusions of science?" "I haven't seen this morning's papers," naively replied the minister. "What are the latest conclusions of modern science?"

HELD IT THE WRONG WAY.

204. Many of the modern criticisms on the Bible remind one of the connoisseur who, taking up a small cabinet picture, railed most eloquently at the absurd caprice of the artist in painting a horse sprawling. "Excuse me, sir," replied the owner of the piece, "you hold it the wrong way. It is a horse galloping."

"BIBLE FIRST."

205. About forty years ago, a Christian man sat at his fire-side in Philadelphia. Near by him, playing on the floor, was his

only child, a beautiful little boy. It was early in the morning. The day's work had not yet begun; and waiting for his breakfast, it may be, the father took up the daily paper to read. The boy at once climbed into his lap, and snatched away the paper, exclaiming, "No, no, papa! Bible first—Bible first, papa!"

That lesson, taught by a little child, was probably a turning-point in the life of that man. Death soon came and tore away the sweet little preacher, but his morning sermon was never forgotten. The business man, in his loneliness and sorrow, went forth to do his work for Christ. "Bible first, papa," was ever ringing in his ears. It became the motto of his life. He was exceedingly prosperous in business. Wealth accumulated; business increased; friends multiplied. But uttermost in that man's heart was the precious Word of God. He read and studied it. As teacher and superintendent in the Sabbath-school, he taught it. He did more than this—he practiced its precepts.

The gentleman referred to was the well-known locomotive engine builder, Matthias W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia. Would not the child's cry, "Bible first!" be an excellent motto for every Sunday-school teacher in the land?

THE IRON EGG.

206. In a museum at Berlin is an iron egg, of which the following story is told. Many years ago a prince became affianced to a lovely princess, to whom he promised to send a magnificent gift as a testimonial of his affection. In due time the messenger arrived, bringing the promised gift, which proved to be an iron egg. The princess was so angry to think that the prince should send her so valueless a present that she threw it upon the floor, when the iron egg opened, disclosing a silver lining. Surprised at such a discovery, she took the egg in her hand, and while examining it closely discovered a secret spring, which she touched, and the silver lining opened, disclosing a golden yelk. Examining it carefully, she found another spring, which, when opened, disclosed within the golden yelk a ruby crown. Subjecting that to an examination, she touched a spring, and forth came the diamond ring with which he affianced her to himself.

So often come the richest gifts of God to us. The Word of God, in particular, opens out more and more richly as we examine it, and touch its hidden springs of power.

AN UNSUSPECTED TREASURE.

207. A nobleman once gave a celebrated actress a Bible, telling her at the same time that there was a treasure in it. She,

thinking he meant religion, laid the Bible aside. She died, and all she had was sold. The person who bought the Bible, on turning over its leaves, found a five hundred pound note in it. Poor creature! had she read that book, she might have found not only the note, but the "pearl of great price."

A BAKED BIBLE.

208. There is a Bible in Lucas County, Ohio, which was once baked in a loaf of bread. It now belongs to a Mr. Schebolt, a worthy member of the United Brethren Church, who resides near South Toledo. Mr. Schebolt is a native of Bohemia, and the baked Bible was originally the property of his grandfather, who was a faithful Protestant Christian in the times which tried men's souls. During one of the cruel persecutions which have been so common in Bohemia, an edict was issued that every Bible in the hands of the peasants should be delivered up to the authorities and destroyed. Mrs. Schebolt, grandmother of the present owner, placed her Bible in the center of a batch of dough, which was ready for the oven, and baked it. The house was carefully searched, but no Bible was found; and when the persecutors had departed, and the danger was passed, the Bible was taken uninjured from the loaf, which had contained nourishment for body and soul.

A GOOD STIMULANT.

209. The ladies of Philadelphia met a regiment that was stopping in that city for a few hours, to give food and drink to the weary soldiers who had been riding so long in the hot cars. One of the ladies offered a soldier a glass of ale. He thanked her, but said, "I never drink intoxicating liquors." "But," said the lady, "you are now very weary, and need some stimulant." The Christian soldier took a little Testament from his pocket, and holding it up as his canteen, said, "That's all the stimulant I need."

GOOD FRUITS FROM A BAD BOOK.

210. A Roman Catholic priest in Belgium rebuked a young woman and her brother for reading that "bad book," pointing to the Bible. "Sir," she replied, "a little while ago my brother was an idler, a gambler, and a drunkard. Since he began to study

the Bible, he works with industry, goes no longer to the tavern, no longer touches cards, brings home money to his poor old mother, and our life at home is quiet and delightful. How comes it, sir, that a bad book produces such good fruits?"

"KEEP ME OWN COW."

211. A priest was trying to persuade an Irish Catholic who had procured an English Bible, to surrender it, saying, among other things, that he needed not the strong meat of the whole Bible, but the "sincere milk of the word" as furnished by himself, i. e., the priest. "Milk, did you say?" said the Irishman; "then I'll just keep me own cow."

A RUSTY SWORD.

212. "An unused Bible is like a rusty sword; you cannot pull it out of the scabbard, and hence you cannot defend yourself or fight," says Dr. Munhall.

OUT OF THE BIBLE.

213. When a colporteur asked a back-woodsman if he had a Bible in his house, the man rummaged on an upper shelf of a cupboard until he found a few torn leaves of a Testament. "I declare, stranger!" said he, "I do need some more Bible; I did not know we were so near out!" What this illiterate frontiersman put so roughly, is literally true of too many Christian professors. They are sadly "out of Bible," and not only of that, but of all sound devotional reading which can elevate and invigorate the soul. Nothing will give tone and sinew to enfeebled piety like a thorough study of God's Word.

OUT OF THE BIBLE INTO THE NEWSPAPER.

214. A story is told of a minister who taught an old man in his parish to read. He proved a proficient scholar. After the teaching had come to an end, the minister was not able to call at the cottage for some time, and when he did he found only the wife at home.

"How's John?" said he.

"He's canny, sir," said the wife.

"How does he get on with his reading?"

"Nicely, sir."

"Ah! I suppose he will read his Bible very comfortably, now."

"Bible, sir! Bless you! He was out of the Bible and into the newspaper long ago."

There are many other persons who, like this old man, have long been out of the Bible and into the newspaper.

A MIRACULOUS LANTERN.

215. An ancient king sent his sons on a journey. In the country they were to cross, the heats of day-time were fierce and oppressive, and much of their travel would be in the night; so he gave to each of them a miraculous lantern, whose light would always point the way they ought to go. With these in their hands they went safely; but after a time they grew discontented. There were other ways that looked pleasanter and easier than the one along which their light led them, and they wanted to strike out for themselves. They finally plastered one side of their lanterns with clay, and then they could go where they chose. Once out of the right path, they disagreed, and finally became separated, and all wandered and stumbled on the "dark mountains"—and their father was obliged to send a messenger to find them and bring them back.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet," etc. He is a wretch who tampers with its light, and tries to make it shine the wrong way.

A TROUBLESOME COMPASS.

216. A story is told of an old hunter in Michigan, who, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told to buy a pocket compass, which he did, and a friend explained to him its use. He soon got lost, and lay out as usual. When found, he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He said he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he tried hard to make the thing point north, but "'twasn't any use. 'Twould shake, shake right around, and point southeast every time."

A great many people are afraid to take the Bible and follow just as it points; or in their wrong-headedness they refuse to let it mean anything but what they want it to mean.

HE HAD BURNT IT.

217. A man who had followed sin and despised righteousness all his life, said on his death-bed, when a minister bent over him and repeated some passages from the Word of God, "That Book might do for me now, but I burnt it!"

SOLD THE BIBLE FOR DRINK.

218. A Christian man, in British India, frequently visited an English soldier under sentence of death for committing murder while intoxicated. While he held religious conversation with him, other prisoners sometimes were allowed to come and listen. Once he asked them if any of them owned a Bible. Most of them answered, "No"; but the murderer confessed that he had once owned one, but *sold it for drink*. "If I had listened to my Bible," he said, "I should not have been here."

"Selling one's Bible for drink" may stand as a typical example of sinners' foolish and wicked waste of the opportunities of life.

THAT WILL DO TO LIGHT MY PIPE.

219. In 1855, a colporteur, with New Testaments printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, came to Toulon, France, while the soldiers were embarking for the Crimea. He offered one of the Testaments to a soldier, who asked him what book it might be. "The Word of God," was the answer. "Let me have it, then," said the man. But when he had received it, he added, laughing, "Now it will do very well to light my pipe." The colporteur regretted having so wasted the treasure, but could not recall the gift. A year later, being in the center of France, he sought lodging at an inn, where he found the people in great distress over the death of a son in the war, who had returned from the war to die. "But I have such consolation," said the mother; "he died so happy and full of peace. He found all his comfort in one little book which he had always with him." They brought him the little Testament he had given the soldier at Toulon. The first fifteen or twenty pages had been torn out, but on the inside of the cover was written, "Received at Toulon [with the date], despised—neglected—read—believed—and found salvation."

II. MAN.

I. MAN IN SIN.

(I.) CHARACTER AND EXTENT OF SIN.

“NO RIGHT IN ME.”

220. A little girl, when reprov'd by her mother for some fault, and told that she should teach her little brothers to do right, replied, “How can I do right, when there is no right in me?” Did not Paul make the same confession in Romans 7: 18?

THE WRONG FOOT FORWARD.

221. An abandoned statue remains in Philadelphia as a legacy from the Centennial Exhibition. It is a colossal granite statue of a soldier, and stands in front of Memorial Hall. The *Philadelphia Press* says, in reference to it: “It has always been a matter of amazement why it was not removed at the close of the celebration, or a formal gift of it made to the city. Perhaps we can enlighten the public on this point. Although the granite is a splendid specimen of stone, the figure has a *serious defect*. It represents the soldier at parade rest. Yet the artist has put the right foot forward instead of the left. This destroys the value of the statue as a work of art, and it has therefore been abandoned by the owners. Only a soldier, however, will notice the defect, and it is a source of regret that it is so marred.”

The abandonment of the statue on account of a defect which would not be noticed by ordinary spectators, is typical of the condition in which many will stand at the final judgment. Upright, honorable, philanthropic in their worldly dealings, yet

ruined by a fatal defect: their attitude toward God is not that which he requires—a repentant sinner justified by the blood of Jesus. (Acts 4: 12.)

And too many religious inquirers in this world situate themselves in the same way. They present their own righteousness first—their best side instead of their worst. No one ever really comes to Christ who thus puts “the wrong foot forward.”

THE DECEITFUL HEART.

222. “After all, I do not hate God. No, sir; you will not make me believe that. I am a sinner, I know, and do many wicked things; but after all I have a good heart—I don’t hate God.” Such was the language of a prosperous worldling. He was sincere, but sadly deceived.

A few months afterward, that God who had given him so many good things crossed his path in an unexpected manner. A fearful freshet swept down the valley, and threatened destruction to this man’s large flour-mill. A crowd was watching it, in momentary expectation of seeing it fall, while the owner, standing in the midst of them, was cursing God to his face, and pouring out the most horrid oaths.

He no longer doubted that he hated God. But nothing, in that hour of trial, came out of his mouth which was not previously in his heart.

ALLEGIANCE.

223. Mr. Jones, of Tallam, in a most powerful sermon, appealed thus to his hearers: “If you are servants of Satan, you ought to stand up for him now publicly. If he has any claim to the allegiance of your souls, you ought to acknowledge him.” Then, in his own powerful way, he repeated a prayer to the Evil One. “O Prince of Pleasure, thou hast promised us great things—days of joy and merriment; we will serve thee faithfully to the end, and take our chance with thee at the last.” Then, looking at his hearers, he said, “Let all who are followers of Satan, say ‘Amen.’” But a stillness, as of death, prevailed. Then he turned to the other side, and prayed. “O Jesus of Nazareth, thou hast suffered the death of the cross for us, and bidden us bear our little crosses for thee; we will follow thee faithfully in this world through good and evil report.” Then he added, “Let all who are anxious to follow Jesus, say ‘Amen.’” The effect was irresistible, and a chorus of amens rose, like many thunderings, from the whole congregation.

THE LOST HAMMER.

224. A relief life-boat was built at New London thirteen years ago. While the workmen were busy over it, one man lost his hammer, and it was nailed up in the bottom of the boat. The boat was put to service, and every time it rocked on the waves, that hammer was tossed to and fro. Little by little it wore for itself a track, until it had worn through planking and keel, down to the very copper-plating, before it was found out. Only that plate of copper kept the boat from sinking. It seemed a very little thing in the start, but it wrought great mischief. So it is with a little sin in the heart.

A MERELY MORAL LIFE.

225. An Empress of Russia once had a palace of ice built for her. It was very beautiful, but *very cold*. Its architecture, and furniture, and decorations were faultless, and splendid to look upon, glittering like piled jewels in the winter sun, but it was utterly comfortless—for it had no heat.

AVERAGING MATTERS WITH THE LORD.

226. A man who prided himself on his morality, and expected to be saved by it, was constantly saying, "I am doing pretty well, on the whole. I sometimes get mad, and swear, but then I am perfectly honest. I work on the Sabbath, when I am particularly busy; but I give a good deal to the poor, and I never was drunk in my life."

This man hired a canny Scotchman to build a fence around his pasture lot. He gave him particular directions. In the evening, when the Scotchman came in from his work, the man said: "Well, Jock, is the fence built, and is it tight and strong?"

"I canna say it is *all* tight and strong," Jock replied; "but it's a good average fence, anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, other parts are extra strong. I don't know but I left a little gap here and there, a yard or so wide; but then I made up for it by doubling the rails on each side of the gap. I dare say the cattle will find it a good fence on the whole, and will like it, though I canna just say that it is perfect in every part."

"What!" cried the man, not seeing the point; "Do you tell me that you built a fence around my lot with weak places and gaps in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all! If there is one opening, or a weak place where an opening can be

made, the cattle will be sure to find it and go through. Don't you know, man, that a fence must be perfect, or it is worthless?"

"I used to think so," replied the Scotchman; "but I hear you talk so much about averaging matters with the Lord, it seemed to me we might try it with the cattle. If an average fence will not do for them, I am afraid an average character will not do in the Day of Judgment."

BELIEF AND SELF-WILL.

227. A keen, gray-eyed millionaire once received a clergyman who went to his house to make a parochial call upon a member of his family, who was accustomed to attend church. The millionaire was not himself a public worshiper, but was well known in the community as a successful and honorable man of business. He welcomed the clergyman cordially, and immediately entered into lively conversation. The clergyman knew his man, and appreciated the opportunity. The talk drifted naturally and easily into the subject of the Christian faith, and soon came upon the Creed. The practical advantage and use of the doctrine of the Trinity was discussed. When at the point of the personality of the Holy Ghost, and his special office as the giver of life, the millionaire suddenly interrupted, saying, "I don't believe that; I don't *want* to believe it."

"Pause just there," said the clergyman, "and make a note of the form of your remark. You 'don't want to believe it.' There lies, sir, the whole secret of your religious life."

"HE STICKS TO IT SO."

228. Perhaps some of the children of a larger growth might use with profit the following prayer, at least its spirit:

A little fellow, four years old, prayed thus for himself: "O Lord, bless George, and make him a good boy; and don't let him be naughty again, never, no, never! Because, you know, when he is naughty, *he sticks to it so!*"

THE WRONG SINNER.

229. Vice-President Wilson, in rising to confess Christ for the first time, said, "I have not shielded myself behind infidelity, or that poorest of all excuses, the faults of professors." Another man once said, "I have been looking at the wrong sinner."

“THAT FELLER DOWN THERE.”

230. How easy it is to see the sins of other people. Even a child can do that. A Boston Sunday-school superintendent tells us of an experience of his, in proof of this truth. One Sunday he found in his school a class of urchins recently gathered in from the street, without a teacher for the day; so he took them in hand. He came right down to first principles, and talked of sin and salvation. One of his pointed questions was, “Is there any sinner in this class?” Instantly the answer came from one of the brightest of the boys, who pointed to another boy, at the end of the seat, and said, “Yes, *that* feller down there.” That boy was more outspoken than he would have been if he had been longer in the school; but his mode of judging was much like that of those long under Christian training. There is no sorrow like our sorrow; and no sin like—“that feller’s down there.”

A FALSE GOD.

231. That excellent minister, Rev. W. Romaine, was once accosted by a lady, who took occasion to express her pleasure in hearing him preach, and said frankly that she was willing to receive and follow his teachings with the exception of one thing.

“What is that?” said Mr. Romaine.

“You said we must give up all for Christ. I cannot give up *cards*,” said she.

“You think you could not be happy without them?”

“No, sir, I could not.”

“Then, madam, they are your God, and they must save you,” said Mr. Romaine.

“DIDN’T WANT TO BE REACHED.”

232. The San Francisco *Pacific* says that a good lady of that city, who did much for foreign missions, was taken to task by a smart youth of her acquaintance for her interest in “barbarians ten thousand miles away.”

“Why don’t you look after us wild young men at home?” he said.

“I would like to reach you young men in this city, and do you good,” replied the lady, “but I and the Christian people here find ourselves unable to bring you into our churches, and win you to the Savior. We appeal to you; we try to throw good influences around you; we invite you to our homes and to our

churches; but you refuse our invitations, and go off to your theaters, and balls, and clubs, and fast company."

"Well, I will show you how to reach us young men," was the reply. "You need not spend your energies on the heathen; you can save us young men when I show you how to do it."

So, when this young man went to his "club" next time, he told the boys about this good, motherly woman, and what she wanted to do if they would tell her how. Well, they smoked and drank, and talked it over, and came to the conclusion that "they didn't want to be reached."

CONTENTMENT OF THE UNCONVERTED.

233. A captain of a whale-ship told one of the wretched natives of Greenland that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned. "Miserable!" exclaimed the savage; "I have always had a fish-bone through my nose, and plenty of train-oil to drink; what more could I desire?"

SINNERS WHO SPEAK WELL OF CHRIST.

234. Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates, the king of Pontus, sending a crown to Cæsar at the time he was in rebellion against him, Cæsar refused the present, saying, "Let him first lay down his rebellion, and then I will receive his crown."

THE CAUSE OF THEIR PARTING.

235. A husband and wife had parted, and had for years been separated. He, on several occasions, entreated her to meet him and talk over their differences with a view to their reconciliation. She steadily declined an interview, and would not enter upon the subject of their alienation. The trouble was that the fault from the beginning lay with her.

"SEVEN YEARS WITHOUT JESUS."

236. A little girl stood trembling, weeping, timidly knocking at the door of a minister's study. "Come in," said a cheerful voice. The door-handle slowly turned, and there she stood, sobbing with emotion. "What is the matter, my dear child?" asked the sympathizing pastor. "Oh, sir," was the re-

ply, "I have lived seven years without Jesus!" She had just been celebrating her seventh birthday. ♦

MOCKING GOD.

237. A minister tells the following story:—

"I remember, for instance, when my eldest brother (who, many years ago, passed to his rest,) was a boy, I think about ten years of age, he was at a prayer meeting one evening, to which there came a worldly, scoffing infidel. He stood at the door, looking at all that was going on, through his eye-glasses, sneering at everything. He was saying all kinds of wicked and frivolous things to his friend who was with him, when my little brother stole up to him, and, looking up into his face, said, "Sir, aren't you afraid to mock God?" The man went away, without saying another word. He could not rest, but became more and more miserable. Finally, he sought God and the pardon of his sins, and became an earnest Christian."

SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS.

238. David Rittenhouse, of Pennsylvania, was a great astronomer. He was skillful in measuring the sizes of planets and determining the position of the stars. But he found that, such was the distance of the stars, a silk thread stretched across the glass of his telescope would entirely cover a star; and thus a silk fiber appeared to be larger in diameter than a star. Our sun is eight hundred and eighty-six thousand miles in diameter, and yet, seen from a distant star, our sun could be covered, hidden behind a thread when that thread was stretched across the telescope. Just so we have seen some who could not see the Sun of Righteousness, because some thread of self-righteousness, some trivial earthly pleasure, or passing earthly power, hid it from their vision.

INSENSIBILITY TO BEAUTY.

239. A gardener once asked permission of his master to sleep in the stable. "There is no possibility of sleeping in the chamber behind the greenhouse," said he, in support of the request; "there are nightingales there which do nothing but guggle and keep up a noise all night." Sinners resent the music of the

voice of the Spirit and of the Church, because it disturbs their spiritual sleep.

WHY HE DID NOT SEE THEM.

240. "I've been in India for many a year, and I never saw a native Christian the whole time." So spake a colonel on board a steamer going to Bombay. Some days after, the same colonel was telling of his hunting experiences, and said that thirty tigers had fallen to his rifle.

"Did I understand you to say thirty, colonel?" asked a missionary at the table.

"Yes, sir, thirty," replied the officer.

"Because," pursued the missionary, explanatorily, "I thought perhaps you meant three."

"No, sir, thirty"—this time with emphasis.

"Well, now, that's strange," said the missionary; "I have been in India twenty-five years, and I never saw a wild, live tiger all the while."

"Very likely not, sir," said the colonel; "but that's because you didn't know where to look for them."

"Perhaps it was so," admitted the missionary, after a moment or two of apparent reflection; "but may not that be the reason you never saw a native convert, as you affirmed the other evening at this table?"

THE MISTRUST OF SIN.

241. Dr. Arnot, of Edinburgh, once climbed to a garret in a tenement house to give a poor woman money to pay her rent, but could not obtain admittance. Meeting the woman the next day, he told her of his coming, and said, "I suppose you were not at home." "O, yes," said she, "I was there, and heard you coming; but I thought it was the landlord, and did not dare to open the door."

STRAINING AT A GNAT.

242. A Neapolitan shepherd came in great anguish to his priest. "Father, have mercy on a miserable sinner. It is the holy season of Lent; and while I was busy at my work, some whey, spurring from the cheese-press, flew into my mouth, and, wretched man! I swallowed it." "Have you no other sins to confess?" said his spiritual guide. "No, I do not know that I

have committed any other." "There are," said the priest, "many robberies and murders committed from time to time on your mountains, and I have reason to believe you are one of the persons concerned in them." "Yes," replied the shepherd, "I am; but these are never accounted a crime; it is a thing practiced by us all, and there needs no confession on that account."

A CONFESSION.

243. A lady came to Charles Wesley, complaining that she was the chief of sinners, the worst of transgressors, utterly lost and helpless. "I have no doubt, madam," replied he, "that you are bad enough." She instantly flew into a passion, declaring that she was no worse than her neighbors, and scolded the preacher as a slanderer. Thus confession of sin may often prove insincere.

THE MOTIVE IN FALSE SANCTITY.

244. Melancthon tells the story of a monk who walked demurely, looked humble, and lived very strictly indeed; but when, after years, he was elected abbot of the monastery, as being superior to all the other monks in holiness, he became insufferably proud and arrogant, showing out his true nature. When wonder was expressed, and his former manner of life referred to, he coolly accounted for it by saying that he had looked low on purpose *to see if he could find the keys of the abbey*. All that time he had been hunting his chance for the chief seat and seal of power in the monastery; and he knew what game to play in order to get it.

DANGER OF GREAT RICHES.

245. When the steamer Washington was burnt, one of the passengers, at the first alarm of fire, ran to his trunk, took from it a large amount of gold and silver coin, and loading his pockets, rushed on deck and leaped overboard. The gold and silver instantly dragged him down helpless under the sea.

A GENERAL DESIRE.

246. A teacher had been relating to his class the story of the rich man and Lazarus, when he asked, "Now, which would you rather be, boys, the rich man, or Lazarus?"

One boy replied, "I will be the rich man while I live, and Lazarus when I die."

And is not that what multitudes are trying to do? They want to die the death of the righteous after having lived the life of Dives.

NOT WORSE THAN HIS FELLOWS.

247. The ship *Britannia*, which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars; in the hope of saving some of them, a number of barrels were brought on deck; but the vessel sank so fast, that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a midshipman rushed to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

"What are you doing?" shouted the youth. "Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich."

All remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves.

The value of wealth depends upon whether it is used as an instrument of righteousness, or as the consolation of the wicked.

NOT COMFORTABLE YET.

248. A highly respectable and wealthy farmer in Connecticut gives the following as his experience: "When I came here to settle, about forty years ago, I told my wife I wanted to be rich. She said she did not want to be rich; all she wanted was enough to be comfortable. I went to work and cleared up my land; I've worked hard ever since, and got rich—as rich as I want to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and they have all got farms—and my wife ain't comfortable yet."

THE DANGER OF EDUCATED PEOPLE.

249. Conversing with a lawyer, on one occasion, Dr. Nettleton said: "I have often thought that persons in your situation—

persons of liberal education and high standing in society—are in peculiar danger of losing their souls; and for this, among other reasons, that everybody is afraid to converse with them.”

THE LOST ARAB.

250. An Arab once lost his way in a desert. His provisions were soon exhausted. For two days and two nights he had not a morsel to eat. He began to fear that he should die of hunger. He looked eagerly, but in vain, along the level sand for some caravan of travelers from whom he might beg some bread.

At last he came to a place where there was a little water in a well, and around the well's mouth the marks of an encampment. Some people had lately pitched their tents there, and had gathered them up and gone away again. The starving Arab looked around in the hope of finding some food that the travelers might have left behind. After searching awhile, he came upon a little bag, tied at the mouth, and full of something that felt hard and round. He opened the bag with great joy, thinking it contained either dates or nuts, and expecting that with them he should be able to satisfy his hunger. But as soon as he saw what it contained, he threw it on the ground, and cried out in despair, “It is only pearls!” He lay down in the desert to die.

(2.) RESULTS OF SIN.

(a.) *In This Life.*

“PHILIP, THOU ART MORTAL.”

251. The ancient Egyptians, it is said, had a skeleton present at their feasts, in reverence for the Angel of Death. Prester John kept a death's head upon his table, conspicuous over all the dishes; and the king of Macedon employed a boy to call out to him every morning at breakfast, “Philip, thou art mortal.”

THE GREATEST STREET-PREACHER.

252. Archbishop Leighton, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister, “Have you been hearing a sermon?”

"I've met a sermon," was the reply. The sermon he had met was a corpse on its way to the grave; the preacher was Death. Greatest of street-preachers!

A MILLION DEAD MEN.

253. Xerxes wept to think that his vast army would, in a few years, be only *a million dead men*.

"ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME."

254. My friend had gone abroad to try the effects of a sea voyage and a milder air, in staying the insidious disease that seemed to be sapping her young life. Meeting her sister some time after, I eagerly asked for news of her.

The reply came sorrowfully, while the mist gathered over the eye, and there was a muffled sob in the voice, "It is only a question of time."

I was startled at the information, and felt a sudden heart-sinking. And as I went on my way, I kept repeating over and over to myself, "Only a question of time. *Only a question of time!*"

But as I meditated, it occurred to me that, after all, this was just as true of myself, of the friend from whom I had parted, of all around me, as it was of the dear, fading invalid, away in the South of France, who was vainly trying to gather up invigoration from the tempered airs of the soft Mediterranean. The most momentous event of being, next to actual birth itself, death, is as positively and inexorably "only a question of time" to us all, as it is to the doomed victim lying in his last throes of mortal agony!

SUDDEN DEATH.

255. A person in Birmingham, who had lived in the neglect of the worship of God and of the reading of the Bible, was, on a Lord's day, sitting at the fireside with his family. He said that he would read a chapter in the Bible, as he had not read one for a long time. But, alas! he was disappointed; it was too late! for in the very act of reaching the long neglected Book from the shelf, he sank down, and immediately expired!

"I MUST LEAVE MINE."

256. Miss G—— was one day visiting an aged man, a friend of her father, and one who was associated with him in early life.

Though differing widely in sentiment, the two old men still felt a deep interest in each other. Mr. S—— had been one of those who run after the world and overtake it. All that it can give, he had obtained. Now he inquired of the state of his friend, whom he knew to be in circumstances of far less external comfort than himself. As he listened to the story of his patience in suffering, and of the cheerfulness with which he could look forward, either to a longer pilgrimage in this world, or to the hour of death, his conscience applied the unexpressed reproach, and he exclaimed: "Yes, yes, you wonder I cannot be as quiet and happy, too; but think of the difference: he is going to his treasure, and I—I must leave mine."

"HE LEFT IT ALL."

257. One's wealth must all be parted with *at last*. Why not put it all *now* where it will draw eternal interest? As runs the quaint old epitaph,

"What I kept, I had;
What I left, I lost;
What I gave, I have."

A gentleman who was present at a meeting of "railroad kings" in New York, relates this incident:

Before proceeding to business, while awaiting the arrival of some director who was absent, one said to another, in a loud tone that instantly commanded attention, "Have you heard that — is dead?"

"Why, no; you surprise me. I saw him on the streets last week, apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health; when did he die?"

"He died day before yesterday."

A moment of silence ensued, and one of the gentlemen said to the first speaker, "He was very rich, was he not?"

"O, yes, very."

"How much did he leave?"

"*He left it all*," was the answer, uttered with a deep, solemn voice.

THOUGHTS ON ETERNITY.

258. When the noble Russell was executed as a martyr to freedom, he handed his watch to a friend who stood beside him on the scaffold. "Take this watch," said he, "for I have no more to do with time. My thoughts now are only about eter-

nity." That utterance of the dying martyr is a word in season for us all.

ON THE BRINK.

259. Passing through a country grave-yard the other day, an inscription on a head-stone struck my eye. The stone was by the side of the path, where every one could see it; and it was placed there in memory of a young man who died at the age of seventeen:—

"Reader, one moment
Stop and think,
That I am in eternity,
And you are on the brink!"

In eternity! A young man only seventeen years of age in eternity! *He is "in eternity, and you are on the brink."* Yes, though you may be young.

A GOOD MOTTO.

260. Upon the walls of a Catholic institution in Montreal, I saw, this summer, this brief line: "Nothing is long except eternity." That is a motto for every pastor's study, and for the walls of every dwelling.

"OH, THAT I KNEW!"

261. During the preaching of the funeral sermon of a man who had left no grounds of hope for his salvation, his widow was heard to exclaim over and over again, "Oh, that I knew! Oh, that I knew!" The pastor visited her the next day, and still she went over the same sad words, "Oh, that I knew! Oh, that I knew where the soul of my husband is!"

"MAMMA, ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?"

262. An influential lady, the wife of a promising lawyer in C—, who had been under deep conviction for several days, gave the following account at our prayer meeting of her conversion:—

"Last evening my little girl came to me, and said, 'Mamma, are you a Christian?'"

"No, Fannie, I am not."

"She turned and went away and, as she walked off, I heard her say, 'Well, if *mamma* isn't a Christian, I don't want to be one.' And I tell you, my dear friends, it went *right to my heart*, and then and there I tried to give myself up to Christ."

Mother who reads this, in the language of that little child: "Mamma, are you a Christian?"

HE COULD NOT PRAY.

263. While Rev. Orson Parker, the well-known evangelist, was holding a meeting at Tunbridge, Vt., a man arose and declared his purpose to be a Christian. He said: "Last spring my brother Joseph was afflicted with a fatal disease, and came back to the old homestead to die. When he was very low, I went to his room, where he lay on his bed alone, and he turned and said, 'Francis, won't you pray with me once before I die?' Oh, if I had been a Christian, and had prayed for my brother, I would have given all I was worth. I cried, but could not pray. Now, as I think of him, I can see that pale face, that anxious look; the most vivid remembrance I have of him is that look. No other thing could he have asked of me that I would not have done."

THE NEIGHBOR'S WEEDS.

264. I went once with a friend into his garden, and, observing in one part of it a plentiful crop of a very troublesome weed, I asked him how he came to have so much of it. He said: "My neighbor was absent from his house three months last year, and let his garden run wild; it was just at the time when that particular weed was running to seed, and the wind blew the downy things over here. It would have paid me to have hired a man to clean his garden for him, but then, you see, I did not think of it in time." So, be sure, if we in the Church allow evils in the community to go on unchecked, the seeds that spring from them will blow over into our own garden, and produce there confusion and every evil work.

STAKING HIS LITTLE GIRL.

265. A father, living at Council Bluffs, Iowa, who had lost everything at the gaming table, while under the influence of

liquor proposed to stake his little girl on the result of the game against a certain sum of money, hoping thereby to regain his lost fortune. The game was played and lost, and the child was transferred to the winner.

Such instances illustrate the infatuation which leads men to trifle their very souls away. The old legends of human beings selling themselves to Satan, only dramatized a fearful spiritual fact.

THE INFIDEL'S IDEAL MAN.

266. Says a missionary in Burmah: "These modern infidels who dream of perfection if they can only wipe out all systems of religion, might find a splendid field here, all cultivated to their hands. I am now surrounded by about three hundred souls, men, women, and children, entirely free from all religion. They have no God, no temple, no liturgy, no holy day, no prayers. In their domestic habits they are free from all conventional rules. They are very poor, too; have no house, no garden, no cultivated field, no domestic animals but dogs. I never saw such abject poverty, such an entire destitution of all the comforts of life."

PUNISHMENT SOMETIMES DELAYED.

267. There is a story of a murderer who, just after his crime, went to sleep under a rotten wall at night, but had a vision presented to him to bid him awake and begone, for fear of further danger, which he did, and presently the wall fell. The murderer thereupon took comfort to himself that Providence favored his deed.

The night following, he had another vision, and heard a voice saying: "Wretch! thinkest thou that I care for wicked men? No; I would not have thee die sleeping, for I have reserved thee for a halter whereby thou shalt end thy days with public shame and disgrace." And so it happened.

Full Divine punishment is not inflicted all at once.

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.

268. They who will not give ear at all to the warnings of God and the teachings of his Son, are certain by and by to wish they had.

An eminent minister preached in the corridor of a penitentiary from the words, "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life," etc., and afterward conversed briefly with the convicts. Coming to a white-haired old man in one of the cells, he asked kindly:—

"My aged friend, how came you here?"

"By not minding your text," replied the prisoner. "My mother told me what the end would be, and now I see it."

"THE WRATH OF GOD."

269. Two scoffers went out from a religious meeting in a Massachusetts village, where the theme had been, "The cup full of the mixture," which God's vintage pours out—a meeting in which they had been making disturbance. Entering a drinking saloon, they asked for liquor. "What will you have?" The bolder of the two blasphemers replied, "I'll take a glass of the Wrath of God!" He took the liquor that was poured out for him, drank it, and fell dead on the floor. The incident is remembered there to this day. The menaces of Divine wrath rarely melt an obdurate heart, yet they remain ineffaceable facts. He who is a God of love, is no less a consuming fire.

A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.

270. Rev. D. O. Darling relates the following incident: One day, in a sermon, he described a wholly imaginative character. The next day a man whom he had never seen before called to ask who had been giving him the history of his life. Mr. Darling answered, "No one. I never heard of you before." But the man would not believe him, saying that he could not have given so accurate a description of his case had he not had some knowledge of him. He at last threatened violence because the minister would not disclose the name of the supposed informant.

"DE OLD FELLER'S COMIN'."

271. A skeptical young invalid had a strange experience. Unknown to him the chimney was being cleaned, and the sweeps, having completed their work, were descending. On their return the young man inadvertently took the division that led to the room

of the invalid, who, having heard something unnatural in that direction, had by this time raised himself on his elbow and fixed his eyes on the fire-place, fearfully and impatiently awaiting the consequence. To his astonishment and horror, like some unbidden and unwelcome guest, down came what he supposed to be a visitant from the nether regions. The hero of the scraper, not perceiving his mistake, and wondering what detained his companion, cast an inquisitive look up the chimney and exclaimed, "Hollo, old fellow, is you comin'?" "What!" said the infidel, "are there any more of you?" "O, yes, master, de old feller's just behind," replied the sooty. This was too much to bear, and the young skeptic sprang from his couch, and rushing down stairs, called loudly and earnestly for protection, declaring that the little devil was upstairs, and the old one just coming.

When you see a man using intoxicating drinks in a moderate way, give the alarm; for the little devil is already down the chimney, and probably the "old feller's just behind."

"ALONE WITH GOD."

272. "I will give you ten shillings," said a man to a profane swearer, "if you will go into the village grave-yard at twelve o'clock to-night, and swear the same oaths you have uttered, when you are alone with God." "Agreed," said the man; "an easy way to make ten shillings." "Well, come to-morrow, and say you have done it, and you shall have the money." Midnight came. It was a night of great darkness. As he entered the cemetery, not a sound was heard; all was still as death. The gentleman's words came to his mind. "Alone with God!" rang in his ears. He did not dare to utter an oath, but fled from the place, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

THE FURIES OF REMORSE.

273. There is a story of Al Montaser, the parricide, that one day, while he was admiring a beautiful painting of a man on horseback wearing a crown, he asked the meaning of the Persian inscription written underneath it, and was told that it read:—

"I am Shiunyah, the son of Kosree, who murdered my father, and possessed the crown only six months."

Montaser turned away, deadly pale. From that time frightful dreams broke his rest; the furies of remorse for his own murder-

ous deed pursued him, creating phantoms before his eyes, till they literally terrified him to death.

"Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?"

AN EVIL CONSCIENCE.

274. When Professor Webster was awaiting his trial, he brought against his fellow-prisoners the charge of insulting him through the walls of his cell, and screaming to him, "You are a bloody man!" On examination it was found that the charge was wholly groundless, and that these accusing voices were imaginary, being but the echo of a guilty conscience.

"AFRAID TO SLEEP ALONE."

275. A gentleman who was spending the winter in Charleston, South Carolina, was surprised one evening by an invitation, from a fellow-guest at the hotel where he lodged, to pass the night with him in his room, and share his bed.

He declined, and then the man urged his request on the score of kindness, confessing that he was "*afraid to sleep alone.*"

The gentleman consented, and retired with him to his room. He slept but little, however, for his bed-fellow was uneasy, and tossed and muttered in dreams, and once in the middle of the night he started up, crying out, "*The avenger of blood is after me!*" and then cowered down shivering under the bed-clothes.

He was a duelist, who had "killed his man."

THE HELL OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

276. Flaccus, the cruel Roman persecutor of the Jews, after Caligula had sent him into exile, suffered the hell of a guilty conscience. If he heard a soft step he thought it was some one stealing to smite him unawares, or if a hasty step it was some one coming quickly to kill him; if men spoke roughly to him he quaked with fear, or if gently and kindly he imagined it was a plot to beguile him; if they fed him sparingly it was to starve him, or if luxuriously and bountifully it was to fatten him like an ox for the slaughter. His uneasy soul discovered retribution and death in every sign and sound.

(b.) In Death.

A DEATH-BED OF HORROR.

277. Rev. M. C. Pearson, of Kansas, tells of a lady who, in one of his meetings, was under pungent conviction, being moved to tears, but obstinately refused to yield. The meeting ended, and she went into a hard state of mind, insensible to all the claims of religion. Some two years later she was taken fatally ill, and during the last hours of her life she raved incessantly, crying: "The place where I am going is so dark, so dark! It is hell, all hell!" Seizing her husband by the arm, she cried, "I am in hell, and you are to blame!" Mr. Pearson was asked to pray, but he could not. He was impressed that the sin unto death had been committed, for which there is no forgiveness. And so she died in a mental distress that gives us a passing glimpse of the tortures of the lost.

"IF I COULD ONLY SEE MY MOTHER!"

278. "If I could only see my mother!" Again and again was the cry repeated. The young sailor, a second mate, lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. An old sailor sat by, the Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading. He bent over the young man and asked him why he was so anxious to see his mother he had so willfully left. "Oh, that's the reason," cried the dying sailor, in anguish; "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—oh, so good a mother. She bore everything from her wild boy, and once she said, 'My son, when you come to die, you will remember this.' Oh, if I could only see my mother." He never saw his mother. He died with that cry on his lips, as many a one has died who has slighted the mother who loved him.

A NURSE'S TESTIMONY.

279. A Christian gentleman was taken severely ill in Paris while on a journey. The case was critical, and the physician insisted that good nursing alone would save his life, recommending a nurse of great skill who was in great demand. Fortunately she was at home, and on his stating his errand, she said, "Before I

consent to undertake the case, permit me to ask you a singular question. Is your friend a Christian?" The friend replied: "Yes, indeed he is,—a Christian in the highest and best sense of the term. But why do you ask the question?" "I am the nurse that attended Voltaire in his last illness," she answered; "and for all the wealth of Europe I would never see another infidel die."

CHANGING GODS.

280. Saunderson, who was a great admirer of Sir Isaac Newton's talents, and who made light of his religion, in health, was, nevertheless, heard to say in dismal accents on his dying-bed, "God of Sir Isaac Newton, have mercy on me!" Why this changing of gods in a dying hour?

"CAN'T FIND THE BRAKE."

281. It is said that Gordon, the celebrated driver on the Pacific Coast, was no less known for his profaneness than for his skill in driving. His end was dreadful. In the delirium of death he thrust out his feet and clutched at the bed-clothes. When asked the cause of his trouble, he replied, "Oh, I am going down a terrible grade, and can't find the brake."

A ROYAL DYING-BED.

282. Charles IX. of France, in his youth, had humane and tender sensibilities. The fiend who had tempted him was the mother who had nursed him. When she first proposed to him the massacre of the Huguenots, he shrunk from it with horror. "No, no, madam! They are my loving subjects." Then was the critical hour of his life. Had he cherished that natural sensitiveness to bloodshed, St. Bartholomew's Eve would never have disgraced the history of his kingdom, and he himself would have escaped the fearful remorse which crazed him on his death-bed. To his physician he said, in his last hours: "Asleep or awake, I see the mangled forms of the Huguenots passing before me. They drip with blood. They make hideous faces at me. They point at their open wounds and mock me. Oh! that I had spared at least the little infants at the breast." Then he broke out in

agonizing cries and screams. Bloody sweat oozed from the pores of his skin. His was one of the few cases in history which confirm the possibility of the phenomenon which attended our Lord's anguish in Gethsemane. That was the fruit of resisting, years before, the recoil of his youthful conscience from the extreme of guilt.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

283. A poor soldier was mortally wounded at the battle of Waterloo. His companion conveyed him to some distance, and laid him down under a tree. Before he left him, the dying soldier entreated him to open his knapsack and take out his pocket Bible, and read to him a small portion of it before he died. When asked what passage he should read, he desired him to read John 14: 27. "Now," said he, "I die happy. I desire to have peace with God, and I possess the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." A little while after, one of his officers passed him, and seeing him in such an exhausted state, asked him how he did. He said, "I die happy, for I enjoy the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," and then expired. The officer left him and went into the battle, where he was soon after mortally wounded. When surrounded by his brother officers, full of anguish and dismay, he cried out: "Oh! I would give ten thousand worlds, if I had them, that I possessed that peace which gladdened the heart of a dying soldier whom I saw lying under a tree; for he declared that he possessed the peace of God, which passeth all understanding. I know nothing of that peace! I die miserable! for I die in despair!"

"THE PRICE OF MY SOUL."

284. A young lady who had been attending some revival meetings, and had become convicted of sin, was induced by her worldly parents to attend a ball, by the promise of a fine dress and jewelry. Her convictions vanished, and her heart grew cold. Within two weeks she took sick, and soon was beyond recovery. She tried to think of her soul, but she could not. She had her rich dress spread out upon the table, and the costly jewels placed beside it, and sending for her parents, pointed to them with her fevered hand, and uttered these dreadful words: "There is the price of my soul! I have grieved the Holy Spirit, and he has left me." And in darkness that young creature sank into eternity, the victim of her parents' worldliness.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

285. It was an Ohio man, who, when a terrible storm set in, one night, rushed into the house of a neighbor and cried out: "Jones, this is the ending up of the earth!" "I'm afraid so! I'm afraid so!" was the reply. "And what shall we do?" "Make our peace with heaven!" The wind blew still stronger, the house began to shake, and the excited man exclaimed, "Jones, you lost five bushels of wheat last fall." "Yes." "And you have your suspicions?" "I have. The man who took my wheat had better own up." "Can you forgive him?" "I can." "Well—" Here the wind suddenly dropped, and, after a look through the window, the conscience-stricken man turned and finished: "Yes, if I ever meet him, I'll advise him to call around."

(c.) *In Eternity.*

"WHERE WILL YOU BE?"

286. An irreligious man, of rough manners, called at a minister's house in an unseasonable hour, to collect a bill. "I was going away to be gone some time," he said, "and I thought maybe I wouldn't find you when I got back. Ministers don't always stay in one place, you know."

The minister paid him, and taking a text from his words, said: "No, Dan; we are here one day and away the next: and finally we must all go away and never come back. Where will you be, Dan, when you've reached the end of that last long journey?"

The man went away without answering the question; but it troubled him, until it became the means of his conversion.

"WHERE SHALL I ALIGHT?"

287. A student in Union College was invited to go and hear a certain preacher, but refused. His friend awakened his curiosity by a remark about the curious form of the building, and he went to the church, but paid no attention to the services. Just as the preacher was about closing his address, the young man looked out into the church-yard. One of the last leaves of autumn hung trembling in the breeze. That leaf caught his attention. Gazing at it, he observed it to tremble; presently its hold on the

tree was broken. As a flash of lightning, the sermon of the leaf struck his spirit. "Emblem of my soul!" he almost exclaimed; "I shall soon lose my hold on life, and go down like that leaf. But where shall I alight?" He soon was converted, and ever after rejoiced in the falling leaves of autumn, one of which had been a preacher of righteousness to his soul.

"WHAT WILL YOU SAY, SIR?"

288. While Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in this country, he spent an evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length Hopu said: "I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question, namely, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I think I can say 'Yes.' What will you say, sir?"

When he had stopped, all present were silent. At length the lawyer said that as the evening was far gone, they had better conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the native should pray. He did so; and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud. All present wept, too, and when they separated, the words, "What will you say, sir?" followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him till they brought him to the Savior.

JUGGLING WITH A SOUL.

289. A German, coming to this country, concentrated all his property in one large and beautiful diamond. On board, he juggled with some coins and surprised the passengers. Finally, in his vanity, he took out his diamond, stepped to the edge of the ship, and threw up his jewel and caught it. In vain, his fellow-passengers protested, and advised, and warned; still he threw up his jewel, and bade them be of good cheer,—his jewel was safe. At last, it slipped through his fingers and fell into the sea, and he was ruined!

THE GREATER FOOL.

290. A great man once presented his clownish servant with a valuable cane, on condition that he should give it in turn to

the next person he met who was a greater fool than himself. Not long afterward the great man fell mortally sick, and sent for his physician. The doctor did all he could for him, but in vain. Then he sent in all haste for his lawyer to draw up his will. Lastly, when the lawyer had finished his work, he, for form's sake, and to quiet his family, sent for the minister. The clown noted the order of these preparations, and, seeing that the great man ranked his soul last on the list, and delayed to qualify for another world until he was nearly dead, drew his own inference. Hastening to his garret, he brought the walking stick, and laying it on his dying master's bed, said with emphasis, "There, take back the cane."

"AND THEN?"

291. "O, if I were lucky enough to call this estate mine, I should be a happy fellow!" said a young man. "And then?" asked a friend. "Why, then I'd pull down the old house and build a palace, have lots of prime fellows round me, keep the best wines, and the finest horses and dogs in the country." "And then?" "Then I'd hunt, and ride, and smoke and drink, and keep open house, and enjoy life gloriously." "And then?" "Why, then, I suppose, like other people, I should grow old and not care so much for these things." "And then?" "Why, then, I suppose, in the course of nature, I should leave all these pleasant things, and, well, yes—die." "And then?" "O, bother your 'thens'; I must be off." Many years after, the friend was accosted with, "God bless you! I owe my happiness to you!" "How?" "By two words spoken in season long ago—'And then?'"

AN UNWISE BUT FREQUENT CHOICE.

292. A Russian official had drawn his semi-annual salary from the state exchequer. It was paid him in one bank-note of a large denomination. On his way home he purchased for a few pennies a few mellow apples for his little boy, five years old. Upon his arrival home, in the presence of his wife, the official presented both the bank-note and the apples to his son, offering to allow him to select one of the two.

The father took pains to explain to his son that the bank-note could purchase several ship-loads full of apples. But the apples in hand were indeed mellow and delicious. "What will you take?" said the fond father.

The boy chose the red-cheeked apples and immediately began to consume them.

How natural it is for men to prefer present gratifications to the greatest future good. Offer them heaven at the cost of their luxuries, and they go away sorrowful.

"BETTER LOSE OUR HOUSE."

293. At the time of the disruption, one of the heritors of Lesmahagon met a workingman, who was the proprietor of a single tenement, and said to him, "Peter, if you join these Free Church folks, you will lose your house—all will be taken from you to pay law expenses." The plain workingman was somewhat disconcerted by this appeal to his fears, and forthwith repeated the matter to his wife, who had a firmer faith. She encouraged her husband, and said, "Never mind, Peter; just say to the gentleman, 'Better lose our house than lose our souls.'"

THE WHOLE WORLD AND A HUMAN SOUL.

294. When Lysimachus was engaged in a war with the Getæ, he was so tormented with thirst, that he offered his kingdom to his enemies for permission to quench it. His exclamation, when he had drunk the water with which they furnished him, is striking. "Ah, wretched me, who for such a momentary gratification have lost so great a kingdom!"

How applicable is this to the case of those who, for the momentary pleasures of sin, part with the kingdom of heaven!

THE HAT AND THE HEAD.

295. During a fearful storm lately in England, "at Bishopgate station, the hat of a passenger was blown off, and in attempting to recover it, he was knocked down and beheaded by a train."

What a sad illustration of a prevalent folly. The poor man, acting impulsively and not noticing the coming train, lost his head in the effort to save his hat. How many lose themselves through the excited and irrational pursuit of the lower pleasures of sense! The hat and the head! The body and the soul!

“AND I BEGS NO PARDONS.”

296. On one occasion a Welsh preacher, who was quite eccentric, and who was familiarly known as Billy Breeze, was asked to preach after a young man—a semi-rationalist, fresh from the schools. The young man took for his text, “He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.” He handled this solemn theme in an affected and puerile manner, frequently growing sentimental over it, and finally *begged the pardon of the audience* for the sad statement his text forced him to make.

This was quite beyond the patience of Mr. Breeze, which had already been badly strained. When it came his turn to preach, he broke out: “I shall take the same text to-night which you have just heard. Our young friend has been fery foine to-night; he has told you some fery polite things. I am not fery foine, and I am not polite; but I will preach a little bit of gospel to you, which is this: ‘He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be tammed,’ and *I begs no pardons.*” He went on in this abrupt, incisive manner, for some little time, at the close of each paragraph reiterating the text, and clinching it with his peculiar disclaimer. Authentic tradition adds that while he gave mortal offense to the leaders of the congregation, this wholesome truth-telling was not forgotten by the audience, or even by those who had been so offended.

A DISPUTE WITH JESUS CHRIST.

297. A venerable minister once preached a sermon on the last judgment. On the next day some thoughtless men agreed that one of their number should go to him, and, if possible, draw him into a discussion. He went accordingly, and began the conversation, saying, “I believe there is a small dispute between you and me, and I thought that I would call this morning and try to settle it.” “Ah!” said the good man, “what is it?” “Why,” he replied, “you say that the woe of the finally impenitent will be eternal, and I do not think it will.” “O, if that is all,” he answered, “there is no dispute between you and me. If you turn to Matthew 25:46, you will find that the dispute is between you and the Lord Jesus Christ, and I would advise you to go immediately and settle it with him.”

GENERAL JACKSON SILENCING A SCOFFER.

298. The noted Peter Cartwright happened to travel a circuit near the Hermitage, and was often General Jackson's guest. One

Sunday, the preacher had gone home from church with his friend and a number of visitors, to dine. Among other persons at the table was a young Nashville lawyer, who desired to exhibit his wit at the expense of the backwoods preacher. Addressing him across the table, he said: "Mr. Cartwright, do you really believe in any such place as hell? I know you preach a great deal about it, and that's all very well, but I want your private opinion; you are certainly too intelligent a man to believe anything of the kind." The lake of fire and brimstone was a prominent article in the preacher's creed. As he paused an instant to consider how best to answer a fool according to his folly, General Jackson, impetuously thumping the table with his knife, broke in, "Mr. Jones, I believe in a hell." "You, General Jackson!" said the startled fledgeling. "What possible use can you have for such a place?" "To put such infernal fools as you in, sir," thundered the infuriated host.

THE STRAIGHT ROAD TO HEAVEN.

299. Dr. Eliphalet Nott, President of Union College, once preached a sermon, near Schenectady, on the doctrine of everlasting punishment. A "restorationist," who heard the sermon, saw the Doctor soon after and took him to task for teaching such doctrine, telling him he did not believe a word of it. "What *do* you believe?" asked the Doctor. "I believe that when all men are judged, those who deserve punishment will be sent to hell, and remain there *until the debt is paid*, after which they will be taken to heaven."

"Well, I have but a word to add," said the Doctor. "There is a *straight road to heaven*, and all can go that way who *will*. If you are determined to go around through hell to get there, I cannot help it."

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

300. A preacher who taught the final salvation of all men, good and bad, was led to the reflection and examination which totally changed his belief and doctrine, by a question of his little boy. He amused the child one day by telling him the story of the "Babes in the Wood."

"What became of the poor little innocent children?" was the first question.

"They went to heaven."

"And what became of the wicked old uncle?"

"Why, he went to heaven too."

"Won't he kill them again?" asked the child.

“HOW FAR IS IT TO HELL?”

301. I was reading some time ago of a young man who came out of a saloon one Sunday morning; he mounted a horse, and as he rode along he met a deacon. Riding up to the deacon, he said, in his flippant way, “Can you tell me, deacon, how far it is to hell?” It so shocked the deacon that he made him no answer, and he rode on. I suppose he thought he had done a very sharp thing. He rode around the corner, and perhaps the deacon thought he would never see him again. But when the deacon turned that same corner, he saw that the horse had thrown its rider; and when he came up, there was a crowd standing around that young man. The horse had thrown him and had broken his neck, and he was in eternity. Perhaps the last words that fell from his lips were, “How far is it to hell?”

THE WAY TO THE PIT.

302. As a young man was just about to enter a theater, one of the door-keepers, who stood to direct the coming crowd, called out, “*This is the way to the pit.*” The phrase impressed him. It conveyed a meaning to him that the door-keeper never thought of. He took warning in season, and turning his back upon the theater forever, became a devout student and teacher of the wisdom which is from above.

WHAT COULD HE DO IN HEAVEN?

303. Many years ago, when stage-coaches still ran, a coachman, as he drove his horses rapidly, poured forth such a volley of oaths and foul language as to shock all the passengers. An old clergyman who was sitting close to him said nothing, but fixed his piercing blue eyes upon him with a look of extreme wonder and astonishment. At last the coachman became uneasy, and turning round to him, said, “What makes you look at me, sir, in that way?” The clergyman, with his eyes still fixed upon him, said: “I cannot imagine what you will do in heaven. There are no horses, or coaches, or saddles, or bridles, or public houses in heaven. There will be none to swear at, or to whom you can use bad language. I cannot think what you will do when you get to heaven.”

“THIS IS HELL TO ME.”

304. A camp-meeting and a horse-race were to be held near Toronto on the same day. Owing to a mistake, a Christian who

was going to the camp-meeting, found himself on board the boat which carried the horse men, and he soon became so disgusted with the ribaldry and coarse talk he heard, that he went to the captain and said: "Captain, I cannot endure this; *it is like hell to me*. I will give you ten dollars if you will put me back to Rochester." This could not be done.

In the evening, one of the horse men inadvertently got on board the boat carrying the camp-meeting people. He was miserable. He could not find anybody to drink or smoke with, or to talk to as he wanted to be talked to, and so he went to the captain and said, using the same words as the gentleman in the morning had used: "Captain, if you will put me back into Toronto, I will give you ten dollars. *This is hell to me.*"

THE END IS HARDER STILL.

305. Some fifty years ago a young man was listlessly strolling through the streets of the village of C—, on a Sabbath evening, and seeing the doors of a church open, he entered when the preacher was far advanced in his discourse, and quietly took a seat at the back part of the house. The text, as he soon discovered from the sermon, was, "*The way of transgressors is hard.*" And as, at the close of a period, the preacher repeated it, with deep earnestness, he added, "Yes, the *way* of transgressors is hard, but *the end* of that way is *harder still!*" Like an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty, that last expression entered with power into the young man's soul. It pointed him, as with a voice from heaven, to the end of a sinful course, and so roused his conscience, and impressed and absorbed his thoughts, that the rest of the sermon was comparatively unheard. As he left the church, those words, "*The end of that way is harder still,*" kept ringing in his ears. They followed him to his dwelling, and went with him to the retirement of his chamber, and for days gave him no rest, till he was brought in penitence and faith to the only Savior of sinners. He soon made a profession of religion, then studied for the ministry, then was ordained pastor of a church, and still lives, at the age of threescore years and ten, to proclaim the gospel of Christ.

"GOING RESPECTABLY TO HELL."

306. Among the converts of a meeting was one whose conversion was a striking one. At the overflow meeting one Sabbath night, the speaker discoursed on Isaiah 53: 6: "All we like sheep

have gone astray," he said, might perhaps be taken to indicate more especially those who went headlong and reckless down the road to hell; while "We have turned every one to his own way," might be applied to those who insist on their own way of getting to heaven, instead of God's way. The first class, he said, were going along the left side of the broad way that leadeth to destruction; the second class, along the right side. They were both going down the one broad road to ruin. "Trying to go to heaven your own way, brother, by your own religiousness, your church-going, your sacrament-taking, Sunday-school teaching, etc., without being born again, is just going to hell, and the only difference between you and the reckless profligate you so despise, is, that he is going disreputably to hell, and you are going respectably!" The man left the meeting with the words ringing in his ears, "You're going respectably to hell!" He never got rid of them till he found peace in believing.

THE SLEEP OF SIN.

307. Unbelief is oftener *carelessness* than clear refusal; but it is just as fatal.

A fireman's drunken sleep involved the loss of a river steamboat, and came near causing the death of the sleeper, in New York, some time ago. The fireman had been ashore the previous day, and had indulged in a drinking bout, and had drunk too much. At day-break, being alone on board, he connected the tanks in the boat with a hydrant on the wharf, and turned the water on, to make ready for the day's work. While the tanks were filling up, he fell asleep, and the boat was filled with water. The man awoke when she was sinking, and got ashore just in time to save his life, but the boat sank in twenty-five feet of water.

The condition of that man asleep, while the water poured into the boat, was a type of the spiritual state of many men whose awakening will be terrible.

"I ANSWER, 'COMING,' IN MY SLEEP."

308. "There was an old turnpike-man, on a quiet country road, whose habit it was to shut his gate at night, and take his nap. One dark, wet midnight, I knocked at his door, calling, 'Gate, gate!' 'Coming,' said the voice of the old man. Then I knocked again, and once more the voice replied, 'Coming.' This went on for some time, till at length I grew quite angry, and jumping off my horse, opened the door, and demanded why he cried, 'Com-

ing,' for twenty minutes, and never came. 'Who is there?' said the old man, in a quiet, sleepy voice, rubbing his eyes. 'What d'ye want, sir?' Then awakening, 'Bless yer, sir, and ax yer pardon. I was asleep. I gets so used to hearing them knock, that I answer, "Coming," in my sleep, and take no more notice about it.'"

A picture of the sleeping sinner!

HE WAS ASLEEP.

309. Off the coast of New Zealand, a captain lost his vessel by steering in the face of the warning light, till he dashed upon the rock immediately beneath the light-house. He said he was asleep; but this did not restore the wreck, nor save him from condemnation.

It is a terrible thing for rays of gospel light to guide a man to his doom.

HIS OWN PILOT.

310. I once heard of a bright, blithe boy, who loved the sea, and very young he entered on a sailor's life. He was rapidly promoted, and, while quite a young man, was made the master of a ship. One day a passenger spoke to him upon the voyage, and asked if he should anchor off a certain headland, supposing he would anchor there, and telegraph for a pilot to take the vessel into port. "Anchor! No, not I. I mean to be in dock with the morning tide." "I thought, perhaps, you would signal for a pilot." "I am my own pilot," was the curt reply. Intent upon reaching port by morning, he took a narrow channel to save distance. Old, bronzed and gray-headed seamen turned their swart faces to the sky, which boded squally weather, and shook their heads; cautious passengers went to the young captain and besought him to take the wider course, but he only laughed at their fears, and repeated his promise to be in dock by day-break. He *was* ashore before day-break: his vessel wrecked, and he tossed upon the beach—dead! He was his own pilot. There was his blunder—fatal, suicidal blunder.

LOST WITHOUT A GUIDE.

311. A young man exploring the Catacombs at Rome left his guide, and was soon out of hearing. Search was made for him,

but all in vain. Days and weeks passed away, and at last nothing but his bones was found. Such is the experience of those who leave their Heavenly Guide.

REJECTING THE GUIDE.

312. A party of tourists wishing to ascend Mt. Washington, refused to take a guide, thinking him unnecessary. The hotel-keeper at the foot of the mountain vainly urged them, and even offered to supply one *gratis*, but still they refused. They laughed at the suggested dangers, and rather hoped to be caught in a snow-storm for the sake of the novel experience. All went gaily until they neared the top, when the desired snow-storm came upon them. They were delighted with it for a few minutes, but soon the path was covered, and the snow blinded them so that they could not find the path. They struggled on, losing themselves more and more hopelessly, until, unable to walk any farther in the darkness of the night which had fallen upon them, they sank down in the deep, cold snow, and waited for daylight to come to show them the way to the "Tiptop" House. In the morning the snow-storm had all cleared away, and as the keepers of the house looked out, they saw only a little way off, not much more than a stone's throw, the half-buried party. They went to them at once, but it was too late to save the life of one beautiful young lady, who had been frozen to death during that awful night, and all because she, with the rest, had said, "We don't want the guide." A great pile of stones marks the spot where her young life went out.

A MISTAKE.

313. A Southern senator made an amusing mistake recently. He had occasion to travel from Washington to New York, and having purchased his sleeping-car ticket, went to the depot and boarded a train. Being exceedingly tired and sleepy, he undressed immediately, went to bed, and was soon in a sound slumber. He awoke in the morning much refreshed, and proceeded to make his ablutions and dress, preparatory to crossing the ferry from Jersey City to the metropolis. When he issued from the car, however, he was overwhelmed with surprise. He could see neither Trinity spire nor the bridge, nor any of the familiar signs of New York. In fact, Washington's scenes were around him as they were when he went to bed the night before. On inquiry he learned that he had slept all night in the Washington depot, hav-

ing entered a car which had not been attached to the New York train. Mortifying as the senator's mistake was, it would have been far worse if, instead of remaining still, he had been carried in an opposite direction. That mistake, in a more serious matter, is being made by many who "hope" they are Christians, and who "expect" to go to heaven when they die. When they awake to the discovery of their blunder, their despair will be unbearable. (Luke 13: 26-28.)

THE ICEBERG.

314. Some years since, a vessel lay becalmed on a smooth sea in the vicinity of an iceberg. In full view the mountain mass of frozen splendor rose before the passengers of the vessel. A party on board the vessel resolved to climb the steep sides of the iceberg, and spend the day in a picnic on the summit. The novelty and attraction of the hazardous enterprise blinded them to its danger, and they left the vessel, ascended the steep mountain of ice, spread their table on the summit, and enjoyed the dance of pleasure on the surface of the frosty marble. Nothing disturbed their serenity, or marred their enjoyment. Their sport was finished, and they made their way down to the water-level and embarked. But scarcely had they reached a safe distance before the loud crash of the crumbling mass was heard. The giant iceberg rolled over with a shock that sent a thrill of awe and terror to the breast of every spectator. Not one of that gay party could ever be induced to try that rash experiment again. But what is this world, with all its brilliancy, with all its hopes and alluring pleasures, but a glittering iceberg, melting slowly away?

THE MISTAKE OF MACLAN.

315. William III. made proclamation, when there was a revolution in the north of Scotland, that all who came and took the oath of allegiance by the 31st of December should be pardoned. MacIan, a chieftain of a prominent clan, resolved to return with the rest of the rebels, but had some pride in being the very last one that should take the oath. He postponed starting for this purpose until two days before the expiration of the term.

A snow-storm impeded his way, and before he got up to take the oath and receive a pardon from the throne, the time was up and past. While the others were set free, MacIan was miserably put to death. He started too late and arrived too late. In like manner some are in prospect of losing forever the amnesty of the

gospel. Many are going to be forever too late. Remember the irreparable mistake of Maclan!

“SHALL I SUE FOR MERCY?”

316. The door of heaven shuts from below, not from above. “Your iniquities have separated,” saith the Lord. Lord Byron, a short time before his death, was heard to say, “Shall I sue for mercy?” After a long pause, he added, “Come, come, no weakness; let’s be a man to the last!”

A REBELLIOUS CONVICTION.

317. A man who came to one of Moody’s meetings became fairly frantic with the conviction of sin. At the same time he was bitterly angry at Mr. Moody. With a terrible oath, he said: “I wish to God Moody had never come to this city, and begun these — gospel meetings. I used to go to church regularly on Sunday morning; but I was not troubled about my sins. What a fool I was ever to come to this rink! I have had no peace, day or night, since I first heard Moody preach. I cannot stay away from the meetings, and to come to them only makes me worse. If this is religion, I am sure I do not want any of it.” And thus he raved and tore about like a madman.

SO NEAR TO THE KINGDOM.

318. Bishop Weaver was once called in to see a dying man, and on asking him as to his spiritual condition, received the following sad reply: “I was once under deep conviction, and was led to the very door of the kingdom by the Holy Spirit. I felt that there was only one step more and I should be in the kingdom, but I deliberately refused to take that step. The Spirit immediately left me, and now I am lost! There is no use in praying; I am lost.” And in this despair he died.

FANATICISM OF SIN.

319. During the prevalence of French infidelity in this country, at the close of the last century, the town of Newburg, New

York, became notorious as a stronghold of deists and scoffers. Thirty-six of the profanest of these wicked men organized themselves into a club, which they called the "Society of the Druids," and held meetings to revile the religion of Christ, and plan how they could destroy it. One evening, among other blasphemous orgies, they burned the Bible, baptized a cat, and administered the sacrament to a dog.

Two of those men died, suddenly and strangely, in their beds, that same night. A third died in a fit three days afterward, and within a few days, three more perished by drowning. Within five years, all the rest of the thirty-six came to an untimely end.

The facts, which were so remarkable that pains were taken to collect them, were sworn to in the following statement before justices of the peace in New York:—

Two were starved to death; seven were drowned (including the three above mentioned); eight were shot; five committed suicide; seven died on the gallows; one was frozen to death; and three died "accidentally."

A STUMBLING BLOCK REMOVED.

320. A meeting was once announced by Rev. R. A. Hitt, to begin at a specified time. A wicked young man, after going out of the house, made the announcement, that Hitt might succeed in getting them converted, but before three months he would have them back in the world more wicked than before. He was taken down with a violent fever, and at the end of two weeks was dead. He did not live to see the meeting.

"A SAVOR OF DEATH UNTO DEATH."

321. Dr. Dwight, while President of Yale, at the close of a religious lecture to the students, urged so powerfully upon their manly candor the duty and importance of choosing *at once* between the service of God and the service of Satan, that many of them were influenced to begin a Christian life from that very hour. To several of the more hardened, on the contrary, the Doctor's counsel proved a savor of death unto death. Five of these assembled in a room by themselves, and half in burlesque, half in earnest, made a formal agreement together, that, as for them, *they would serve the Devil.*

The compact was written in blood, which one of their number drew from a vein in his arm. Whether they fully realized what they were doing or not, the act was quite in keeping with the

daring infidelity of those days, and it appears that all the reckless company were taken at their word.

Many years afterward, when their history was traced by one who knew the circumstances, some had died untimely deaths, and the rest were living godless lives—profane, unprincipled men, evidently given over to hardness of heart and blindness of mind.

(3.) RESULTS OF REJECTING CHRIST.

A WISE DEVIL.

322. A preacher proposed to preach on the text, "Behold! now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." While in study, he fell asleep and dreamed he was taken to the other world and set down among a conclave of lost spirits, assembled to lay plans to destroy the souls of men.

One says, "I'll go to earth and tell men that the Bible is a fable, and not Divine."

"No, that won't do," said another. "I'll go and tell them there is no God, no Savior, no heaven, no hell." And at the last words a fiendish smile lighted up all their countenances.

"No," said another, "that will not do; we cannot make men believe that."

Suddenly a wise one arose, and like the serpent of old, suggested: "I will journey carelessly to the world of men, and tell them there is a God, a Savior, a heaven,—yes, and a hell, too,—but I will tell them there is no need of being in a hurry; take plenty of time, for to-morrow will be as to-day, and more abundant."

And they all voted to send him.

Of course the minister awoke more determined than ever to take his text, and preach as Christ did—and urge his hearers to obey, as Simon and Andrew and James and John did.

"IT IS PLEASANT FLOATING."

323. Several years since, three students of a college in M—, bathing one sunny day in a beautiful river, allowed themselves to float toward a water-fall, some distance below.

At length two of them made for the shore, and to their alarm, found that the current was stronger than they had supposed. They immediately hailed the other, and urged him to seek the shore. But he smiled at their fears, and floated on. "It is pleas-

ant floating," he said, and seemed to enjoy it much. Soon several persons were gathered on the bank of the river, and, alarmed for his safety, they cried out in deep earnestness, "Make for the shore, or you will certainly go over!"

But he still floated on, laughing at their fears. Soon he saw his danger, and exerted his utmost energies to gain the shore. But, alas! it was too late; the current was too strong. He cried for help; but no help could now reach him. His mind was filled with anguish, and just as he reached the fearful precipice, he threw himself up, with arms extended, gave an unearthly shriek, and plunged into the boiling abyss below.

How striking an illustration of the conduct and final ruin of thousands of immortal souls, who are floating pleasantly and thoughtlessly on the stream of life toward the gulf of despair. They are warned and entreated with tears, by alarmed and faithful friends. But they float on, mocking the fears of those who love them most, till, too late, they awake to their danger, and see just beneath them the gulf of eternal ruin.

THE BABOUSHKA.

324. The Russian peasantry have a curious tradition. It is that an old woman, the Baboushka, was at work in her house when the wise men from the East passed on their way to find the Christ-child. "Come with us," they said; "we have seen his star in the East, and go to worship him." "I will come, but not now," she answered; "I have my house to set in order; when this is done, I will follow and find him." But when her work was done, the three kings had passed on their way across the desert, and the star shone no more in the darkened heavens. She never saw the Christ-child, but she is living and searching for him still. For his sake she takes care of all his children. It is she who, in Russian and Italian houses, is believed to fill the stockings and dress the tree on Christmas morn. The children are awakened by the cry of, "Behold, the Baboushka!" and spring up, hoping to see her before she vanishes out of the window. She fancies, the tradition goes, that in each poor little one whom she warms and feeds, she may find the Christ-child, whom she neglected ages ago, but is doomed to eternal disappointment.

DECIDE NOW.

325. A little boy once happened to be away from home. He started on his journey homeward, and, after walking some dis-

tance, came to a small stream flowing across the road, which he could easily have stepped across. "But no," thought he, "I see there are beautiful flowers along down the stream on this side, and I do love to gather them, and play with them, and I have time enough to spare, so I will walk along down the stream, and when I have enjoyed these flowers as much as I like, I will then step across and go home."

But, as he wandered on down, the stream, gradually, and at first imperceptibly, grew wider and deeper. At length, he began to discover that the stream had become much wider, but thought he could throw a rail across, or find where some tree had been blown across, and in that way get over.

"I will gather," said he, "a few more of these beautiful flowers, and select from the water's edge a few of these beautiful stones for the children, and bask in this delightful sunshine, for it looks very dark and gloomy on the other side, and after a while I will cross over, and go home. I know mother and father are expecting me, and I am obliged to cross over the stream."

Thus he talked and thus he walked, until he found that the stream had become a river. "Now," thought he, "I will cross over at the next bridge I come to."

But he passed the bridge. "It looks too gloomy on the other side; I must have some fun a little while longer."

Finally, the river has become an arm of the sea, but he must go over. So, when the sun is just sinking in the west, and darkness is about to overspread the earth, pallid with fear, he slowly goes into the cold water; now it comes up to his knees; now to his waist (see how he shudders); and now up to his chin, and finally he sinks to rise no more.

TOO LATE FOR THE LIFE-BOAT.

326. At a young men's prayer-meeting, in the Rev. Dr. Brainerd's church, Philadelphia, a stranger arose and begged the privilege to speak, announcing himself as the captain of a vessel now in port, and a professor of the religion of Christ. "I wish," says he, "to warn the impenitent here that delays are dangerous. It is not safe to put off until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day." He stated that on a dark and tempestuous evening, he was sailing on the ocean, when he heard the firing of minute guns, as signals of distress. He bore down in the direction of the sounds, and soon saw a large steamer, with her flag at half-mast. He put his trumpet to his mouth, and hailed:—

"What's the matter?"

The reply was, "I am in a sinking condition."

He put his trumpet again to his mouth, and hailed:—

"Send all your passengers on board my ship."

The answer was, "No; lie by me till morning."

Again he urged him to send his passengers on board, and again the answer was, "Lie by me till morning." Then he requested him to set his lights, which he did; but in an hour and a half, no lights could be seen. It was the ill-fated Central America, and she had gone down. "So," said the speaker, "we are at sea, in a sinking condition, and the life-boat of God's mercy is waiting to take us on board; but if we persist in delay, we may none the less be lost."

DRIFTING.

327. A party took a steamer at Buffalo, and went down the Niagara to within a mile or so of the rapids, and had a picnic. In the evening, the whistle blew and the party gathered and launched forth. It was soon discovered that the steam was too low, and the boat unable to stem the strong current. Before steam of a proper pressure could be gotten up, the boat would be lost. Suddenly the engineer remembered a barrel of oil that had been put on board for lubricating purposes. The boat was still slowly but surely going down the stream. Faces were white with fear, and many were praying to whom it was an unwonted exercise. But when the oil was thrown upon the fire, and the flames rose higher and higher, suspense became an agony. The steam rose rapidly, the downward movement of the boat ceased, and at last it was seen that it was making progress against the current, and was on its way to the city. Then a shout rang through the air, for all knew that they had been saved.

Alas, that so many souls drifting down to destruction, care so little for their danger, and seek no means of escape.

DANGER OF DELAY.

328. A man at his work happened to get a slight scratch on the back of his hand. A single minute's attention to it would have caused it to heal in a day or two, but it was neglected. A slight inflammation appeared, which a single poultice would have reduced, but it was neglected. The whole hand became inflamed, and should have had the best medical attention, but it was neglected. The arm and shoulder and back were seized with pain, and now all was alarm and confusion. Twelve physicians were soon in attendance, to consult upon the case. The question was,

whether cutting off the limb would save the man's life, and it was decided to be too late. The disease had gained a mortal hold, and no human skill could arrest it.

A vicious habit, an indulged little sin, a neglected duty, become stubborn and ruinous, if they are left alone.

AFRAID OF BUSINESS FRIENDS.

329. A mayor of an Indiana city, after thinking over matters, concluded to become a Christian, and to go to a certain meeting and ask for prayers. He went, but on account of fear of business friends, did not keep his promise. Within twenty-four hours he was mortally ill. He calls for minister and business friends, pleads with them to come to Christ, and dies without expressing a hope.

MOURNER'S BENCH TOO CROWDED.

330. At a revival meeting held by Rev. D. O. Darling, a middle-aged man started for the altar, but when he saw its crowded condition, he stopped. The pastor, seeing him, went back and begged him to come out, but he insisted on waiting until the next night. But the next night he was sick, and in the course of a few days he died, without leaving full evidence of having made his peace with God.

JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

331. A shepherd lost a little lamb from the fold. He looked for it long and anxiously. He scoured the mountains to find the little wandering one; but after a fruitless search he returned, and the shades of night settled down on fold and shepherd. In the morning, that little stray lamb was found just outside the door of the sheep-fold, but, alas! torn to pieces by the wolves.

"LOST, AND SO NEAR HOME."

332. Rev. J. W. Etter, D. D., tells the following anecdote with great effect:—

"A father, after an absence of many years from his devoted family, was returning home from Europe. The day and hour of his arrival was announced some days before. The wife and children spared no pains to make their home inviting, by preparing a

royal supper, putting on their best attire, and arranging everything in fine order. As the clock struck five, the time appointed for his arrival, a tap was heard at the door. The mother, with bounding heart, hastened to welcome her husband home; but how great was her disappointment! Instead of her husband, she found a stranger, who said, 'Lost, and so near home!' He then explained that the vessel on which her husband had embarked had sprung a leak on the last day and sunk, her husband being among the lost."

"TOO SICK TO PRAY OR REPENT."

333. Rev. J. H. Young writes of a lady who was deeply impressed in the course of a meeting under his charge, but quenched the Spirit and went away unsaved. A month afterward he was called to visit her, and found her very ill, and in deep distress about her soul. After reading Scripture promises and praying with her, he tried to lead her to Christ, but she cried: "It is of no use! I am so sick that I cannot get my mind together. I am too sick to pray or repent, or look to Jesus." In a day or two she died without hope. Almost persuaded, but lost!

DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

334. Rev. E. W. Johnson tells of a young man of seventeen, who had been repeatedly implored by a pious mother to turn to Christ, but had always replied that he intended to do so some time; that he wished, however, to sow his wild oats first, and enjoy the world until he settled down in life. During a quarterly meeting, held by Mr. Johnson in that neighborhood, the young man took sick, became almost immediately unconscious, and, consistently with his previous profane and trifling life, was blasphemous and ribald in his delirium to an extreme degree. He finally died in this state, cursing God with his last breath.

"KNEW WHEN TO STOP."

335. Men cannot postpone God's hour to suit themselves, nor safely venture on its delay.

James L——, a young fortune-seeker in California, was fond of "seeing life," and did not scruple to familiarize himself with its worst phases. He could do it safely, he said, because he "always knew when to stop."

But there came a time when he did not stop quickly enough, and chagrin at a slip that he made, brought with it some serious reflection. He debated whether he had not better fight shy of temptation for a while, and even attend religious services, to "tone himself," as he phrased it. He saw that his neutral ground was dangerous. An interval of slightly changed associations brought him face to face with the question which life he would lead, and what god he would serve. He temporized, and gave a sacred opportunity away.

It was soon evident which way the balance of desire had turned with him. One night a "variety" performance was to be given in a certain opera house. The affair was more than questionable; it was immoral. In the exercise of his freedom, James went to see it. The curtain rose on a crowded house. The play was about to commence, when, with an awful crash, the building collapsed, and hundreds were killed and wounded in the ruins. James was taken out dead, his soul having gone before its Maker unprepared.

A CHEAP SOUL.

336. Said a thoughtless young man to his sister, who was under deep concern for her soul, "I'll give you five dollars if you'll quit this nonsense and be yourself again." She took the paltry gift, lived without religion, and died without hope.

WARNINGS NEGLECTED.

337. Sinners only too often treat the warnings of the gospel as Julius Cæsar did the paper that Artemidorus gave him. On the very morning that the senators had conspired to put him to death, as he was going out, his friend Artemidorus handed him a writing that revealed the whole plot. But instead of reading it, Cæsar pocketed the warning, as if it were an ordinary thing, being all taken up himself with the homage of the people in the street. And so he went to his death.

Men naturally forget their need of the Bible while they are being pampered with prosperity and flattery.

THE FOWLS OF THE AIR DEVoured IT.

338. A little girl came home from church, and failed to repeat the text to her mother, as customary. The good mother cast her

deep expressive eyes reproachfully on her forgetful child. "How could I, mamma, remember such a long text, when every lady in the congregation had on a bran' new dress that was too sweet for anything? O, mamma, you'd ought to have been to church!" And all thoughts of the text were forgotten, as she described what she saw to her loving mother.

Much in the same way, to some older hearers, Satan's quick work is too much for the word.

GOSPEL-HARDENED.

339. A blacksmith's dog used to spend most of its time in the smithy, and thus it got used to the fire. Other dogs came, and the moment the sparks flew they ran away in terror, but the smith's dog would sleep in the midst of all, undisturbed. It would scarcely leave the smithy, but used to stay in it all night. One night the smithy caught fire, and the dog lost its life in the conflagration.

How many hearers have become too familiar with the warnings of the gospel! Many have taken warning, but many sleep amid the sparks.

A TENDER-HEARTED SINNER.

340. A kindly, well-disposed gentleman, a worldling of pleasing manners, who had a great respect for ministers, once quitted an assembly which Spurgeon addressed, as he afterward said, "Because I felt almost on the go, and should soon have been converted if I had not rushed out." Said he, "Spurgeon, I am like an India rubber doll when you are preaching; you can make me into any shape you like; but then I get back to my old form when you have done." He was pleased and excited, but not persuaded.

CLOSING A REVIVAL.

341. Rev. A. B. Earle, the well-known evangelist, tells the following incident: A soldier had had one of his limbs amputated, and the surgeon gave him full assurance that all was going well, and that he would recover. But in the course of a few hours, the chief artery broke open. The nurse immediately put his thumb upon it, and sent for the surgeon. It was decided that the artery could not be taken up, and that the patient must die.

Only as the nurse was able to keep the pressure upon the artery could life be prolonged. The unfortunate man made all his arrangements for death, sending messages to his loved ones, and arranging his affairs. When all was done, he turned to the nurse and said, "Now, my friend, you can take away your thumb; I am ready to die." But the nurse could hardly make up his mind to take away his thumb, knowing that in three minutes the man's life would have ebbed away. But, finally, turning his face away from the dying soldier, he lifted his thumb, and in a few moments his patient was a corpse. The preacher who closes a revival service, often has the same dreadful sense of taking away the last chance some souls have of being saved.

2. MAN'S SALVATION.

(1.) THE INVITATION.

A STRANGE MESSENGER.

342. A professional diver said he had in his house what would probably strike a visitor as a very strange chimney ornament—the shells of an oyster holding fast a piece of printed paper. The possessor of this ornament was diving on the coast, when he observed at the bottom of the sea this oyster on a rock, with a piece of paper in its mouth, which he detached, and commenced to read through the goggles of his head-dress. It was a gospel tract, and, coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, so impressed his unconverted heart, that he said, "I can hold out against God's mercy in Christ no longer, since it pursues me thus." He became, whilst in the ocean's depth, a repentant, converted, and (as he was assured) sin-forgiven man—saved at the bottom of the sea.

A FREE GOSPEL.

343. Rev. C. J. Whitmore, a London evangelist, once, in a rather eccentric way, secured an illustration of the kind of reception men give to a free gospel. He purchased the whole stock of a street herring peddler, and then hired the man to go up and down with the basket, and cry, "Herrings for nothing!" *Nobody would take them*—and the man came back to his employer in disgust, and said, "I thought ye was crazy when ye bought

'em and told me to give 'em away, but these folks is ten times crazier." The missionary had to go round with him, and help him get rid of the gratuitous contents of the basket; and when some who finally got no fish were taunted by the peddler for refusing them at first, they said, "We didn't believe you meant it."

A THUNDERBOLT.

344. There were twenty-two men in prison at Atlanta. All were irreligious. They suffered almost every privation; but they spent their time at cards, or anything else of the sort. One day, when all were thus employed, some rebel officer came in and read the names of eight of them, with the order for their execution. They had hardly time to say good-bye, before they were led out and hung. The awful event came on the rest like a thunderbolt. Cards were dropped, Bibles were found, they had daily meetings for prayer, and every one of the fourteen was able, deliberately and solemnly, to surrender his life into the keeping of the Lord.

SAVED BY A FLY.

345. A tavern-keeper, who despised religion, attended church one Sunday to enjoy the organ and the singing of the trained choir, for he was very fond of music.

When the minister rose to preach, he put his fingers to his ears, determined not to hear any of the sermon. But presently a fly settled upon his face, and began to annoy him. He endured it as long as he could, and then he was obliged to use one of his hands to drive the insect away. While his hand was thus occupied, several words of the sermon slipped into his ear—and, as God would have it, they were just the right words.

The fly continued to come back and torment him, running into his eyes and nose and mouth, till at last he was glad to take both his hands to defend himself. This exposed him to a full volley of gospel truth, and by this time his attention was arrested, and he sat through the rest of the sermon with unstopped ears.

He went home convicted; came again an inquirer, submitted himself to Christ, and ever afterward lived a religious life.

SAMMY'S SHARE.

346. A poor man, who was somewhat simple-minded, became interested during a revival, and presently thought that he had experienced religion.

He came to be examined for admission to the church. The committee hesitated some over his case, but concluded to go on.

"Do you think, Sammy," said the pastor, "that you have been born again?"

"I think I have," was the answer.

"Well, if so, whose work is it?"

"O, God did a part, and I did a part."

"Indeed! What part did you do, Sammy?"

"Why, I opposed God all I could, and *he did the rest.*"

Sammy's experience was accepted, and he was received into the church.

AN UNPAID VOW.

347. Many years ago, a sailor in a crowded stage-coach, traveling from New York to Boston, related to the other passengers the story of his recent shipwreck, and how he alone of all the crew was saved, after floating for several days and nights on a plank. His hearers were much interested, and pitied the man's misfortunes, but his frequent and copious use of profane language in his narration prompted one gentleman to ask him a somewhat curious question. Taking him a little aside, at the tavern where the stage stopped in the morning for a change of horses, he said, "My friend, when you were on that plank, did you not vow to God that if he would spare you, *you would devote your life to his service?*"

"None of your business," answered the sailor, angrily. And the gentleman said no more.

The next evening the stage reached Providence, where the passengers took lodgings for the night. At daylight the next morning, the gentleman who had received so rough an answer to his question was roused by a knock on his door. His visitor was the shipwrecked sailor.

"I could not sleep last night," said the sailor, "and I have come to ask your pardon. I *did* promise God that if he would spare my life I would devote it to him—and from this time forth I am determined to do so."

A BLESSED SUBSCRIPTION.

348. Bishop Harris, in a private conversation recently, related the following incident, which ought to be a lesson to those preachers who are afraid to ask the people for money for the cause of God. The Bishop said: "One morning in my early ministry I started out to secure some funds to buy lamps for the better

lighting of my church. Almost the first man I met was a noted atheist, who made his boast that he had not been inside of a church for twenty-five years. I stopped to speak with him, and, as he seemed quite friendly, I said to him: 'Mr. Lamberton, I am out this morning to get a little money to secure the better lighting of my church. I am well aware that you never go into our church; but it may be you would be willing to give something for the comfort of those who do.' He took out his pocket-book, gave me five dollars, and said, 'I give this, not for the church, but for your Father's sake.' What was my surprise the very next Sabbath evening to see that old man in my congregation. He was on the very back seat, and went out at once as soon as the service was over. But he came again; he was convicted of sin; God converted him. He lived a Christian life, and died a triumphant death. I verily believe it was that five-dollar subscription that led to this happy result."

"NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME."

349. Not long since, as a clergyman was visiting one of his parishioners, who was a man of business, the following conversation, substantially, occurred: "It is true," said the merchant, "I am not satisfied with my present condition. I am not 'of a settled mind in religion,' as you express it. Still I am not entirely hopeless. I may yet enter the vineyard, even at the *eleventh hour*." "Ah! your allusion is to the Savior's parable of the loitering laborers who wrought one hour at the end of the day. But you have overlooked the fact that these men accepted *the first offer*." "Is that so?" "Certainly; they said to the lord of the vineyard, 'No man hath hired us.' They welcomed his first offer immediately." "True; I had not thought of that before. But then the thief on the cross even while dying was saved." "Yes; but is it likely that even he had ever rejected an offer of salvation as preached by Christ and his apostles? Like Barabbas, he had been a robber by profession. In the resorts and haunts to which he had been accustomed, the gospel had never been preached. Is there not some reason to believe that he, too, accepted *the first offer*?"

WAITING GOD'S TIME.

350. "Some years ago," says Dr. Finney, "I met a woman in Philadelphia, who was anxious about her soul, and had been so for a long time. I conversed with her, and endeavored to learn

her state of mind. She told me a good many things, and finally said she knew she ought to be willing to wait on God as long as he had waited for her. He had waited, she said, a great many years before she would give any attention to his calls, and now she believed it was her duty to wait God's time to show mercy and convert her soul."

The idea of comparing Divine patience with human neglect! "God's time" for the sinner to submit to him is *now*.

"GIVE YOUR HEART TO GOD HERE."

351. A youth, in a New England village, met his minister one day in the street, and asked him what he should do to be saved. The minister told him to go home and kneel down in his chamber and give his heart to God.

"Oh, sir," said the boy, "I feel so badly, I am afraid I shall not live to get home."

The minister felt the unintended rebuke, saw his error, and said, "Well, then, give your heart to God *here*, and go home to your chamber and tell him about it."

DISTRACTIONS AVOIDED.

352. A young man, who was in a state of spiritual anxiety, said to his pastor: "I shall not be at the meeting on a particular evening. I have engaged to attend a party." After being shown the danger of being diverted, in his peculiar state of mind, he came to the meeting and gave his heart to Jesus. At my suggestion, he had sent the ladies a note of regret, giving the candid reasons for his absence. The evening after the party, those young ladies were present at the service for the first time. In a few months, four adult members of that family of strangers confessed Christ in that church, and one of the young ladies afterward became the wife of the young man.

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

353. Ben Randall, a profane young sail-maker, was one of the crowd that rushed to hear Whitefield when he preached in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He went repeatedly, drawn by a

power he could not understand or resist, but swearing about the preacher and the sermon every time he came away.

He was in a torment of conviction, and the sensation perplexed and enraged him; and though when Whitefield left the city he could have followed after, so strangely had the wonderful man fascinated him, yet his serious impressions were likely to be soon effaced when that eloquent voice was beyond his hearing.

In a few days, however, the startling announcement came: "Whitefield is dead! Died in Newbury this morning at six o'clock." The news struck young Randall like a thunder-clap. He thought how he had reviled him. He recalled his faithful words. The preacher had told him the way to heaven, and he had not regarded. He should never hear his voice again. Whitefield had gone to be a witness against him at the Judgment!

The young man's repentance was bitter and sincere. His conversion soon followed, and he became a preacher of righteousness himself. Religious history now knows him as Rev. Benjamin Randall, of Durham, New Hampshire, the founder of the Free-will Baptist Church.

KIND TO MAN, UNKIND TO GOD.

354. A kind-hearted man, who had long refused to become a Christian, visited a minister on some business one wild, blustering winter night. As he went out of the door to go home, the wind swept in with a fearful blast, and the minister remarked, "What an awful night for the poor!" The man was touched by the thought, and going back he gave the minister a roll of bills, and said, "Please hand these, for me, to the poorest people you know." After a few days, the minister wrote him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added, "How is it that a man so kind to his fellow-creatures has always been so unkind to his Savior as to refuse him his heart?" The sentence touched him to the core. He sent for the minister, and talking the matter over, decided to become a Christian.

WHOM TO BRING FIRST.

355. A minister of New York City preached on the text, "He brought him to Jesus"; and after he was through, his little girl told him that she liked the sermon. Her father said, "And whom will you bring to Christ?" She answered, "I think I will bring myself first."

“AN EASY JOB.”

356. One day, at a fashionable English watering-place, a company of clownish singers and actors were going through their comic performances in the street, when Mr. Carr, a noble Christian worker, well known in Great Britain everywhere, being applied to by the “tambourine-man” for his penny, offered him a shilling instead, on condition that he would read aloud a selected passage in the Bible.

“Hi’, mates, here’s a shilling for an easy job!” shouted the fellow, and Mr. Carr handed him a Bible, opened at the story of the Prodigal Son, which he told him to read.

“Now, speak up, Jem!” said his comrades, laughing, and thinking it was fine fun; and “Jem” began, pronouncing the words very well indeed.

As he went on, the fellows would cry, “That’s *thee*, Jem!” or, “That’s *us*!” at every telling point of the prodigal’s history, till they became quite sober with listening. But the reader grew sober sooner than the rest, and when he reached the middle of the eighteenth verse, “I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned”—he quite broke down. The words of confession were involuntarily made his own.

That day, that scene, proved the turning-point in the life of poor Jem. He sought the advice of the Christian friend, who had thus providentially interposed for his deliverance. Communications were made to his parents, which resulted in a long-lost and dearly-loved child returning to the familiar earthly home; and, still better, in his return to his heavenly Father.

A TRUSTY COURTIER’S ADVICE.

357. When Duke George of Saxony lay on his death-bed, and was yet in doubt to whom he should flee with his soul,—whether to Christ and his dear merits, or to the Pope and his good works,—there spoke a trusty courtier to him, “Your Grace, Straight-forward makes the best runner.”

(2.) REPENTANCE.

WHEN TO STOP SINNING.

358. Rev. R. A. Hitt once asked a young man who seemed very anxious to be a Christian, and who had been seeking for

over two years, and still called himself a sinner, "Do you still indulge in sin that you think you would not, if you were converted?" He answered, "Yes; I expect to quit sinning when I am converted." Mr. Hitt said: "That is the very reason you are not saved. You must stop your sinning; that is, determine to forsake your sins once for all, and then ask the Lord to forgive the sins already committed." The young man did as he was directed, and within twenty-four hours he was rejoicing in Christ.

"I HAVE NO FEELING."

359. Many persons hesitate to act in accordance with what they know to be right, because they are not sensible enough of their sins—lack feeling. But if one knows that he is a sinner, that is feeling enough to act on. We cannot command ourselves to feel any particular sensation, but we can command ourselves to act in accordance with what we believe to be right. Such action is just as acceptable to God as where there is the deepest feeling. Rev. M. R. Drury once knew a man who seemed to be moved by a purely intellectual perception of his duty in giving his heart to Christ. He was convinced that it was right to love and serve God. He then consecrated himself unconditionally and unreservedly to the service of a Christian life, living a life of trust and obedience without the least apparent feeling. But he accepted Christ, and began to work for him, and not long after, when others were coming to the Savior and were rejoicing in his love, he said to Mr. Drury, with eyes suffused with tears, "I thank God for tears." He had feeling enough then. The way to get feeling is to act.

"THEY COME CLEAR OUT."

360. Ko-San-Lone, a converted Chinese, when in America on a visit, was deeply impressed with the little difference he saw between the style of living of many professing Christians and the people of the world.

Adverting to the matter on one occasion, he said, making at the same time a large sweep with his arm, "When the disciples in my country come out from the world, *they come clear out.*"

A BOY'S REBUKE.

361. In the neighborhood of Hoddam Castle, Dumfries-shire, Scotland, there was once a tower called the "Tower of Repent-

ance." What gave the tower its name, we are not told, but it is said that an English baronet, walking near the castle, saw a shepherd lad lying upon the ground, reading attentively. "What are you reading, lad?" "The Bible, sir." "The Bible, indeed!" laughed the gentleman; "then you must be wiser than the parson. Can you tell me the way to heaven?" "Yes, sir, I can," replied the boy, in no way embarrassed by the mocking tone of the other; "you must go by way of yonder tower." The gentleman saw that the boy had learned right well the lesson of his book, and, being rebuked, he walked away in silence. Does the reader know anything of the Tower of Repentance? If not, let him learn.

AN INFIDEL'S DIFFICULTIES.

362. Several years ago, Rev. M. R. Drury met a man, in a meeting, who was avowedly skeptical. He was a very intelligent man, and expressed a desire to be a Christian, provided certain mysterious questions could be clearly explained to him. After a very earnest effort to lead him to the light, the meeting closed, and he went away, still clinging to his skepticism. About four o'clock the next morning, he became so agitated in mind that he could not sleep. He was thoroughly convinced that all was not right between his soul and God. He arose to his knees on his bed, and cried out, "O God, if there is any reality in religion, come to my heart and save me from my sins." At that moment his faith laid hold on the promises of God's Word, and salvation full and joyous came to his heart. All his difficulties, which had so troubled him, were gone. Spiritual knowledge and assurance come through the channel of obedience; as Jesus says, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine."

BEGINNING IN THE MIDDLE.

363. Many a man would like to begin the Christian life if he could begin it somewhere in the middle. If he could only turn about when nobody was looking; if, when all the world were asleep or away, he could slip quietly into the kingdom of God and take his seat with the air of a man who had been seated there all the time! It is the turning over of the leaf when everybody is reading it—it is the right-about face on the crowded street, when everybody will see the act and what it means—this it is which makes it easier to put off till to-morrow the supreme duty which ought to be done to-day.

DOING DUTY BRINGS CONVICTION.

364. Rev. A. B. Earle relates the following experience:—

"A man knelt for prayer, in one of our meetings, at the same time saying: 'I have no feeling, but act purely on my judgment. I know I ought to become a Christian.'" In a day or two he saw clearly the justice of God in his condemnation. He came to my room, in the night, in the greatest distress, crying out, almost in despair: "What shall I do! what shall I do! Oh, I am such a sinner!"

NO UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

365. The following incident occurred in the native village of Rev. J. W. Kilbourn. During a meeting held there several years ago, a man who had been exceedingly wicked became deeply convicted. The Spirit strove with him so powerfully that he had no rest, by day or night. He would rise from his bed, and in a perfect agony of soul, pray for mercy. He would attend the meetings, ask the Christians to pray for him, converse with them freely about his condition, but persistently refused to go to the altar of prayer. Mr. K. met him in the congregation one night, and pressed him to make a full surrender, urging that he must yield to God's will if he would be saved. He persisted in refusing. The meeting closed, and he was not converted. The Spirit utterly forsook him, and he went from bad to worse, became a saloon gambler, and indirectly a murderer. His family was broken up, his wife obtained a divorce, and he is a waif and a criminal.

COMPLETE SELF-SURRENDER.

366. "I'll give him my blanket," thought the awakened Indian, anxious for the peace of Christ. But he looked at the blanket, and felt that it was good for nothing. "He may have my gun," he said, making a still greater effort of sacrifice. But no, that would not do. At last he cried, "Here's poor Indian: take *me*." And then he knew that his offering was accepted.

One's self is always his best. Read Romans 12: 1, 2.

NO SLEEPING PARTNERS WANTED.

367. During a revival of religion in Brooklyn, a business man called upon the minister, and said, "I come to inquire if

Jesus Christ will take me into the concern as a sleeping partner." "Why do you ask?" said the minister. "Because I wish to be a member of the firm, and do not wish anybody to know it." The reply was, "Christ takes no sleeping partners."

THE INDIAN'S EXPLANATION.

368. The poor Indian's illustration is the best one after all. An Indian and a white man were convicted of sin at the same time. The Indian soon rejoiced in hope, while the other struggled long in distress of mind before he found forgiving peace. He could not understand it, and some time afterward he asked the Indian how it was.

"It's like this," said the Indian: "A rich man come along and offer a fine new coat. You look at your old coat, and you say, 'This pretty good yet; I'll keep it a little longer.' Rich man offer *me* new coat, and I look at my old blanket, and say, 'This good for nothing.' I throw it right away and take new coat."

GOD CLAIMS THE WHOLE HEART.

369. Mention is made of an ancient king who set out to visit a certain city of his realm, and dispatched a harbinger to announce his coming, and order suitable lodgings for himself and his retinue. The harbinger selected a house, and gave command to vacate it immediately. The owner asked permission to retain one little chamber where his wife and children could stay.

It was refused.

He begged for a closet, where he could leave a chest packed with his richest fine goods.

No; the command was absolute. He must *clear the rooms*. "Were your house twice as big as it is," said the harbinger, "the whole of it would be little enough to entertain the king."

A SOLDIER'S CONVERSION.

370. Mr. Moody tells of having asked a soldier for the process of his conversion. The soldier's graphic answer was: "Halt!" "Attention!" "Right-about face!" "March!"

MUST HAVE IT ALL.

371. In the early secession days, a Conference of Peace Commissioners met at Fortress Monroe, when every effort was made to secure President Lincoln's consent to a division that might stay, for a time, the bloody war. He finally brought down his hand upon the map of his country, exclaiming, "This government is to have it *all*!"

Half-heartedness is secession and treason. Victory can only come with thorough loyalty.

"NO TERMS WITH GOD."

372. William Burns was preaching one evening in the open air, to a vast multitude. He had just finished, when a man came timidly up to him, and said, "Oh, sir, will you come and see my dying wife?" Burns consented; but the man immediately said, "I am afraid when you know where she is, you won't come." "I will go wherever she is," he replied. The man then tremblingly told him that he was the keeper of the lowest public house in one of the most wretched districts of the town. "It does not matter," said the missionary. As they went, the man, looking up in the face of God's servant, said, earnestly, "I am going to give it up at the term." Burns replied, "There are no terms with God." However much the poor trembling publican tried to get Burns to converse with him about the state of his soul and the way of salvation, he was unable to draw another word from him than these, "There are no terms with God." The shop at last was reached. After a little conversation with the dying woman, the servant of the Lord engaged in prayer, and while he was praying the publican left the room; soon a loud noise was heard, something like a rapid succession of determined blows with a great hammer. Was this not a most unseemly noise to make on such an occasion as this? Is the man mad? No! When Burns reached the street, he beheld the wreck of the publican's sign-board, strewn in splinters upon the pavement. The business was given up for good and all. The man had in earnest turned his back on his low public house, and returned to the Lord.

"SOMETHING TO MAKE RIGHT."

373. Rev. L. Bookwalter tells of a man, in a meeting which he once held, who had been at the altar night after night with-

out receiving the blessing of assurance. At last, one evening he arose from the altar, took his hat, and when asked what he was proposing to do, said, "I have something to make right." He walked nearly a mile to where a neighbor lived, for whom he had occasionally worked, woke him up by his calls, and asked him to come out, as he wished to talk with him. The neighbor came out, wondering what his friend wanted. The latter said: "When you paid me for my last work, you gave me a gold piece, by mistake, for a silver one. I have come to restore what belongs to you," and handed him the difference. Then he walked back to the church, and was soon gloriously converted.

ONE IDOL RETAINED.

374. It is related that in the days of the primitive Christians, a heathen named Chromatius, being sick, sent for a famous physician to prescribe for him. The physician was a very godly man, as well as a very skillful one, and he told Chromatius that he could cure him provided he first destroyed all his idols. The sick man seemed to consent.

"Take my keys," said he, "and search my house, and spoil every image you can find."

This was done; but the sick man did not get well, and complained accordingly. Said the pious physician, "There is one idol hidden in your house yet; that must be destroyed, too."

"It is true," replied Chromatius; "I confess it. There *is* one; but it is all of beaten gold, and it cost me two hundred pounds. I would have saved it, but here, take this key; you will find the golden idol in my chest. Go and break it in pieces."

And when this was done, the sick man soon recovered.

AN IDOL IN THE WAY.

375. An obstruction in the pocket held a man back from Christ at a Salvation Army meeting at Germantown, Pennsylvania, recently. The leader of the meeting says: "When prayer-meeting began, a man came forward and knelt at the penitent form, but for a while seemed to be *holding on to something* which he could not give up. At last special prayer was offered in that direction for him, and at the close he pulled several dime songs and novels of a theatrical character out of his pocket, and said, 'Burn these; I had better have had a Bible in my pocket.' Immediately upon his surrendering here he found peace."

“GOOD-BYE, BOYS.”

376. Rev. T. D. Adams, of Iowa, was earnestly preaching one Sabbath, urging sinners to flee to Christ, when a young man near the door arose, the tears streaming down his face, and with an arm stretched out toward his companions, and with a voice trembling with emotion, exclaimed: “Good-bye, Henry; good-bye, James; good-bye, boys, all of you! If you won’t go with me to heaven, I won’t go with you to hell!” He started up the aisle, and came and stood just in front of the stand, crying aloud, “Oh! pray for me.” The congregation immediately knelt in prayer, and in a little while he was happy in Christ. He is now a class-leader and a Sunday-school superintendent.

“STICK TO IT.”

377. Bishop Weaver was the first one in a family of thirteen to seek Christ, but not finding peace, he joined the church as a seeker. His father was at this time not a Christian, and he was afraid to tell him what he had done. As he himself tells the story: “One day we were in the barn together, and all of a sudden, he said to me, ‘Jonathan, I understand you joined church.’ It went through me like a knife, for I did not know what would come next. But to my surprise, he said, ‘Well, as you have started, I want you to stick to it.’ That gave me courage. I was at the mourners’ bench seventeen times. It was six months after I started before I found peace. Sometimes I would get discouraged, but my father’s words, ‘Stick to it,’ still rang in my ears. And I can still hear my father’s words urging me to ‘stick to it.’”

(3.) CONVERSION.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS.

378. During Mr. Moody’s meetings in London, a certain business man was converted, and his brother restored from back-sliding. They had another brother in the south of Ireland who was not a Christian, and they telegraphed him, “Come at once; very important business.” He came to London, and they took him into their private office, and with streaming eyes told him of their desire for his conversion. They brought him to the meet-

ing that evening, and into the inquiry-room, and he became a Christian. That dispatch was truthful—"Very important business."

HER COURSE MUST BE CHANGED.

379. A captain at sea discovers that, by some mistake, the steersman is steering the ship directly for the rocks. How is the danger to be avoided? By scrubbing the decks, or setting the men to the pumps? No! these things are good enough in their own time, but if the ship is to be saved, one thing must be done,—her course must be changed. So the captain utters a few quick words, and the ship turns and speeds away from the danger.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

380. A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman, "Do you understand philosophy?" "No, never heard of it." "Then one quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?" "No." "Then one half of your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?" "No." "Then three quarters of your life are gone." But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman, "Can you swim?" "No." "Then the whole of your life is gone."

No acquirements can help in man's extremity, when the grace that saves the soul is wanting.

"THE CLAM-SHELL MAN."

381. A ragged school in Hartford was visited by Dr. Beadle one Sunday. He won the eyes and ears of the motley and often unmanageable crowd, by holding up a common clam-shell, and calling out, "Boys, what's that?" "A clam-shell," cried a hundred voices. "Yes, it's a clam-shell,—a rough, coarse, clam-shell; just such a shell as you could pick up any day by the bank of the river, or back in the country by a brook in the woods." Then, turning the shell quickly in his hand, he showed the other valve, beautifully polished, its iridescent colors reflecting the light attractively. "And what is *that*, boys?" he said. "That's a clam-shell, too," was the answer. "Yes; but see how much prettier this side is. What makes the difference?" "It's been rubbed

down," said one. "It's been smoothed off," said another. "It's been polished up," said a third. "Yes, that's it. And, boys, do you know that's just what we are trying to do with you in this Sunday-school? We've brought some of you in here as rough as the other side of the clam-shell; and now we are trying to rub you down, to smooth you off, to polish you up, so that you'll shine like this side of the shell. This polishing business is hard work, boys, and it takes time; but it pays." Then he pressed home the need of soul-polishing in words which were never forgotten in that room. Dr. Beadle was thenceforward known by those boys as "the clam-shell man."

A QUEER CONVERSION.

382. A young man who had been drinking very hard, found himself threatened with an attack of delirium tremens. For several nights he could not sleep, being troubled with horrible phantasms. Thoroughly frightened, he determined to reform. Securing a New Testament, he placed it under his pillow at night, and his sleep was undisturbed and his dreams pleasing. This he accepted as the sign of his conversion, and he joined the church. He refused to testify, soon ceased to come to the church service, and finally went back into a life of sin.

HIS CERTIFICATE OF REGENERATION.

383. The Lord Jesus received his credentials at the moment of baptism. But baptismal credentials are sometimes overrated by his professed followers. A young man applied to Bishop — for ordination. The case looked a little crooked, and the Bishop said, "I stand in doubt of your regeneration." "O, yes, my lord," was the reply; "I anticipated the difficulty, and have brought with me my baptismal certificate."

The New Testament nowhere teaches that a sinner becomes a new creature in Christ by baptism alone.

A FALSE HOPE.

384. Finney gives the case of a woman whose life was thoroughly unchristian in spirit, but who, nevertheless, made a profession of religion. On inquiry, it was learned that the basis of

her peace of mind was a dream she had had when a girl. When she came to die her eyes were opened, and she went into eternity crying, "I am lost!"

"GET THE BLESSER."

385. At a camp at Goshen, New York, a minister was shouting to inquirers to persevere in seeking the blessing, when Rev. Dr. Inskip, the master spirit, cried out, beginning with a sneer and ending with a sentence with a pathos not easily imitated: "Get the blessing! Humph! Get the Blesser!" "He that hath the Son hath life."

THE LORD'S TREATMENT OF SINNERS.

386. A person who could not swim had fallen into the water. A man who could swim sprang in to save him. Instead, however, of at once taking hold of the struggling man, he kept at some distance from him, until he had ceased struggling; he then laid hold upon him, and pulled him ashore. Asked why he did not at once take hold of the drowning person, he replied, "I could not attempt to save a man so long as he tried to save himself."

"RUN FOR THE SHORE."

387. In a great thaw on one of the American rivers, there was a man on one of the cakes of ice, which was not yet actually separated from the unbroken mass. In his terror, however, he did not see this, but knelt down and began to pray aloud for God to deliver him. The spectators on the shore cried loudly to him, "Man, man, stop praying, and run for the shore!" So, one could advise the penitent, "Rest not in praying, but believe in Jesus."

"TO HIM THAT WORKETH NOT."

388. A few years ago, at the close of one of the free breakfasts for the poor, in Edinburgh, a Christian lady noticed a man walking slowly up and down, evidently uneasy and anxious. She went up to him and asked if he was a Christian. "No," he said, "but I am going to be, though not yet, for I am not just yet ready." "But 'now is the accepted time,'" she replied; "and

the very first thing you are asked to do, is to receive Christ." "Don't tell me," he said, "that I can be saved without doing anything." As he was saying this, a little boy, of about eleven years of age, who had been looking out a passage in his Bible, touched the lady, and, holding the Bible open, said, "Please read that to him." It was Romans 4: 5. The lady read it. The man listened most attentively, and, after a little, exclaimed, "It's a fact! God says it, '*To him that worketh not.*'" The word, to all appearance, entered his soul with saving power, and then, in the warmth of his gratitude, grasping the lady's hand, he said, "I'll thank you all the days of my life!"

AN INQUIRER'S DREAM.

389. One night, an inquirer, long under deep conviction, but still unsaved, dreamed that he was walking along the edge of a terrible precipice, and fell over it into a horrible abyss. As he was falling, he grasped a little branch of some bush that was growing half-way down. There he hung, and cried for help. He could feel the branch giving way. He looked into the dark yawning gulf beneath, and again cried out for help. Looking up, he saw, in his dream, Christ standing on the edge, and saying, "Let go the twig, and I will save you." Looking at the terrible abyss below, he could not. He cried again; and again came the same answer. At length, he felt the branch slipping, and in the utter desperateness of his despair, *he let go the branch*—when, lo! in an instant, the arms of Jesus were about him, and he was safe. He awoke. It was but a dream of the night. Yet from the vividness and instructiveness of its imagery, he was enabled to let go every false confidence, and rely only on the true.

THE THIRSTY INVITED TO DRINK.

390. During a revival in a town in Ohio, a man who had been very worldly-minded was awakened, but for some time concealed his feelings, even from his wife, who was a praying woman. She left him one evening in charge of his little girl of three years of age. After her departure, his anxiety of mind became so great that he walked the room in his agony. The little girl noticed his agitation, and inquired, "What ails you, pa?" He replied, "Nothing," and endeavored to quiet his feelings, but all in vain. The child looked up sympathizingly into his face, and inquired, with all the artlessness and simplicity of childhood, "*Pa, if you*

were dry, wouldn't you go and get a drink of water?" The father started, as if a voice from heaven had fallen on his ear. He thought of his thirsty soul famishing for the waters of life; he thought of that living fountain opened in the gospel; he believed, and straightway fell at the Savior's feet. From that hour he dates the dawning of a new light, and the beginning of a new life.

GOOD ADVICE.

391. During a revival in Glasgow, a little girl, who had just found the peace of faith, was overheard counseling one of her anxious playmates:

"I say, lassie, do as I did; *grip a promise, an' haud to 't.*"

GOD SAYS PEACE.

392. One day, in the closing campaign of the last bloody war with the Turks, a soldier ran through the Russian camp in the Balkan Mountains, shouting, "Peace! Peace!"

The news excited the whole army, but it seemed too good to be true. Eager men, thinking of the glad return to their wives and children, seized the messenger, and fiercely demanded, "*Who says peace?*"

"The Czar says peace," replied the soldier. And then the mountains rang with hurras of gladness.

The High Priest's word was not enough to assure the confessing Israelite. Not even Moses' word was enough. He must know that God says "Peace."

"THEN I'VE GOT IT!"

393. "Some years ago," relates a clergyman, "I was leaving a hall in Glasgow, in which I had been preaching the gospel, when a respectable man, with a very eager face, stretched out his hand and grasped mine, saying:

"Sir, I am very anxious to get salvation."

"Then," I said, "God is very anxious to save you."

"He listened earnestly to hear what I would say to him, hoping some word would give him peace; but I only put the gospel to him in the most familiar texts of Scripture. As I reminded him that 'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son,

that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' he stopped me by saying:—

"'But I do believe in Jesus.'

"I replied, 'Jesus said, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."' "

"A look of astonishment and joy immediately broke over his face, as he said: 'Then I've got it! Thank God, I've got everlasting life.' "

FAITH BRINGS PEACE.

394. There is among the Hebrews a legend of two sisters, who, during the night when the first-born of Egypt were destroyed, had gone with the rest of their family into their dwelling. One of them stood all ready to depart, and began quietly eating her portion of the roast body of the lamb, her mind at perfect peace and rest. The other was walking about the dwelling, full of terrible fear lest the destroying angel should penetrate therein. This one reproached her sister for being so careless and confident, and finally asked her how she could be so full of assurance when the angel of death and judgment was abroad in the land. The reply was: "Why, sister, the blood has been sprinkled; and we have God's word that when he sees the blood, he will pass over us. I believe he will keep his word."

They were both equally safe; but one was at peace, while the other was not. One had assurance, the other had doubts. It is the blood of Jesus that makes us safe; it is the word of God that makes us sure.

TERROR CHANGED TO GLADNESS.

395. A farmer, going out one misty morning, saw a gigantic figure come stalking toward him down the hill-side. But when the figure came nearer, it began to assume the proportions of a man, and at last he saw that it was his brother.

When the just God, whom we would suppose full of wrath and indignation against us because of our sins, draws near in the person of his Son, we find he is our loving brother.

GOING ON HER WAY REJOICING.

396. Mr. Spurgeon, in one of his sermons, says: "I saw, not long ago, a woman who said to me, 'Is it indeed true that

upon trusting in Jesus I shall be saved at once?' I replied, 'It is even so.' 'Why,' she said, 'My father, when he got religion, was nearly six years a-getting it; and they had to put him in a lunatic asylum part of the time. I thought there was no getting saved without going through a very dreadful process.' I spoke to her of the person and work of Jesus, and repeated to her the Divine command, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' She caught the idea, and obeyed the command. I perceived that she yielded to the truth, and really trusted, for I saw a change come over her face which betokened the rest of her soul. 'I am saved,' said she, and she hastened off, saying, 'I will get away, now, for your time must not be wasted. I am saved, and you can tell the truth to some one else, and perhaps they will rejoice as I do.'

HE DIDN'T GET HOME.

397. "I remember when we were in New York City, there was a man at our inquiry meeting who was very anxious to become a Christian. He said, 'I will go home and pray, and I will see if I can't get the blessing at home.' He started out, and he had about three miles to go, and while he was walking the thought occurred to him, 'What is the use of waiting until I get home? Why, I will pray on the street. The Lord will hear me just as well.' And so he said he began,—this he told us the next night at the meeting,—'God be merciful,' and he said the moment he got to that word 'merciful,' God blessed him before he got to 'me.' The blessing came right down upon him."

3. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

(1.) PRAISE.

REMEMBER TO GIVE THANKS.

398. A few days since, a little girl of my acquaintance, and the mother, became very much frightened for the safety of the husband and father, who was crossing the Delaware in a little boat, when it was quite rough. But the little girl thought of the proper resource, and therefore said, "Mamma, let us pray," which.

they immediately did. Then the little girl said, "You pray, and I will watch."

The mother prayed on. After a while, the child exclaimed, "There, he is safe," for she saw him land. Then both were happy, and the mother was about to go to her daily business. "Now," said the little girl, "let us give thanks." Blessed little child! Her mother had not thought of that.

SERVANTS OF CHRIST.

399. Before the time when Abraham Lincoln emancipated three millions of colored people in the Southern States of America, there was one day a slave auction in New Orleans. Among the number was a beautiful mulatto girl, who was put upon the "block" to be sold to the highest bidder, like a cow or a horse. The auctioneer, dilating on the graces of the girl, her skill in working, and the beauty of her form, asked for a bid. The first offer was five hundred dollars, and the bids quickly rose to seven hundred dollars. Then a voice called from the outside of the crowd, "Seven hundred and fifty dollars." The slave owners thereupon advanced their bids to eight hundred, eight hundred and fifty, and nine hundred dollars. The bids continued to rise, but whenever there was a pause, the unseen bidder offered fifty dollars more, and at last the girl was knocked down to him for one thousand four hundred and fifty dollars. He then came forward, and paying the money, arranged to receive delivery of the "lot" in the morning. The slave girl saw that her purchaser was a Northerner, one of the hated "Yankees," and was much disgusted to become his slave. The next morning her new owner called at the house, when the poor girl said, with tears, "Sir, I am ready to go with you." He gently replied, "But I do not want you to go with me; please look over this paper!" She opened the paper, and found that it was the gift of her freedom. The Northerner said, "I bought you that you might be free!" She exclaimed: "You bought me that I might be free! Am I free? Free!! Can I do as I like with myself?" He answered, "Yes, you are free!" Then she fell down and kissed his feet, and almost choking with sobs of joy, she cried, "Oh, sir, I will go with you, and be your servant forevermore!"

A PAUPER'S PRAISE.

400. A dying pauper, in the hospital in Glasgow, took a draught of water from the hand of her physician, with the ejacu-

lation, "Thank God for the water!" This led the skeptic physician to re-examine his grounds of confidence. He became a Christian, and worked for the souls of his patients as well as for their bodies, finally going as a missionary to Madeira.

"SHOW ME THE DOCTOR."

401. A man, blind from his birth, a man of much intellectual vigor, and with many engaging social qualities, found a woman who, appreciating his worth, was willing to cast in her lot with him and become his wife. Several bright, beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved both their parents.

An eminent French surgeon, while in this country, called upon them, and, examining the blind man with much interest and care, said to him:—

"Your blindness is wholly artificial; your eyes are naturally good, and if I could have operated upon them twenty years ago, I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I can do it now, though it will cause you much pain."

"I can bear that," was the reply, "so you but enable me to see."

The surgeon operated upon him, and was gradually successful. First there were faint glimmerings of light; then more distinct vision. The blind father was handed a rose; he had smelled one before, but had never seen one. Then he looked upon the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him; and then his children were brought, whom he had so often fondled, and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears.

He then exclaimed: "Oh, why have I seen all of these before inquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor." And when he was pointed out to him, he embraced him, with tears of gratitude and joy.

So, when we reach heaven, and with unclouded eyes look upon its glories, we shall not be content with a view of these. No; we shall say, "Where is Christ—he to whom I am indebted for what heaven is? Show me him, that with all my soul I may adore and praise him through endless ages."

LOOKING TO JESUS.

402. When Cyrus defeated and captured Tigranes, King of Armenia, the unfortunate monarch asked that his wife might be released and allowed to return home.

"What would you give for her ransom?" said Cyrus.

"*My life*," said Tigranes, "if that is necessary to set her free."

Cyrus not only released the captured queen, but Tigranes himself (on his oath of submission), and dismissed them with presents. On their way home, the king warmly praised Cyrus' virtues, and then spoke of the majesty and benignity of his person, and appealed to his wife, "Did you not think so?"

"Indeed, I cannot say, for I scarcely looked at him," she said.

"Why, where were your eyes?"

"Upon the man who said he would give his life to ransom my liberty."

The devout soul—like that grateful wife—has no eyes for any but Him whose life was its ransom.

(2.) OBEDIENCE.

A DOER OF THE WORD.

403. A poor woman in the country once went to hear a sermon, wherein, among other practices, the use of dishonest weights and measures was exposed. By this discourse she was much affected. The next day, the minister, according to his custom, went among his hearers; and calling upon the woman, he took occasion to ask her what she recollected of the sermon. The poor woman complained of her bad memory, and said that she had forgotten almost all that he had delivered. "But one thing," said she, "I remembered; *I remembered to burn my bushel.*" A doer of the word cannot be a forgetful hearer.

"WITHOUT ASKING QUESTIONS."

404. At an anniversary meeting of the London Sunday-School Union, the Rev. S. Kilpin remarked that in catechising some children on the text, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," the following were the questions and answers: "What is to be done?" "The will of God." "Where is it to be done?" "On earth." "How is it to be done?" "As it is in heaven." "How do you think the angels do the will of God in heaven, as they are our pattern?" The first replied, "They do it immediately"; the second, "They do it actively"; the third, "They do it unitedly." Here a pause ensued, and no other child

appeared to have any answer; but after a moment, a little girl rose and said, "Why, sir, they do it without asking questions."

PLEASING GOD.

405. Mr. Whittle, the evangelist, tells of entering a railway train at night, when it was exceedingly cold. The gate-keeper demanded of every one to show his ticket before he could pass, which compelled the passengers to unbutton their coats, and otherwise greatly incommode themselves. Many expressed their impatience in hot words and bitter complaints.

"You are a very unpopular man to-night," said the major, pleasantly.

"I only care to be popular with one man," he replied; "that is the superintendent."

Noble words for the Christian soldier to adopt, "That he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier."

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

406. "I was a Christian and a Sunday-school teacher, with a bright class of boys. I had just recently been promoted from the position of brakeman to that of conductor, after a long service. One day I received orders to run an extra Sunday train for a circus. To refuse was to lose my place. After a few days of bitter conflict, I returned to the office, and walked up to the manager as he sat, and said, in a respectful tone, 'I have been detailed to run the circus-train Sunday morning, and I cannot do it on the Sabbath.'

"Imagine my astonishment, as he looked me full in the face and said: '*You!* been detailed to run *Sunday trains!* I am surprised! You go right home, and don't you worry about Sunday trains.'

"I have never been detailed for Sunday work since. But the men who *offered to do work for extra pay on the Sabbath have long since been discharged.*"

(3.) HOLINESS.

SEEING THE GOSPEL.

407. "Have you ever heard the gospel before?" asked an Englishman, at Ning-Po, of a respectable Chinaman, whom he

had not seen in his mission-room before. "No," he replied, "but I have seen it. I know a man who used to be the terror of his neighborhood. If you gave him a hard word, he would shout at you, and curse you for two days and nights without ceasing. He was as dangerous as a wild beast, and a bad opium smoker; but when the religion of Jesus took hold of him, he became wholly changed. He is gentle, moral, not soon angry, and has left off opium. Truly the teaching is good!"

A LIGHT THAT CANNOT BE HID.

408. A prominent New England merchant was converted during one of Dr. Pentecost's meetings, but determined to keep it a secret. He had been a very passionate and profane man, and when any of his cargoes of fruit came in in bad condition, his profanity was frightful. The next morning after he had decided to give himself to Christ, he went down to his receiving store, where his men were engaged in opening out a cargo of oranges which were in an unusually bad condition. Instead of cursing, as he had always done previously, he pleasantly remarked to the men to sort them over and do the best they could with them. The men immediately jumped to a conclusion as to what had happened, and one of them told Mr. Pentecost of it the next day. Dr. Pentecost mentioned the circumstance in his address that evening, not knowing that the merchant was present. At the close of the meeting, he arose and acknowledged that he was the man to whom reference had been made, and publicly confessed Christ.

"MY SEAMS WILL NEVER RIP AGAIN."

409. A seamstress, a quiet, steady girl, who had always gone regularly to church, was converted, and to all outward appearances her life was just as before. Some one asked her: "Mary, what does being converted mean? What difference does it make to you? Are you not doing just the same as you did before?" And she answered, "No, indeed; there's many a time when I've been pressed that I've sent home seams scarcely fastened, so that they'd be sure to rip; but, please God, since I've been converted, my seams will never rip again."

IS OUR WHEAT GOOD?

410. In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest Dutch farmer on the Mohawk, was asked

his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were on the right way to heaven. "Vell, den," said he, "ven we ride our wheat to Albany, some say dis road is de best, and some dat; but it don't make much difference vich road we take, for ven we get dare dey never ask us vich vay we come—and it's none of their business—*if our wheat is good.*"

A LIVING EPISTLE.

411. When the first missionaries at Madagascar had converted some of the islanders there, a Christian sea captain asked a former chief what it was that first led him to become a Christian.

"Was it any particular sermon you heard, or book you read?" asked the captain.

"No, my friend," replied the chief, "it was no book nor sermon. One man, he a wicked thief; another man, he drunk all day long; big chief, he beat his wife and children. Now thief, he no steal; drunken Tom, he sober; big chief, he very kind to his family. Every heathen man gets something inside him, which make him different; so I become a Christian, too, to know how it felt to have something strong inside of me, to keep me from being bad."

That old chief had the right idea of Christianity.

"ON DIFFERENT TRACKS."

412. An eminent Eastern divine was riding, some years ago, on one of two railways which ran side by side for a mile or two, and then diverged, ending at points far distant from each other. Sitting with him was a clergyman of "liberal" views, who had what he supposed to be an unanswerable question to ask.

"You orthodox have among you regenerate souls, as you call them, who are proud, and penurious, and uncomfortable to others, as husbands, fathers, and friends. Then, too, you have unregenerate sinners who are amiable and genial, public spirited, and, in short, make for the present, at least, a better show than the saints. Now, I want to know the real difference between the worst Christian and the best sinner."

Just then, his friend, looking out the car window, saw another train moving by their side, and said, "You see that other train?"

"Yes."

"With the same number of cars as ours?"

"Yes."

"And the two engines are alike?"

"Yes."

"Not much difference as to looks between them?"

"No."

"But, my dear friend, they are running *on different tracks!*"

"BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

413. Gertrude of Swabia, wife of Rudolf von der Wart, when her husband was broken upon the wheel, by the cruel order of Frederick, Duke of Austria, remained two nights and two days by the horrible instrument of lingering death, in spite of enemies who abused her, and even tried to drag her away, sustaining the sufferer's spirit by her brave Christian words, and sometimes climbing the wheel to moisten his dying lips, and cover his limbs from the stormy wind. His last words were, "Gertrude, this is fidelity till death."

A HEATHEN'S IDEA OF CHRISTIANITY.

414. At one of our mission stations in India, one of the native preachers became engaged in a warm discussion with a Brahmin, during which the latter used strong language, and spoke very loudly. A friend, standing by, said that such talk would offend the preacher. "No, no," the Brahmin replied, "he will not get angry, whatever you say to him. It is a part of his religion never to get angry or tell a lie." The Christian religion had certainly made some impression upon his mind.

FRUITS OF THE GOSPEL.

415. A young man, a French Canadian, was lately converted by the hearing of the gospel. One of the first things he did was to return to the village from which he had recently arrived, and pay there the debts from which he had fled. His creditors were amazed to see him again, and to learn the purpose of his return.

PRACTICING MORE THAN HE PREACHES.

416. The following anecdote illustrates how thoroughly the late Dr. Guthrie's holy life and efforts to raise the fallen had im-

pressed even the lewd fellows of the baser sort: In Glasgow, a number of low drunkards were making remarks not at all complimentary to ministers, when one of them interposed with, "I'll tell ye a gude mon, a really gude mon."

"Wha's that?" asked three voices at once.

"Weel," was the reply, "that's just Tam Guthrie."

"Aye! you've said it noo," was the remark of another. "I believe Dr. Guthrie to be as gude a mon as ever waggit his pow in a poopit. He's different frae the ithers a'thegither. He practices mair than he preaches."

"HOW HE LIVED."

417. A gentleman of infidel sentiments was deprived by death of a brother, whom he tenderly loved. The brother was an earnest Christian. His joyful and believing death was cited by a clergyman, while condoling with the gentleman in his affliction, and used as a text to discourse to him on the merits and saving power of Christ.

The infidel grew impatient. "I do not need any such proofs," he said. "I have little faith in death-bed evidences. It's more to me *how he lived*."

"TOO MUCH GOD, AND NO FLOUR."

418. The importance of benevolence and charity along with piety is well understood. It *ought to be* better acted upon.

Old Chief Pocotello, now at the Fort Hall Agency, in answer to an inquiry relative to the true Christian character of a former Indian agent at that place, gave, in very terse language, as accurate a description of a hypocrite as was ever given to the public:

"Ugh! Too much God, and no flour."

. A LEGEND OF ST. ARNULPH.

419. Arnulph was the son of a physician. He was preparing himself for the calling of his father. One day he came to his father and said, "Father, let me go into the cloister, and serve God." But his father said: "Thou doest well to wish to serve God. As a physician thou mayest serve him, and serve thy fellow-men, also." "To serve God is better than men," answered Arnulph. "Pray this night for God's guidance, O son! Tomorrow I will do as thou wilt."

So Arnulph went and prayed God to receive him as his servant. And his eyes were opened, and lo! an angel, whose hands were full of roses. "Behold," said the angel, "the offerings of those who serve God."

"And can I offer him anything?" asked Arnulph. "Lo! here in my left hand is thy offering also," said the angel. Arnulph asked again: "Why are the roses in thy left hand scentless? Those in thy right hand are full of fragrance." But the angel answered: "In my left hand are their offerings who serve the Heavenly Father, but care not to serve his children. In my right hand are their offerings who serve God and serve man also."

This is the legend of St. Arnulph, surnamed Holy Prophet.

HEROIC SELF-DENIAL.

420. In a battle against the Spaniards, fought at Warnsfeld, in the sixteenth century, on behalf of the Dutch, Sir Philip Sydney was fatally wounded. As he lay on the field in agony, and parched with thirst, his devoted followers brought him a vessel of water, procured at a distance, with great difficulty, during the heat of battle. But seeing a soldier lying near, mangled like himself and apparently expiring, Sir Philip refused the water, saying, "Give it to that poor man; his sufferings are greater than mine!"

TWO WORDS.

421. Two words ruled the life of Wm. E. Dodge. The one was conscience, the other was Christ. When, at a council of distinguished military officers, all reversed their wine glasses at dinner, it was a tribute to the conscience of the noble Christian who was their guest. When a great corporation proposed to drive traffic on the Lord's day, he fearlessly said to his fellow-directors, "If you break God's law for a dividend, I go out."

"I HAVE SEEN JESUS."

422. The *Interior* thus testifies to the conversion of a poor, half-witted fellow, who was also a profane brawler and a common drunkard. During a revival, he began to inquire the way of salvation—and *he found it*. But from that hour to this, he has never faltered in his course, and though many years have passed,

has never yielded so much as an inch to his vicious habits. His constancy and consistency are even as much superior to that of other disciples, as his simplicity is greater than theirs. He is always in his place. He has worn out two or three Bibles, for he had before learned to read a little, and now put himself to the task in earnest. He gets a few dollars of earnings which he does not want, and goes to his pastor, requesting him to apply it to some good use which he does not know how to select. When asked by his friends, for that is the general wonder, "How is it that your old habits of profanity and drunkenness have never once got advantage of you?" his uniform reply is, "*Why, I have seen Jesus.*"

"CLANE INSIDE."

423. At one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a clergyman asked the question, "What is holiness?" After some pause, a poor Irish convert, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up, and said, "Plaise your Riverence, it's to be clane inside."

"POLISHED CLEAN THROUGH."

424. A simple-hearted old farmer visited the new capital at Albany. After wandering through the halls and corridors, and seeing a great many beautiful things, he came to a large column of Scotch granite, highly polished. He examined it closely, knocked it with his knuckle, and then inquired, "What is that?" He was told that it was Scotch granite; to which he replied: "You don't say! Is that Scotch granite?—*and is it polished like that clean through?*"

That would be a pungent question to ask of certain ones who are intellectually orthodox and ceremonially pious. To be a child of God "clean through" is something more than living righteously according to programme, or religiously by rote. A string of opinions, said John Wesley, no more constitutes faith, than a string of beads constitutes holiness.

A LITTLE QUAKER BOY'S PRAYER.

425. A little Quaker boy, about six years old, after sitting, like the rest of the congregation, in silence, all being afraid to speak first, as he thought, got up in his seat and folding his arms

over his breast, murmured, in a clear, sweet voice, "I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder, and gooder, and gooder, till there is no bad left."

"TREAT HIM COOLLY."

426. Said one to another, "How is it, brother, that the tempter seems to trouble you so little?"

"Because I treat him so coolly," was the answer.

It is always the better way, under all circumstances, to treat his Satanic majesty coolly. If Eve had treated him with proper coldness, and not turned aside to listen to his subtle reasonings, she never would have been turned out of paradise.

"RESISTING UNTO BLOOD, STRIVING AGAINST SIN."

427. At the battle of Fourche Dam, a few miles below the city of Little Rock, on the 10th of September, 1863, a Missouri brigade crossed the creek and captured an Illinois battery by a sudden bayonet charge.

The captain of the battery, a young man from Chicago, stood by one of the guns with a revolver in each hand, firing rapidly. He was completely surrounded, but refused to surrender. The Confederates, in admiration of his bravery, stopped firing and cheered him. He was repeatedly told to surrender, and as often refused. He continued to fire, and had wounded several men.

"This thing is gettin' tiresome, cap'n," yelled a lank Missourian, "an' if you don't behave yourself an' quit your sky-larkin', you'll git hurt."

The brave fellow, with a disdainful gesture, exclaimed:—

"I told the people of Chicago that I would never surrender this battery, and I'll keep my word," and he leveled the pistol at the Missourian. But the lank man was too quick for him, and throwing up his pistol, he fired. Captain Reed fell across his gun, shot through the heart.

"Brave man," said the boys, as they laid him on the ground, preparatory to removing the gun. "Brave man; it's a pity we had to kill him."

The gun, with its death mark of life's blood, was drawn away by the Confederates, and used in a dozen different battles, but no one ever washed off the blood. Once, when an officer asked one of the men why he did not wash his gun, the soldier related the circumstance of Reed's death. "Let the blood remain," said the officer; "it is a mark of respect to the memory of a brave man."

A SECOND SALVATION.

428. An Irishman who had been converted under Mr. Moody's work in Boston, remained steadfast for quite a year. He was then led away, became intoxicated, and was found in the gutter somewhat the worse for a fight. He immediately returned to the meeting with all the marks of his recent debauch still visible on his face, and made humble confession. When he found himself in the gutter, he said to himself, "Git up from this, and go off to the Lord as quick as ever yez can, and get your sins forgiven, and your soul washed from the horrid dhrink." He continued: "I saw in a moment how I was jist livin' in a very land of timp-tation. I'm here to tell yez about me second salvation. First, the good Lord saved me from me sins; and now he has saved me from the old sinful associations."

 HOW CHARACTER PREACHES.

429. On a bright summer morning, by the side of a country road running along the Hudson, two men stood talking together. One was a judge of high social standing and legal distinction, the other was a stone-mason; and the conversation was about the building of a new wall near the place where they were standing. Just coming into sight, as he trudged along the path on his way to church, was a plain Scotch farmer, well known as a God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping, honest, hard-working man. His chief ambition seemed to be to rear a large family of children in the fear of God and honorable in the sight of men, which his example was well fitted to do. In the midst of an animated explanation of what he wanted in a new wall, the judge caught sight of the farmer. Stopping suddenly, he said:—

"There comes David Stuart. It will never do to let him see us talking business on Sabbath morning; we will just step behind this bit of wall until he passes."

The judge and the mason crouched down behind the wall until the plodding footsteps of the farmer echoed faintly in the distance; and the good man passed from sight, all unconscious of the silent reproof his appearance had caused, while the judge, with feelings, one would think, belittling to his manliness, crept from his hiding place to continue his conscious and confessed desecration of the Lord's day.

The next morning, the incident was related to the farmer by the mason, who was himself a Scotchman, though unhappily not so conscientious as his friend. He told the story with some glee, adding:—

"Wha wad a' thocht, maun, that ye had sich a pooer in ye as to mak' the judge hide behint the wall for fear o' ye?"

"LITTLE PIETY."

430. Probably nowhere in the world can hypocrisy find less toleration than in the army, or for less time maintain its mask. A Southern colonel gives an account of "Little Ned," a young private in his regiment, and the wonderful power of his consistent religious character among his comrades, of which the following are some specimen glimpses:—

"One day one of our men was swearing furiously, when Ned came and put his hand on the man's arm, and said, 'Please don't speak so.' He was looking right into the savage man's eyes. I looked to see him knock Ned down, for he was the worst tempered man I ever knew. But he looked at little Ned, and said, 'Beg your pardon, Little Piety; didn't mean to swar.'

"So I asked an orderly why they called Ned 'Little Piety,' and he said, '*It's 'cause he's so pious, sir. He prays and sings, kind o' low like, in his tent; and says grace at mess, all to himself; and don't never do nothin' wrong.*'

* * * * *

"One day some of the men asked if they might have a hospital tent that was not in use, for a Sunday-school.

"'Why,' said I, 'is the chaplain going to open a Sunday-school in the camp?'

"'No,' said they; 'it's Little Piety.'

"'Will the men go?' I asked.

"'Yes, indeed, sir,' they said. 'Little Piety is up to it, you see. *He's got the real pious, that shows out good every day.*'

* * * * *

"And when finally little Ned fell in battle, the whole command turned out to follow the dead body of that blue-eyed comrade to the grave; and strong men cried that day, men whose eyes had not quailed under a heavy battery fire."

THE GREAT INFLUENCE OF A CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN.

431. A gentleman in England said that he owed his conversion mainly to the marked consistency of a merchant who lived not far from him. His neighbor was a Christian, and professed to carry on his large business on strictly Christian principles. This surprised him; but not being sure of its reality, he deter-

mined to watch him for a year, and if at the end of that time he found that he was really what he professed to be, he would become a Christian also. All the year he watched without finding any flaw or inconsistency in his dealing. The result was a thorough conviction that the merchant was a true man, and that religion was a reality. When the merchant heard the circumstances of the case, he was filled with gratitude, but at the same time trembled as he thought what might have happened had he stumbled through any unwatchfulness, when so observed, and for such an end.

"UNDER MY AUNT'S PRACTICING."

432. Faith that is *lived* is what gives efficacy to faith professed.

Rev. Dr. Deems is accustomed to relate some feeling incident before the first hymn in church, on Sunday morning. Recently he told this: "A Christian man one day said to a friend, 'Under whose preaching were you converted?' 'Nobody's,' was the answer; 'it was under my aunt's *practicing*.'" He then made an earnest appeal to aunts to examine their characters and lives, to see if these contained converting power.

"HIS LIFE IS RIGHT."

433. An infidel was thought to be dying, and his wife, being concerned for him, asked leave to send for some one to come in and pray. After a moment's thought, the man said: "You may send for old Mr. Read. I know him. His life is right." The good old man came and prayed with him. The infidel recovered, and became a pious and useful man.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

434. Very good people sometimes unconsciously exert a bad influence, by allowing bad men to get behind them and use them as excuses for their wickedness. We give an illustration of this truth:

There was no better man in all his neighborhood than Mr. Joseph Harper, the father of the well-known publishers, Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York. But old Joe Harper was a great tobacco-chewer. His love for "the weed" was known far and

near, and nobody supposed he would ever give it up, as he was well advanced in years. One of his neighbors was a notorious drunkard. A friend took this neighbor to task one day for his habits, and entreated him to quit drinking. "Give up liquor?" said the man; "why, I could no more stop drinking than old Joe Harper could give up tobacco." This conversation was reported to Mr. Harper. "Does that old drunkard say so?" said Mr. Harper. "He shall not get behind me with his rum. I will show him that old Joe Harper *can* give up tobacco." He thereupon threw the tobacco from his mouth, and he never touched it again during his life.

"SO FOLKS WON'T STUMBLE OVER ME."

435. Mr. Moody tells of a blind beggar sitting by the sidewalk, on a dark night, with a bright lantern by his side; whereat a passer-by was so puzzled that he had to turn back with, "What in the world do you keep a lantern burning for? You can't see?" "So folks won't stumble over me," was the reply. We should keep our lights burning for others' sakes, as well as for the good of being "in the light" ourselves.

(4.) CONFESSING CHRIST.

"I LOVE JESUS—DO YOU?"

436. "A little more than six years ago, a friend, who is deeply interested in work for Christ among our sailors, told me that, at the close of a prayer-meeting of which he had been the leader, a young seaman, who had only a few nights before been converted, came up to him, and laying a blank card before him, requested him to write a few words upon it, 'because,' he said, 'you will do it more plainly than I can.' 'What must I write?' said my friend. 'Write these words, sir: 'I love Jesus—do you?'" After he had written them, my friend said, 'Now you must tell me what you are going to do with the card.' He replied: 'I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stand at once I may begin to be ashamed of my religion, and let myself be laughed out of it altogether. Now, as soon as I go on board, I shall walk straight to my bunk and nail up this card upon it, that every one may know that I am a Christian, and may

give up all hope of making me either ashamed or afraid of adhering to the Lord.”

CARLYLE'S REBUKE.

437. “One evening,” says William Howie Wylie, “at a small literary gathering at which Thomas Carlyle was present, a lady, famous for her ‘muslin theology,’ was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our Savior, and ended her diatribe by expressing regret that he had not appeared in our own time.

“‘How delighted,’ said she, ‘we should all be to throw our doors open to him, and listen to his Divine precepts. Don’t you think so, Mr. Carlyle?’

“Thus appealed to, he replied: ‘No, madam, I don’t. I think that, had he come very fashionably dressed, with plenty of money, and preaching doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would be written, “To meet our Savior”; but if he had come uttering his sublime precepts, and denouncing the Pharisees, and associating with the publicans and lower orders, as he did, you would have treated him much as the Jews did, and have cried out, “Take him to Newgate and hang him.”’”

ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

438. A fire burst out from a house during the absence of the mother, and in a few minutes the building was enveloped in smoke and flames. The mother returned, and rushed through the crowd toward the blazing house; but the firemen caught her, and held her back. She cried, “Oh, my child!” and, breaking loose, ran forward. The stairs and floors were on fire, and the house was filled with stifling smoke and heat; but the mother, led by the instinct of love, found her child, wrapped up in the bed-clothes, and carried her out. The mother then fell helpless to the ground, horribly burnt. For many months she lay quivering between life and death; but, ultimately, she recovered, with distorted face and deformed body. Years passed away, and the saved child became a woman. Being at a social gathering one day, a friend said to her, “Dear me, what a shocking sight! Who can that woman be, with that deformed body, and that horrible face?” *The girl was ashamed to say, “It’s my mother; she saved my life at the risk of her own.”* She was ashamed to own her brave and loving mother. Dear friends, have not some of us been similarly ashamed of our dear Savior, Jesus Christ?

THE LAST CHANCE TO CONFESS CHRIST.

439. A suggestive incident was narrated by our young men who visit the poor-house. At one of their Sunday visits, an aged German woman rose, and in her broken English said that she had thought for some time that she would confess Jesus for the first time, and now she felt that it might be her last opportunity. In conversation afterward she gave evidence of accepting the Savior, and before the next meeting she died.

A BRAVE CONFESSION.

440. A gentleman in Boston, belonging to a wealthy and aristocratic family, was converted at one of Mr. Moody's meetings. He proposed keeping it a secret, as the circle in which he moved was inclined to sneer at religion. Shortly afterward he was a guest at a large dinner party, where Mr. Moody's work was ridiculed, and finally even Christ and his cross sneered at. Unable to stand it any longer, he arose, and addressing his host, said: "I do not wish to seem rude; but I cannot be true to myself, or to my God, and let this conversation go on any longer. I beg to say that Mr. Moody is my friend, and that through his work I have been led to Christ, whom I believe to be the Son of God, and in the merits of whose blood I am trusting for forgiveness and eternal life. Not wishing to disturb the freedom of your party, I beg leave of my kind host to retire from this table."

A HINDOO WOMAN'S PREFERENCE.

441. A missionary, preaching at Nallamaram (India), noticed a woman wearing a dress rather too dirty to look becoming in a place of worship. He asked her about it, and she told him she was very poor, and that was the only dress she had in the world.

"Have you always been so poor?" he inquired.

"No, sir; once I had money and jewels, but the Maravers robbed me of everything—only they said if I would give up my new religion they would give them all back."

"And why did you not do so, and get your property again?"

"Because *I would rather be a poor Christian than a rich heathen.*"

MUCH LIKE TESTIFYING IN PUBLIC.

442. A visitor to the country one time was washing himself and combing his hair, and a countryman, who was watching him

with deep interest, said, "Mister, do you do that every morning?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," he said, "I have combed my hair once in three months, and it bothers me so, I will never undertake it again."

(5.) LOVE TO CHRIST.

A BROKEN CRUCIFIX.

443. An ignorant woman, in New York City, a German Catholic, accidentally broke an earthen crucifix, which she had worn for years, hung from a string around her neck.

"Oh," she cried, "what shall I do now? My dear Christ is broken all to pieces!"

In her distress, she went to a neighbor in the next tenement-room. The neighbor, who was also a German woman, happened to be a Protestant, and she said: "Don't grieve; I'll tell you how you can make up your loss. Do as I do; I keep the Savior *in my heart*."

The poor woman needed instruction, but she was interested, and listened, and learned at last to possess Christ by faith; and her hungering heart was satisfied.

ABIDING IN CHRIST.

444. A minister once used the following beautiful illustration:—

"When I was in England, a lady told me a sweet story, illustrative of what it is to have Christ between us and everything else. She said she was wakened up by a very strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window pane in great fright, and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass, and expected every minute to be caught, and the sparrow did not see the glass, and expected every minute to catch the butterfly; yet all the while that butterfly was as safe as if it had been three miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow.

"So it is with Christians who are abiding with Christ. His presence is between them and every danger. I do not believe that Satan understands about this mighty and invisible power

that protects us, or else he would not waste his efforts in trying to get us."

THE REMEMBERED HYMN.

445. A few years ago, a company of Indians were captured on the Western frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children. They had been with the savages for years. Word was sent throughout the region, inviting all who had lost children to come and see if among the captives they could recognize their own. A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of her darlings, a boy and a girl. With mingled hope and fear she came; with fast-throbbing heart she approached the group. They were strangers to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with mother-love and earnestness, peered into their faces, one after another; but there was nothing in any that she could claim. Nor was there anything in her to light up their cold faces. With the dull pain of despair at her heart, she was turning away, when she paused, choked back the tears, and, in soft tones, began to sing the touching hymn which she had long been wont to sing to her little ones. The first stanza was not completed before a boy and a girl left the group, and ran up to her, exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma!" and she folded her lost ones to her bosom. The children of the covenant know the voice of their Redeemer—the sweet, familiar evangel, "Come unto Me." It is the voice that in the Great Restitution will summon all His own from the four corners of the earth.

(6.) JOY IN CHRIST.

A WRONG CONCLUSION.

446. An American gentleman said to a friend, "I wish you would come down to my garden and taste my apples." He asked him about a dozen times, but the friend never did come, and at last the fruit-grower said, "I suppose you think my apples are good for nothing; so you won't come and try them." "Well, to tell the truth," said the friend, "I have tasted them. As I went along the road, I picked up one that fell over the wall, and I never tasted anything so sour in all my life; and I do not particularly wish to have any more of your fruit." "Oh," said the owner of

the garden, "I thought it must be so. Why, don't you know those apples around the outside are for the special benefit of the boys. I went fifty miles to select the sourest sorts to plant all around the orchard, so that the boys might give them up as not worth stealing; but if you will come inside you will find that we grow a very different quality there, sweet as honey."

Now, you will find that on the outskirts of religion there are a number of "Thou shalt nots," and "Thou shalt," and convictions, and alarms. If you can pass by the exterior bitters, and give yourselves right up to Christ, and live for him, your power shall be like the waves of the sea; and you shall find that the fruits of "this apple-tree among the trees of the wood" are the most delicious that can be enjoyed this side of our eternal home.

"NO HAPPY OLD MEN."

447. "I met him one day on his way to the place where prayer was wont to be made. He had just passed the mile-stone of life labeled, 'Seventy years.' His back was bent, his limbs trembled beside his staff; his clothes were old, his voice was husky, his hair was white, his eyes were dim, and his face was furrowed. Withal, he seemed still fond of life, and full of gladness,—not at all put out with his lot. He hummed the lines of a familiar hymn, as his legs and cane carried him along.

"'Aged friend,' said I, 'why should an old man be merry?'

"'All are not,' said he.

"'Well, why then should you be merry?'

"'Because I belong to the Lord.'

"'Are none other happy at your time of life?'

"'No, not one, my friendly questioner,' said he; and as he said more, his form straightened into the stature of his younger days, and something of inspiration set a beautiful glow across his countenance. 'Listen, please, to the truth, from one who knows, then wing it round the world, and no man of threescore years and ten shall be found to gainsay my words,—THE DEVIL HAS NO HAPPY OLD MEN!'"

"IN A HURRY TO BE A CHRISTIAN."

448. An inebriate, while seeking the Divine remedy for his disease, said, with burning earnestness: "I am in a hurry to be a Christian. I must be a Christian to be safe."

(7.) LOVE AND FORGIVENESS.

CONTROVERSY.

449. Mr. Munhall tells the following fable:—

“Two men arranged to make a journey on foot together; but by some hindering cause, A was detained, and B started off. The next day A started, and before sunset overtook B. B cried out, ‘Why, I thought you were not going to start until this morning.’ A replied, ‘Well, I didn’t; but what have you been doing since yesterday morning that you haven’t gone farther?’ ‘Well,’ said B, ‘the dogs came out and barked at me, and I had to throw stones at them, and frighten them away. Didn’t they bark at you?’ ‘Certainly, but I just let them bark away, and walked on, and have journeyed as far in one day as you in two.’”

“I SHALL LOVE YOU STILL.”

450. A man in Dartmouth, Massachusetts, who had been very intemperate, profane, and reckless, gave evidence of conversion, and soon after made application for baptism. The church was cautious, and advised him to wait a month. He did not complain. The next month he came, but some of the brethren were still reluctant and fearful. They were satisfied with his Christian life thus far, but doubted if he had quite escaped the thralldom of his old bad appetites. Another month the candidate waited, without complaint, continuing faithful to every religious duty, and increasing every day the confidence of his Christian friends in him. When he applied the third time, there was but one, a deacon of the church, who objected to receiving him. But the vote must be unanimous, and sorrowfully he was put off for another month. The convert was deeply grieved, but showed no resentment.

“I love the church,” he said, as he rose to go, “and I should be glad to live and die in its fellowship; but, brethren, if you never receive me, I shall love you still.”

“That is too much for me,” said the deacon, when the man had gone out; “call him back.”

The man was baptized, and proved a steadfast Christian.

RECONCILIATION.

451. “About seven years ago, in a large prayer-meeting, I was urging every one present to put away every hindrance to an

immediate personal transaction with God, in which the soul might find instant forgiveness. I saw a man leave his pew in a hurried, excited state, and go into the vestry. A messenger called two or three others to go into the same place. The man who first went, shortly after came back to his seat, and the others returned to the pews where they had been sitting. At the close of the service, I inquired into the reasons for the commotion, and I was told there had been a quarrel; that the first man who went was seeking peace with God, and could not find it until he had been reconciled to his offended brethren—and he had gone to seek reconciliation; that he had sent for them to come into the vestry, asked forgiveness and given it, and that they were as glad as he to be friends again. Immediately on returning to his seat, the God of mercy met him, and He blessed him there."

REVENGE.

452. During the American Revolutionary War there was living, in Pennsylvania, Peter Miller, pastor of a little Baptist church. Near the church lived a man who secured an unenviable notoriety by his abuse of Miller and the Baptists. He was also guilty of treason, and was for this sentenced to death. No sooner was the sentence pronounced than Peter Miller set out on foot to visit General Washington, at Philadelphia, to intercede for the man's life. He was told that his prayer for his friend could not be granted. "My friend!" exclaimed Miller; "I have not a worse enemy living than that man." "What!" rejoined Washington, "you have walked sixty miles to save the life of your enemy? That, in my judgment, puts the matter in a different light. I will grant you his pardon." The pardon was made out, and Miller at once proceeded on foot to a place fifteen miles distant, where the execution was to take place on the afternoon of the same day. He arrived just as the man was being carried to the scaffold, who, seeing Miller in the crowd, remarked: "There is old Peter Miller. He has walked all the way from Ephrata to have his revenge gratified to-day by seeing me hung." These words were scarcely spoken before Miller gave him his pardon, and his life was spared.

"COALS OF FIRE."

453. A slave, who had by the force of his sterling worth risen high in the confidence of his master, saw, one day, trembling in the slave market, a negro, whose gray head and bent form showed

him to be in the last weakness of old age. He implored his master to purchase him. He expressed his surprise, but gave his consent. The old man was bought, and conveyed to the estate. When there, he who had pleaded for him took him to his own cabin; placed him in his own bed; fed him at his own board; gave him water from his own cup; when he shivered, carried him into the sunshine; when he drooped in the heat, bore him softly to the shade. "What is the meaning of all that?" asked a witness. "Is he your father?" "No." "Is he your brother?" "No." "Is he, then, your friend?" "No; he is my enemy. Years ago he stole me from my native village, and sold me for a slave; and the good Lord has said, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"

A CHRISTIAN GIRL'S REVENGE.

454. Two men, living in the southern part of Africa, had a quarrel, and became bitter enemies to each other. After a while, one of them found a little girl, belonging to his enemy, in the woods at some distance from her father's house. He seized her and cut off both her hands; and as he sent her home screaming with her bleeding wrists, he said to her, "I have had my revenge." Years passed away. The little girl had grown up to be almost a young woman. One day there came to her father's door a poor, worn-out, gray-headed old man, who asked for something to eat. She knew him at once as the cruel man who had cut off her hands. She went into the hut, and ordered the servant to take him bread and milk, as much as he could eat, and sat down and watched him eat it. When he had finished, she dropped the covering that hid her handless wrists from view, and holding them up before him, she exclaimed, "I have had *my* revenge!" repeating the very sentence he had uttered when he so cruelly maimed her. The man was overwhelmed with surprise and humiliation. The secret of it was, that in the meantime the girl had become a Christian, and had learned the meaning of the verse, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head." How beautiful the conduct of this injured Christian girl appears in contrast with that of her heathen enemy!

FORGIVING AN ENEMY.

455. The son of a murdered Maori lately acted in a manner which showed how the most powerful passions of human nature

are conquered and tamed by God's grace. A missionary was returning to England, and held a service before he left, at which the Lord's Supper was administered. Suddenly, a Maori, who had come and knelt before the table, rose and walked back to his seat without taking the bread and wine. While the missionary was wondering why he had done this, the man came back and knelt, and received the tokens of the love of Christ. Why had he acted in this way? When he knelt down, he found himself side by side with a man who had murdered his father and drunk his blood. "I had never seen him since," he said, "till I found myself kneeling by his side." When that murderous deed was done, they were both heathen; now they were Christians. A sudden impulse of disgust and revenge came upon the man. That was why he rose and went away. But a voice seemed to say to him, "*By this shall all men know* that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." He thought a moment. He thought of the Crucified One; of his blood; of his cry, "Father, forgive them." He arose and went back, and knelt beside the man who had slain his father. The savage New Zealander was a follower of Jesus.

(8.) INCONSISTENT LIFE.

"PAY LIKE A SINNER."

456. The story is familiar to many, of the North Carolina inn-keeper's plain dealing with a clerical guest, in the days when traveling ministers in that State mostly lodged and fared free. With the simple hospitality usual then (at least in primitive taverns, when customers were few), the landlord waited personally on his "reverend" guest, attending to all his wants, and even staying to take the candle after he had seen him comfortably in bed. In the morning, when, after breakfast, the minister was about to go away, leaving only his thanks, the landlord surprised him by presenting his bill.

"Why, I thought it was not customary to charge ministers for lodging and refreshments," said the guest.

"How do I know that you are a minister?" returned the inn-keeper. "You ate supper and breakfast without asking a blessing, you went to bed without a prayer, and you've talked with us here without giving a word or sign of religion. You came to my house like a sinner, and *you must pay like a sinner.*"

“ARE YOU A COMMUNICANT?”

457. “It is always a terrible condemnation of a church member,” says Dr. Cuyler, “that no one should suspect him of being one. We have heard of a young lady who engaged for many months in a round of frivolities, utterly forgetful of her covenant with Christ. One Sabbath morning, on being asked by a gay companion to accompany him to a certain place, she declined, on the ground that it was the communion Sabbath in her own church. ‘Are *you* a communicant?’ was the cutting reply. The arrow went to her heart. She felt that she had denied the Lord who died for her. That keen rebuke brought her to repentance, and a re-conversion.”

A GOOD ANSWER.

458. At a church prayer-meeting not far from Boston, a man whose credit was not the best, and who was somewhat noted for his failure to meet his obligations, arose to speak. The subject of the evening was, “What shall I do to be saved?” Commencing in measured tones, he quoted the passage, “What shall I do to be saved?” He paused, and again more emphatically asked the question, “What shall I do to be saved?” Again, with increased solemnity and impressiveness of manner, he repeated the momentous inquiry, when a voice from the assembly, in clear and distinct tones, answered, “Go and pay John Williams for that yoke of oxen you bought of him!”

A SORRY LOVE.

459. Frederick Morel had so strong an attachment to study, that when he was informed of his wife's being on the point of death, he would not lay down his pen till he had finished what he was upon; and when she was dead, as she was before they could prevail on him to stir, he was only heard to reply, coldly, “I am very sorry; she was a good woman.” Such is often the doubtful love of Christians for their Lord.

“BETTER BE SURE THAN SORRY.”

460. These words were the answer of a garden-worker, when his employer expressed a doubt about the necessity of covering

certain vegetation from threatened frost: "Better be sure than sorry."

When we see a professing Christian hesitating about engaging in some employment or amusement of doubtful character in its effect on spiritual life and influence, we think of the wise poor man's caution, "Better be *sure* than *sorry*." And when we hear the skeptic cavil, or the scorner laugh, over that question which puts all others in shadow, "Where shall I spend eternity?" to the same warning we seem to listen, "Better be sure than sorry," and that forever.

SPECIOUS SELF-SACRIFICE.

461. A man who wished to curtail expenses, asked his family what they would sacrifice. One said coffee, another tea and sugar, etc. Finally, the youngest boy said, after careful consideration: "I'll give up salt mackerel. We don't have it often, and I don't like it any way."

"IT'S NO' BILIN'."

462. The late Dr. William Arnot, of Edinburgh, used to tell of his being at a railway station, where he grew weary of waiting for the train to move. He inquired if the trouble was want of water. "Plenty of water," was the quick reply, "but it's no' bilin'."

We have no lack of religious machinery in church and Sabbath-schools and benevolent societies. The engines are on the track, and the trainmen are in their places. If there is little or no progress, may it not be that the water is "no' bilin'?"

GROUND-HOG CHRISTIANS.

463. Says Dr. Munhall: "Some Christians are like ground-hogs—they only come out of their holes in the warm weather of revivals. How can we close up their holes and keep them out?"

"LORD! LORD!"

464. Some years ago, a drunkard applied to a Connecticut deacon, who kept a grocery, for a pint of whisky. "Can't sell it

to you," said the deacon. "Why?" "Because the law won't allow me to sell less than a quart." The half-intoxicated customer replied promptly and truly, "Deacon, if you ain't any better than the law makes you, you'll go to hell, sure."

AN INCONSISTENT PROFESSOR.

465. Many years ago, there was in the North of Scotland a man who long and resolutely forsook all religious ordinances. When expostulated with by a minister, he made this remarkable statement regarding a noted professor, whom he once greatly honored for his piety: "That man's proved hypocrisy, after such a profession, was the beginning of my ruin, and ever after I could neither bear religion nor religious men."

PROFITLESS PREACHING.

466. A Scotch minister thus discoursed on the carelessness of his flock: "Brethren, when you leave the church, just look down at the duke's swans. They are very bonny swans, an' they'll be sooming about, an' aye dooking doon their heads, an' laving theirsels wi' the clear water till they're a drookit. Then you'll see them sooming to the shore, an' they'll gie their wings a bit flap an' they're dry again. Now, my friends, you come here every Sabbath, an' I lav you a' ower wi' the gospel till ye'er fairly drookit wi' it. But you just gang awa' hame, an' sit doon by your fireside, gie your wings a bit flap, an' ye're as dry as ever again."

A WRONG RIGHTEOUSNESS.

467. Remember the good old rabbi, who was awakened by one of his twelve sons, saying, "Behold! my eleven brothers lie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to praise and pray." "Son," said the wise father, "you had better be asleep, too, than wake to censure your brothers." No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see and speak of other people's faults.

"WHAT OTHERS DON'T DO."

468. Recording some recent improvements in a certain parish, a religious weekly says: "Two faithful brethren are just driving

the last nail, after many days of labor, on a dilapidating meeting-house. Many other as able, but more indifferent men, were members of the same church. The question was asked, "Brethren, do you not get discouraged losing so much time, with but little help?" "O, no," replies Bro. F.; "I do not do any too much for the Lord." "No," responded Bro. E.; "it is not what I do for the Lord that hurts me; it is what others don't do."

INCONSISTENCIES OF CHRISTIANS.

469. If you want to have wherewith to answer those who are always bringing up these, tell them about a certain blacksmith. An old gentleman, a deacon, one day went into the shop, and the blacksmith soon began about what some Christians had done, and seemed to have a good time over it. The old deacon stood a few minutes and listened, and then quietly asked him if he had read the story in the Bible about the rich man and Lazarus? "Yes, many a time; and what of it?" "Well, do you remember about the dogs—how they came and licked the sores of Lazarus?" "Yes, and what of that?" "Well," said the deacon, "do you know you just remind me of those dogs, content merely to lick the Christians' sores." The blacksmith suddenly grew pensive, and has not had much to say about failing Christians since.

"DEATH, OR DEEP WATER."

470. A vessel was once approaching Liverpool. Night was drawing near, the sky was cloudy, and there were tokens of a gathering storm. The captain did not seem to understand his business, and managed to get his vessel away down on the flats, where it was in imminent danger of being wrecked. A pilot started out to board the ship. He would have been glad to have avoided the job; but it was his turn, and he must go where duty called. The pilot boat came alongside, and the pilot jumped into the chains, sprang on deck, and said to the captain: "What have you brought your ship down here for? Call all hands aft." They came, and he said, "Now, boys, it's death, or deep water!"

The men saw at once that there was work to be done, and a pilot on board who knew his business. They sprang to their places with a will, and by putting forth their best exertions, they saved the ship.

Are there not too many Christians who are out of the channel, and drifting onto the shoals of worldliness, and pride, and indif-

ference, who need to hear the faithful pilot's voice crying out, "Now, boys, it is death or deep water"?

SELF-EXAMINATION.

471. The machinery in a large factory was working badly, and the superintendent had searched in vain to find out the difficulty. Finally he decided to shut down, and he told the hands that they need not come back to work again until he whistled for them, but that their wages should go on all the same. Then, alone, with the engines still, and the doors locked, he explored and overhauled all the machinery, from garret to basement. He found a defect where he least expected it; where he might not have discovered it until it had proved fatal. One of the massive foundation stones had settled, and thrown everything out of plumb, and of course slightly out of gear. This defect was promptly remedied, and then all worked well again. Those were costly hours to the owners of the factory, and yet they were profitable. By being alone with the machinery, the superintendent saved it from rack and ruin.

Our hearts are like that factory. It is not easy to discover what is the matter, amid the hurry and bustle of life, with the steam up, and our fellow-men around us. We must go alone; enter our closets and shut the door.

"I DON'T WANT TO BE RANKLED UP."

472. "Excellent sermon this morning," said Deacon Good will to his neighbor, as they lingered in the vestibule to shake hands with the brethren.

"Well, purty good, purty good. Ain't quite up to old Parson Slocum. He used to give it to 'em straight. He preached agin wickedness in the land."

"To be sure, but this man preaches right to us, personally."

"That's jest the trouble. I go to church to hear other folks pitched into. I don't want to be rankled up myself."

Just then the minister passed along, and with a dubious shake of the head he cut short his remarks.

"YOU AND ME."

473. "Once," says a gentleman, "when the faithful man whose ministry I attended was preaching on Diotrephes (the

church member who wanted the first place), and was portraying and reproving the sin of self-preference, I became certain that there was a Diotrefes somewhere in the congregation, and became quite exercised about it. Finally, I whispered to a good elder who sat next:—

“‘Mr. L——, whom DOES he mean?’

“‘*You and me,*’ promptly replied the elder.

“‘Since then I have never asked whom my minister meant, but have heard for myself.’”

“JOHN, ARE YOU DEAD?”

474. A pious woman, under discouragement and doubt, thus complained to a minister: “I fear my heart is destitute of grace. I am dead, twice dead, and plucked up by the roots.”

The minister replied: “The other day I heard an outcry, ‘John is in the well! John is in the well!’—a little boy, six years old. I left my study, ran into the yard, and heard my wife exclaiming, ‘John is dead! John is dead!’ I approached the well and inquired, ‘John, are you dead?’ John replied, ‘Yes, father, I am dead.’ *I was very glad to hear him say he was dead.*”

“THE DANGER OF ANIMAL EXCITEMENT.”

475. Not far from the scene of a revival, one cold day, stood two men in conversation. They belonged to different churches, and the following was the substance of their discourse:—

“What is the state of religion in your church?”

“Very cold, indeed, sir; it is as far below the freezing-point as is the temperature of the atmosphere.”

“And what is your minister preaching about?”

“He is laboring to show the danger of animal excitement in religion.”

The conversation closed with the exclamation: “The danger of animal excitement! Why surely the man’s sermons would be better adapted to the state of his congregation if he were to preach on the danger of being spiritually frost-bitten!”

HE GOT THE SMOKE IN HIS EYES.

476. Mr. Dawson was one day accosted by an individual who said he had been present at a certain meeting; that he liked the

preaching very well, but was much dissatisfied with the prayer-meeting; adding that he usually lost all the good that he had received during the sermon by remaining in these noisy meetings. Mr. Dawson replied, that he should have united with the people of God in the prayer-meeting, if he desired to profit by it. "O," said the gentleman, "I went into the gallery, where I leaned over the front, and saw the whole. But I could get no good; I lost, indeed, all the benefit I had received during the sermon." "It is easy to account for that," rejoined Mr. Dawson. "How so?" inquired the other. "You mounted to the top of the house, and, on looking down your neighbor's chimney to see what kind of a fire he kept, you got your eyes full of smoke. Had you entered by the door, and gone into the room and mingled with the family around the household hearth, you would have enjoyed the benefit of the fire as well they. Sir, you have got the smoke in your eyes!"

MOCKERY SHORT-LIVED.

477. An engine-driver who had gained, even among his ungodly associates, an unenviable notoriety for his profanity, was recently ridiculing a young man employed on the same railway, who, a few days previously, had been converted to Christ. The young Christian bore the persecution silently for some time, but at length said, quietly, but firmly, to his derider, "If you were *to laugh me into hell, you would not laugh me out again*, neither will you ridicule me when we both stand before the judgment bar of God."

(9.) BACKSLIDING.

HE WAS TOO SURE.

478. A story is told of a pillar which marked the line between two States. A criminal was pursued by a sheriff, who, though in full chase, could not overtake the man before he reached the pillar, beyond which, of course, he had no jurisdiction. The criminal, knowing this fact, turned round and defied the sheriff. The latter, knowing that he had now no authority to seize him, appeared quietly to submit to the circumstances; but just as he appeared to be returning to the town, stretching out his hand, he

exclaimed: "Well, let us part good friends, at least. Here's my hand." The criminal, thrown off his guard, took the proffered hand, when the sheriff, with one desperate effort, pulled him across the line, and clapping his other hand upon his shoulder, shouted, "You are my prisoner." Many a man who has run well, has forfeited the race, or lost the battle, through thinking the struggle was over.

"DE GO-BACK CORNER."

479. Said a converted colored man: "I have got safe past de go-back corner. I'm goin' all de journey home. An' if you don't see me at de first of dem twelve gates up dere, jes' look on to de next one, for I'm bound to be dere." Alas, for thousands in our congregations! they never get by the "go-back corner."

"TOO NEAR THE PLACE WHERE I GOT IN."

480. A little girl fell out of bed during the night. After her mother had picked her up and pacified her, she asked the little girl how she had happened to fall out. The child replied, "I went to sleep too near the place where I got in." That is the trouble with a good many backsliders.

ON THE BACK TRACK.

481. There is a lesson in a recent railroad accident near Leicester, England. It was on a very dark night. The engine-driver had stopped his train in a deep cutting, thinking there was something the matter with the locomotive. On starting it again, he, by mistake, ran the train backward. Neither he nor any of his train hands knew that the train was backing instead of going ahead, until the train was smashed up by running into another train, which was headed in the right direction. How much like these backsliding Christians that engine-driver was! They are going ahead backward without knowing it, and of course they are running into trains which are headed the right way. Then they blame the regular trains for the smash-up, and are sure that everything is going wrong.

(10.) FAITH.

"I FEEL IT PULL."

482. In the deepening twilight of a summer evening, a pastor called at the residence of one of his parishioners, and found seated in the door-way a little boy with both hands extended upward, holding a line.

"What are you holding here, my little friend?" inquired the minister.

"Flying my kite, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Flying your kite!" exclaimed the pastor; "I can see no kite; you can see none."

"I know it, sir," responded the lad; "I cannot see it, but I *know* it is there, for I *feel it pull*."

If our affections are set on things above, we shall have a sense of it which cannot be mistaken.

"TURN YOUR FACE TO THE LIGHT."

483. A weary and discouraged woman, after struggling all day with contrary winds and tides, came to her home, and flinging herself into a chair, said, "Everything looks dark, dark." "Why don't you turn your face to the light, aunty dear?" said a little niece, who was standing near.

PILLOWS OF PEACE.

484. A dying man was asked, "How are you to-day?" He said, "My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows—infinite power, infinite love, and infinite wisdom."

SHALL WE SEE GOOD, AND NOT EVIL?

485. The famous Oriental philosopher, Lokman, while a slave, being presented by his master with a bitter melon, immediately ate it all. "How was it possible," said his master, "for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?" Lokman replied, "I have received so

many favors from you, it is no wonder I should for once in my life eat a bitter melon from your hand." With such sentiments should man receive his portion of sufferings at the hand of God.

"GOD KEEPS HOLD OF THE OTHER HAND."

486. One very dark night, a little boy was returning from a visit with his mother, who held his hand. Suddenly, he exclaimed, "Mamma, I'm not afraid." "Why, what makes you feel so?" "Because, mamma, God keeps hold of the other hand."

"THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL."

487. Said a little boy to his mother, who was very poor, and whom the Lord had often wonderfully helped, "Mother, I think God always hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel."

BELIEVING HIS MASTER'S WORD.

488. During a religious awakening in a manufacturing village in New England, a foreman was awakened, but he could not find peace. His superior sent him a letter, requesting him to call at six o'clock. Punctually at the hour specified, he came. "I see you believe me," said his master. The foreman assented. "Well, see, here is another letter, which One still more in earnest, and far more to be trusted, sends for you," said the master, handing him a slip of paper, on which were written a few texts of Scripture. The man took the paper, and began to read slowly, "Come—unto—Me—all—ye—that—labor," etc. His lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and he joyfully exclaimed: "I see it! I see it! I am to believe that in the same way that I believed your letter."

SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

489. A pastor, in visiting a member of his church, found her very sick, apparently dying. He said to her:—

"Mrs. M—, you seem to be very sick."

"Yes," said she, "I am dying."

"And are you ready to die?"

She lifted her eyes upon him with a solemn and fixed gaze, and speaking with great difficulty, replied:—

"Sir, God knows—I have taken him—at his word—and—I am not afraid to die."

It was a new definition of faith.

THE POWER OF THE INVISIBLE.

490. We were reading, recently, of the perils of a bewildered and storm-bound party, on one of our Western mountains. Pressing on in the blinding snow, the track lost, the cold increasing, one of the party at last sank down to die. In the drowse of approaching death, no persuasions or expostulations could induce him to go forward, and he sank into a bank of snow to die.

But taking from his pocket a picture of his wife and children, for a farewell look, the vision of the dear ones in that far-off home suddenly broke upon his heart. It was resistless; what threats and entreaties from those near at hand could not effect, was done in an instant by that one glance. He saw, afar off, his happy home, and he roused himself to press on to it; with the new power coming in from that sight, he pushed forward and reached a place of safety.

It is a good illustration of the influence of unseen and eternal things upon us. When we are faint, we shall be revived, if we only "look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

FOLLOWING YOUR GUIDE.

491. The following illustration is impressively used by Rev. J. W. Hott, D. D.:—

"We were going from Bethel in Judea, down to the ancient Jericho, and had to cross the Quarantania Mountains—the mountains in which our Savior passed those dreadful forty days and nights in temptation. The path proved to be a desolate mountain wilderness. For many miles there was no house, no village, no evidence of even the rude civilization of other parts of the country. We were, indeed, in the wilderness. Over great rocky heights, along the edge of mighty precipices, in deep valleys, over barren wastes, our way for many a weary mile extended, as we journeyed in the broiling sun. It was the most desolate of all our journeys in the Holy Land. We were weary of the journey. Some of our company complained of the way. Some said the dragoman, or guide, did not know the way. He overheard the expressions of

dissatisfaction, and was sullen, and said but little, but rode on as rapidly as his beast could get over the rocks. Some of our number wanted to appoint one of the company, who had a compass, and knew the directions of the places desired to be reached, as the leader, and let the dragoman and guide go. The dissatisfaction and weariness were great. Better suggestions were made. The danger of the situation in these Quarantania Mountains was pointed out. The importance of following the guide was urged. Having taken lunch, it was agreed that we should continue to follow our guide. And so, on over still more terrible wastes, our journey was continued. But as the even-tide came on, and the sun was sinking beyond the mountains over which we had come, we rode slowly down, over chalky hills, into the Jordan Valley. As the plain began to spread out at our feet, far away on the site of ancient Jericho rose in sight white tents. Then we let our horses gallop down the valley to the spot where we were to camp for a few days in the valley of the Jordan. One of our attendants, who chose his own way in the mountains, was lost in the darkness in the mountains, and all the night long was compelled to remain in that desolate wilderness, hungry and alone, exposed to the wild beasts which roam there, and to the wandering robbers.

In the mountains of Christ's temptations I had learned the sublime and precious lesson, that safety lies alone in faithfully following our Divine Guide, in every hour and mountain of temptation.

"IF THE LORD WAS DRIVING."

492. Two little boys were talking together about a lesson they had been receiving from their grandmother, on the subject of Elijah's going to heaven in a chariot of fire.

"I say, Charlie," said George, "but wouldn't you be afraid to ride on such a chariot?"

"Why, no," said Charlie, "I shouldn't be afraid if I knew the Lord was driving."

"MY FATHER KNOWS."

493. In one of the public schools of a large city, while the school was in session, a transom window fell out with a crash. By some means the cry of "fire" was raised, and a terrible panic ensued. The scholars rushed into the street, shrieking in wild dismay. The alarm extended to the teachers, also, one of whom, a young lady, actually jumped from the window. Among the

hundreds of children with whom the building was crowded, was one girl, among the best in school, who, through all the frightful scene, maintained entire composure. The color, indeed, forsook her cheek; her lips quivered; the tears stood in her eyes; but she moved not. After order had been restored, and her companions had been brought back to their places, the question was asked her, how she came to sit still, without apparent alarm, when everybody else was in such a fright. "My father," said she, "is a fireman, and knows what to do in such a case, and he told me if there was an alarm of fire in the school, I must just sit still." What a beautiful illustration of faith! "My father told me so, and my father knows!"

That is the gist of the whole matter—implicit, unfaltering *trust* in our Heavenly Father.

FAITH IN HIS FATHER.

494. In the Highlands of Scotland, there is a mountain gorge twenty feet in width, and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in the crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourists once offered a Highland boy a handsome gift if he would consent to be lowered down by a rope, and would gather a little basket full of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor; but when he gazed at the yawning chasm he shuddered, shrank back, and declined. But filial love was strong within him; after another glance at the gift and at the fissure, his heart grew strong, and his eye flashed, and he said, "I will go, if my father will hold the rope." And then, with unshrinking nerves, and his heart firmly strong, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into the wild abyss, and suspend him there while he filled his basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the strength of his father's arm, and the love of his father's heart, gave him courage and power to perform it.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

495. A little story is told of Christmas Evans, the celebrated Welsh preacher, and his diligent, thrifty, common-sense wife. One day she reminded him that the potato patch needed some attention; but he said, "O Catherine, never mind the potatoes; just put your trust in Providence, and all will be well."

She replied: "I'll tell you what we'll do, Christmas; you go and

sit down on Moelly Gest [a neighboring mountain], waiting for Providence, and I'll go and hoe the potatoes, and we'll see to which of us Providence will first come."

DOING AND TRUSTING.

496. A schooner was being towed out of Chippewa harbor, on the Niagara River, not very far above the falls. Suddenly the hawser parted, and there went the vessel drifting off toward the fatal falls. Intense excitement seized upon the spectators, as they witnessed the accident, and saw the perilous situation of the vessel and its crew. What could they do?

Providentially there was a strong breeze blowing up the river; and as the spectators on the shore gazed upon the vessel, they saw the crew hastily hoisting the sails. They fill with the wind; the downward course of the vessel is arrested; she stops, wind battling against the current for mastery; slowly she begins to make headway, till at last, gathering way, she makes off on her course, and is out of danger. Doing and trusting rescued her.

"ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH."

497. It is said that Admiral Farragut was once listening while Dupont explained why he failed to enter Charleston Harbor. He gave this reason, and that reason, and the other reason. Farragut remained silent until he had finished. He then said, "Ah! Dupont, there was one more reason."

"What is that?"

"You didn't believe you could do it."

As the question comes to us to-day, How much can we do for Christ, and how much can we obtain from him? it is not Admiral Farragut, but the voice of the Lord himself, that says, "According to your faith be it unto you."

"MY FAITH HAS RISEN."

498. Munhall was called to a large town of Northern Indiana to aid in organizing a Young Men's Christian Association. About seven hundred dollars were needed to start the reading-room, and other equipments. A prominent manufacturer said that if Brother C——, a rich but stingy and illiterate man, would give a hundred,

he would do likewise. Brother C—— was very much interested, and when approached, promised twenty-five dollars, with flourish of trumpets. When asked for one hundred, he couldn't—wouldn't. After six or eight hours' talk, he finally asked for the paper—read it, and re-read it; began his name, stopped, and re-read; began writing again, and again. Finally, he made a "I," then a "o," and another, heaved a great sigh, and ejaculated, "My faith has risen."

A CURE FOR DOUBTS.

499. When Dr. Marshman was a young man at home, he was frequently the subject of doubts and fears. On his return from India, after nearly thirty years' residence and labor there, William Jay said to him:—

"Well, Doctor, how about doubts and fears?"

"Haven't had time for them," was the answer.

(II.) PRAYER.

"I BEGGED."

500. A little boy, one of the Sunday-school children in Jamaica, called upon the missionary and stated that he had lately been very ill, and in his sickness had often wished his minister had been present to pray with him. "But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed." "O yes, sir." "Did you repeat the collect I taught you?" "I prayed." "Why, but how did you pray?" "Why, sir, I begged!"

"MY HEART TALKED."

501. A Sunday-school child, only six years old, said, "When we kneel down in the schoolroom to pray, it seems as if my heart talked."

"FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE."

502. During the late war, a soldier came into the office of Judge A. one day, poorly clad, his face bearing the deep lines of

suffering. The soldier fumbled in his pocket a long time, and then said, in an uncertain, disappointed voice, as if he saw that he was unwelcome, "I did have a letter for you." The Judge, acting against the promptings of a warm and generous heart, for he was busy and did not want to be interrupted, made no reply. But presently a thin, trembling hand pushed a note along the desk. The Judge raised his head, and was about to say, "I have no time for such matters," when he saw that the writing was that of his own son, a soldier in the army. He took up the note, which read thus:—

"*Dear Father:* The bearer of this is a soldier discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Assist him in any way you can, for Charlie's sake."

All the tender feelings of his heart gushed out. As he afterwards said: "I took the soldier to my heart for Charlie's sake. I let him sleep in Charlie's bed. I clothed him and supplied him with every comfort, for the sake of my own dear boy."

Who needs to be told, that when he asks a favor of God, he should ask it *for Christ's sake*?

ASK GREAT THINGS OF GOD.

503. Sir Walter Raleigh one day asking a favor from Queen Elizabeth, the latter said to him, "Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?" To which he answered, "When your Majesty leaves off giving." Ask great things of God. Let his past goodness make us instant in prayer.

LOST PRAYERS.

504. Certainly all the "pretense" prayers (whether "long" or short) must go among the eternal strays.

A writer in the *Texas Observer* draws some sharp analogies between the "Dead-Letter Office" and the *Dead-Prayer* Office. Like many letters which never reach their destination, many prayers have to be marked "missent," or with some other fatal brand, and consigned to oblivion.

Sometimes prayers remain unanswered because they are not directed rightly—not addressed to God but to the audience. Other prayers never "go through" because the address is illegible. They are too full of pomp and rhetorical flourish—mere "monologues of flowery prose."

Other prayers get lost because they are "unmailable matter"—prayers whose answers might gratify *us*, but would fall like showers of daggers on our neighbors—and so are denied passage

through the Divine channels, as sharp-edged tools, corroding acids, explosives, and the like are not allowed in the mails.

No legally "stamped," sincerely directed, and well-meaning prayer is ever lost. The answer may be delayed, but the prayer is "on file."

"HIS LIFE DOES NOT PRAY."

505. Among a crew of eight, on a vessel bound for Lisbon, were two professing Christians. One of them was an earnest worker for his Master, but the other was not known as a Christian until the efforts of the former were producing fruit in the conviction of some of his shipmates, and prayer-meetings were started in the fore-castle. He then offered to assist his more faithful brother, but a young sailor objected, saying: "I cannot hear him pray for me. His life does not pray. Let him first repent of his unfaithfulness, and confess to God and his shipmates, and then we will hear him." The rebuke was felt, but produced anger rather than humiliation.

PRAYERS THAT "WAKE UP THE BABY."

506. A little five-year old girl in the city asked her father one day if it would do any good if she should pray to God to let it rain. She was told, perhaps it might, and nothing more was thought of it by her parents till after next Sunday evening's shower.

When she awoke Monday morning, she asked her father if he knew what made it rain. He said "No"; and she replied that it was because she had prayed "last night and the night before."

Her mother remarked that she did not pray hard enough, for it rained only a little, when the child answered, "Well, I didn't want to wake up the baby."

Unwittingly the little girl described a sort of delicate constraint in some Christians' prayers that is not so justifiable. They are too conscious of their surroundings. Prayer like that of a mother agonizing for the welfare of her child is not moderated by fears of "waking the baby."

HE WAS WELL DRILLED.

507. A Highlander in the British army, during the war of the Revolution, was caught one evening creeping out of a thicket just beyond the lines, evidently returning from some secret errand. The American outposts (along the Hudson) were then quite near

those of the British, and being concealed in the forest, their exact number and distance were always uncertain. Under the circumstances the Highlander was suspected of being an informer, i. e., in communication with the enemy. It was shortly after the execution of Major Andre; and the enraged British were in no state to let a man go who was accused of sympathy with the Americans. The soldier was taken before his colonel, and the witnesses of his presumed guilt told their story.

"What have you to say for yourself?" demanded the colonel, with a threatening frown.

"Only this, sir; I got away quietly from my comrades to pray a bit while in the bush, and was coming back when the soldiers took me."

"Are you in the habit of praying?" demanded the officer.

"Yes, sir."

"Then pray now. You never needed it more in your life." And the colonel took out his watch. Fully believing that he had but a few minutes to live, the Christian soldier knelt and poured out his soul in such language as only a friend of God could use. All who heard it were astonished, the commander himself among the rest. "Go," said he; "you have told the truth. If you had not been often to drill, you could not have done so well at review."

CHRISTIAN COURAGE REWARDED.

508. One of our freight conductors, who had been converted, was visited by his father, who had once been a Christian. When the time came for retiring, the son gathered his family around the family altar, so recently erected, and lifted his heart to God in prayer. It sent conviction to the father's heart, and the next evening at church he was found among those who were bowed before God, seeking the forgiveness of sins. To-day he is rejoicing in a Savior's love. So much for that son's having done his duty. His father will probably be a star in the crown of his rejoicing throughout eternity.

"I'LL TRY THAT."

509. A minister once asserted to his congregation that any man who would honestly seek the favor of God and the forgiveness of his sins would not fail to find peace and blessing, and find them soon. A skeptic who was present happened to be in the mood to take him at his word. "I'll try that," he said to himself. He went home, and in honesty of soul bowed the knee before a

God of whose very existence he was not assured, and asked that if there *was* a God, he might receive the knowledge of his existence and of his will. He did not pray in vain. Strange emotions were awakened within his heart; new impulses stirred his mind; the power of the Holy Spirit was present to win and save, and, when the appointed time had elapsed, he went to the house of prayer, not to contradict the statement of the minister and brand his religion as a falsehood, but to testify that, by personal experience, he had proved that the Son of man has power on earth to forgive sins, and that there is peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

“I WANT TO PRAY TO JESUS FIRST.”

510. A sweet and intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone toward her and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready for the doctor to do what he could to cure her eye.

“No, father, not yet,” she replied.

“What do you wish us to wait for, my child?”

“I want to kneel in your lap and pray to Jesus first,” she answered.

And then, kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterward submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

PRAYING FOR WOOD.

511. Rev. E. B. Slade tells an interesting instance of answered prayer. One cold winter he was forty miles away from home, holding revival services, when, in the midst of a terrible snow-storm, during which travel was almost wholly impossible, his wife, at home, ran out of wood. To save the little that remained, she put her children to bed and wrapped them up in blankets. At last baking must be done, and making a fire of her last wood, she began to pray that help might come, and persevered until her faith won the victory. She then went about her work in perfect peace of mind, assured that relief would come. In the course of a few

hours, her nearest neighbor, a lady, waded through the snow, saying that she had been impressed that she must come over and see what was the matter. The facts were stated and relief promised. Hardly had she gone when another lady came in with the same statement, and the same offer was made. A little while later a gentleman came in, expressing the same feeling, and when he learned the facts he took them all to his home and cared for them until Rev. Mr. Slade returned home.

“TRY IT ON ME.”

512. While Rev. Dr. Earle was holding a series of meetings at Oneonta, N. Y., a man rose in the public congregation and said: “You have been talking about the power of prayer in these meetings, and I don’t believe a word of it; but if you want a hard case to try it on, try it on me.” The challenge was accepted, and the Christians united in public and secret prayer for him. Within three days he was under deep conviction, and was soon converted. He is now a presiding elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

ON GOD’S ERRAND.

513. Mr. Spurgeon says (in his “Sword and Trowel”), that one afternoon, when he was a young country minister, as he returned home after a day of weary riding, an unaccountable impulse prompted him to go and visit a certain poor widow and her invalid daughter before he put out his horse. He could not resist the feeling, and though almost at the stable door, he turned about and rode back. He tells the rest of the story as follows:—

“I was thinking only of the poor widow’s *spiritual* needs; but when I reached her little house, I was struck with its look of unwonted bareness and poverty. After putting a little money into her hand, I began to inquire into their circumstances, and found that their supplies had been utterly exhausted since the night before. I asked them what they had done.

“‘I just spread it out before the Lord!’

“‘Did you tell your case to any friend?’

“‘Oh, no, sir; nobody kens but Himsel’ and me! I kent He wadna forget, but I didna ken hoo He would help me till I saw you come riding ower the brea, and then I said, ‘There’s the Lord’s answer!’

“Many a time has the recollection of this incident encouraged me to trust in the loving care of my Heavenly Father.”

"TAKE THE TROUBLE TO PRAY."

514. A God-fearing lad was reasoning with a wretched companion about his continuance in a wicked course. The rejoinder was: "It is the right thing for you, Harry, to be glad, for you have lots of people who care for you; but as for me, nobody prays for *me*; I'm so bad that nobody thinks it worth while to pray for me—if they ever did pray for me, they have given it up now." "Don't say that, Jack; God is my witness that I never lie down but I pray, 'O God, bring dear Jack into the fold of Christ.'" Jack wept and repented. Let no perishing school-fellow be able to say, "You would not *take the trouble* to pray for me, or you might have saved my soul."

PRAYER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE ANSWERED.

515. In 1825 the young people of a small village in Chenango County, N. Y., arranged for a sleigh-ride on New-year's Day, and a ball at a public house, some few miles away, in the evening. A meeting for prayer was extemporized at the pastor's house, and the entire night was spent in agonizing supplication for this company of young people.

At the ball, and while they were engaged in the dance, a strange influence came upon them with resistless power, and nearly all of the company were compelled to leave their places on the floor, and, in tears, resumed their seats. The dancing ceased. The party broke up at a much earlier hour than was intended. They returned home, some of them, to find their parents pleading at the Mercy-seat for their conversion. The daughter of the pastor (one of the party), and her friend, as they entered the house, bowed, too, in prayer for themselves; and before morning they were both rejoicing in a Savior found. An extensive revival followed, in which over one hundred persons, most of them these young sleigh-riders, were added to the church.

A PRAYER-MEETING OF ONE.

516. A weekly prayer-meeting in a neighborhood a few miles from Philadelphia, had so declined in interest and support that it was voted to discontinue it; but one aged woman continued to go regularly to the chapel, and meet God alone. One night two strangers heard her voice, and went in and listened while she prayed and talked; and then they went away and told the story. The next Sunday night the chapel was full. A precious ingathering of souls followed, resulting in the formation of a church, and

the making of many faithful disciples, one of whom became a successful minister.

This is not the only instance in which a single supporter has saved a crippled prayer-meeting or a precarious religious interest.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

517. A young man in New York was deeply concerned for the salvation of his father in Massachusetts. He left the Fulton Street prayer-meeting and took passage on a Long Island Sound steamer. He took a state-room alone, and spent nearly all night in wrestling prayer for his father. On reaching home the next evening, he took down the Bible and said, "Father, let us read a chapter in the Bible and pray." "Certainly," said the father; "you read." After reading, his father led off in prayer, pouring forth the most earnest petitions. "Father," said the son, as they rose from their knees, "how long is it since God gave you a heart to pray?" "I first began last night. I was awakened in the night, and cried to God for mercy, and he has had mercy upon me."

A TRIPLE SUCCESS.

518. Three Christians made an agreement to pray for three prominent men in the community, which was done for several weeks. One evening they were gathered with their pastor for a season of devotion, when these three men successively entered to inquire what they must do to be saved. In that circle of prayer to which they already owed so much, they soon found peace.

TWENTY YEARS OF PRAYER.

519. A husband sought to draw back into the world his wife, who had been recently converted, but with no success. On the other hand she sought to win him for Christ, but he would not yield. Twenty years she prayed and lived a faithful Christian life, before he accepted her Lord. But then he became a devoted Christian.

REVIVAL DUE TO PRAYER.

520. Mr. Finney speaks of a poor consumptive who could only repay a rich merchant who often supplied him in times of distress

by praying for the salvation of his soul. To the surprise of the community, the merchant suddenly made a profession of faith, and so started a revival. The same invalid also made a practice of praying for the various churches of his acquaintance, making a note of the fact when he was able to offer "the prayer of faith" in behalf of each of the several churches and pastors. The revival which followed went through the country round about in nearly the order in which they had been mentioned in the diary.

REVIVAL, THE RESULT OF PRAYER.

521. Dr. Lyman Beecher thus writes from Connecticut: "One day old Deacon Miller, a holy man, sent for me. He was sick in bed. 'I am glad to see you,' he said. 'I know how you feel. You must not be discouraged. I lie on my bed at night and pray for you. I've been praying for all the village. I begin at one end and go into the next house, and then to the next, till I have gone round; and then I have not prayed enough, so I begin and go round again.' I went home expecting; and word was sent from the Springs that the Lord had come down on the previous Sunday, and that a meeting was appointed for Tuesday evening, and that I must not disappoint them. Then I went to the Northwest, and the Lord was there; then to Ammigansett, and the Lord was there; and the flood was rolling all around. O, what a time that was! There were a hundred converts, nearly, who, most of them, stood fast."

A REVIVAL, ASSURED.

522. An aged saint once came to his pastor at night and said, "We are about to have a revival." He was asked why he knew so. His answer was: "I went into the stable to take care of my cattle two hours ago, and there the Lord kept me in prayer until just now. And I feel that we are going to be revived." It was the commencement of a revival.

"THE SECRET WAS OUT."

523. Mr. Finney says: "I once knew a minister who had a revival fourteen years in succession. I did not know how to account for it, till I saw one of his members get up in a prayer-meeting and make a confession. 'Brethren,' said he, 'I have long been in the

habit of praying every Saturday night till after midnight, for the descent of the Holy Ghost among us. And now, brethren' (and he began to weep), 'I confess that I have neglected it for two or three weeks.' The secret was out. That minister had a praying church."

A REVIVAL ACCOUNTED FOR.

524. A minister once said, "I have had an unaccountable revival; I cannot trace it to any cause." Visiting an invalid woman of his church, one day, she said, "You have had a precious revival." "We have," he answered. "I knew it was coming," said she. And then she proceeded to give her pastor an account of the burden that had been upon her heart for weeks, and of the manner in which her soul had gone forth in prayer for the unconverted in midnight hours; and before the interview closed, the pastor felt he knew that the unaccountable revival was accounted for.

UNITED PRAYER.

525. For ten long years Mrs. H. prayed for her infidel husband. She knew that the Lord heard, and that he was "faithful that had promised"; but as yet the answer did not come. The thoughts of her kind, indulgent companion seemed as far from her as when, in the joy of her new-found hope, she had told him how "God so loved," and asked him to join her in a life of loving service. Yes, the Lord was leading her gently, that she might know and do his will.

One evening at the church prayer-meeting her heart was more than usually burdened, and near the close of the service she rose timidly and said: "For many years, dear friends, I have longed to ask you to help me pray. It is not customary with us for ladies to speak in the meeting, and I have feared to be intrusive, but I can forbear no longer. Will you pray for my husband?"

Every heart was touched. A good brother immediately led in prayer, and another took up the petition. Mr. H. was well known and much loved in the community, and they poured out their hearts before the Lord, pleading "as one pleadeth for a friend." Last of all a colored brother led in prayer, and in humble confidence seemed to enter into the very presence of Jehovah.

Just after Mrs. H. had made her request, her husband, as was his custom, came to church to accompany her home. Finding that the service had not yet closed, he entered unobserved, and took a seat near the door.

"Tell me, wife," he said, as they were leaving the vestibule, "who was the gentleman they were praying for just now?"

"He is the husband of one of the ladies of the church," replied Mrs. H.

"Wife," he said again, as they ascended the steps at home, "who was it they were praying for?"

"The husband of one of the sisters, Charles."

"Well, wife," he replied, "that man will certainly be converted; I never heard such prayers before."

Again, as they were preparing for the night, he remarked: "Those were wonderful prayers, wife. Can you tell me the gentleman's name?"

"He was the husband of one of the ladies present," replied Mrs. H., and then she retired to her closet for prayer and praise.

At midnight she heard her husband's voice again: "Wife, wife, God heard those prayers; I cannot sleep, wife. Will you pray for me? Can the Lord show mercy to me, wife?"

There was joy in the presence of the angels that night. When the faithful pastor called the next morning, he found Mr. H. "praising and blessing God."

Blessed words of Jesus: "If two of you shall agree, . . . touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father."

AN INFIDEL CONVERTED.

526. An infidel was induced to attend a revival meeting, but purposely diverted his attention from what was said. On their return, his friends left him in the parlor, while they retired to their rooms to pray for him. While on their knees, praying for him, they were alarmed by a cry from the parlor. They found the family Bible open on the table, and the young man standing near with marks of agony on his face. He exclaimed, "Oh, I am an infidel; pray for me." Friends gathered about him to pray for him, but it was not until he had passed twenty-four hours of the most bitter distress, which seemed even to affect his body, that he was willing to yield, and found peace.

PRAYING TO STOP THE WIND.

527. A revival was in progress in a sea-port town. A mother went to her pastor and asked him to join her in prayer that the wind might change. He rather discouraged her, saying that it was not to be expected that God would change the laws of his universe for them. But the lady insisted that she would pray, since her

unconverted son would go out with the evening-tide, on a long voyage, unsaved. If he remained here but a few days longer, so powerful was the Spirit's work in the community, that she was sure he would be saved. As the clergyman went to the meeting, he noticed that the wind had indeed changed, and the first person he saw in the church was the young sailor for whom the mother was so anxious. That night he rose for prayers, and, when he sailed away, the mother's prayers had been answered; he went a Christian.

POWER OF A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

528. Rev. J. Hyatt Smith says, that during the great revival of 1857, a passage of Scripture, in his devotional reading one morning, struck him with such force that he selected it as his text for the next evening meeting. But to his surprise and great embarrassment, when the evening came, the text suggested nothing! Its seeming appropriateness, the train of thought it had awakened, were all gone. He wrestled with it through the opening services, but it would not respond, and when the last hymn before sermon-time was almost sung, he was still at sea. With a distressed cry of heart to God, he opened the Bible at hap-hazard, and saw the words: "Lo, here am I; send me." That decided him to stand up and let the Lord supply him with a message. He preached on *prayer*, and dwelt with special earnestness on the power of a mother's prayers.

At the close of the sermon, among the inquirers who expressed anxiety for salvation, a man far back by the door rose and cried out: "Some of you pray for *me*. My mother's prayers are bothering me."

A few days afterward that same man, James Prior, of Rochester, N. Y., related his religious experience, and told how he had tried three times that evening (when the minister lost his text) to go by the church door, and finally had to go in. It turned out that on that very evening, in Rochester, sixty-eight miles away, Prior's mother had been bowing, in a mothers' meeting, with a burden of soul, and crying to God for her son.

A RETURNING PRODIGAL.

529. A sailor, after long roving upon the ocean, gave his heart to God, and returned to his lonely mother, who for years had prayed for him, to tell her the news. She was on her death-bed when he found her, but she rejoiced with exceeding joy.

"This is like a miracle!" she exclaimed.

"Mother," said the weeping son, "it was your prayers that saved me. Thank God you did not die till I could let you know!"

"MY MOTHER'S BEEN PRAYING."

530. In February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along the coast of England. In the Bay Hartlepoole it wrecked eighty-one vessels. While the storm was at its height, the *Rising Sun*, a stout brig, struck on Longrear Rock, a reef extending a mile from one side of the bay. She sunk, leaving only her two topmasts above the dashing and foaming waves.

The life-boats were away rescuing wrecked crews. The only means of saving the men clinging to the swaying masts was the rocket apparatus. Before it could be adjusted, one mast fell. Just as the rocket bearing the life-line went booming out of the mortar, the other mast toppled over.

Sadly the rocket-men began to draw in their line, when suddenly they felt that something was attached to it, and in a few minutes hauled onto the beach the apparently lifeless body of a sailor-boy. Trained and tender hands worked, and in a short time he became conscious.

With amazement he gazed around on the crowd of kind, sympathizing friends. He looked up into the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman near him and asked:—

"Where am I?"

"Thou art safe, my lad."

"Where's the cap'n?"

"Drowned, my lad."

"The mate, then?"

"He's drowned, too."

"The crew?"

"They are all lost, my lad; thou art the only one saved."

The boy stood overwhelmed for a few moments; then he raised both his hands and cried in a loud voice, "My mother's been praying for me!" and then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand, and put his sobbing face in his hands.

"THE LAST OF ELEVEN SONS."

531. At Columbus, Ohio, on Sunday afternoon, boys were sent out into the streets, with small circulars, inviting persons to a young men's meeting. Among those who received this invitation

was a young man from the East who thought it would be a change to attend such a meeting. Before its close he arose and asked for the prayers of the Christians. After the meeting, with a friend, he knelt in one corner of the church and prayed for salvation. In a few minutes he was rejoicing in the hope of life. Said he: "My mother's prayer is answered. I am the last of eleven sons to accept Christ."

A DEAD MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

532. During a recent revival meeting, a man who had been living rather a reckless life was persuaded by his wife to attend the services. He did so simply to please her, as he seemed to take no interest in the meeting, and its influences utterly failed to touch him. In the course of a few days their only child died, but while he grieved over the loss, no religious impression was made. One evening after a service the pastor made an appeal to him privately, but without success, the man insisting that he had not the slightest inclination to become a Christian. As they retired, the wife asked her husband to kneel with her at the bedside and pray, but he refused. She remarked, "You used to pray with your mother when you were a boy." After her prayers were over, the wife went to sleep, but her remark brought up memories of his mother which banished sleep. The thoughts of her prayers so long unanswered tortured him. That her last hours were embittered by the thought that he was still a sinner, filled his soul with regret. Conviction seized upon him with wonderful power, and he began to pray. Before the day dawned, a mother's prayers had been answered, and he had found his mother's Savior.

THE PRAYERS OF A DEAD MOTHER.

533. There is a striking story of a wealthy merchant, a worldly man, who had lately purchased a lot in a new cemetery, and wished to remove there the remains of his mother, twenty years dead. He superintended the transfer himself, and the occasion was a most affecting one for him. The memories of his mother's life came up afresh, and her pious and faithful life revived before him, after the silence and absence of twenty years, in new significance and expression. He thought of her prayers for him, and every remembered incident and scene of her affectionate care and Christian duty had a voice in it that addressed his conscience as powerfully as it touched his heart. He bowed to the blessed influence, and became a follower of his mother's God and Savior.

A CHILD'S REBUKE.

534. At the close of a long prayer by a father who had prayed for a poor family, his son said, "Father, if I had as much wheat in the barn as you have, I would answer that prayer myself."

"I CAN'T STOP TO PRAY."

535. A deacon living in a Berkshire town was requested to give his prayers in behalf of a poor man, with a large family, who had broken his leg. "I can't stop to pray now," said the deacon, who was picking and barreling his early apples for the city market, "but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef, salt-pork, potatoes, and butter,—that's the best I can do." It was the best kind of a prayer.

PRAYER AND WORK.

536. A young missionary was lost in the Himalaya Mountains. His brethren were out in search of him. When found they are reported to have said to him, "We have been praying for you these two hours." "Yes," was the reply, "if you had prayed for me one hour less, and had searched for me one hour earlier, you would have found me sooner." The prayer of faith must be accompanied by faithful work.

MUST GIVE BEFORE PRAYING.

537. The venerable Father Sewall, of Maine, once entered a meeting in behalf of foreign missions, just as the collectors of the contributions were resuming their seats. The chairman of the meeting requested him to lead in prayer. The old gentleman stood, hesitatingly, as if he had not heard the request. It was repeated in a louder voice; but there was no response. It was observed, however, that Mr. Sewall was fumbling in his pockets, and presently he produced a piece of money, which he deposited in the contribution box. The chairman, thinking he had not been understood, said loudly, "I didn't ask you to give, Father Sewall; I asked you to pray." "O, yes," he replied, "I heard you, but I can't pray till I have given something."

SEEMINGLY UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

538. While Dr. Judson was laboring in India, he became intensely interested in the conversion of the Jews. He not only

prayed very earnestly for their conversion, but raised a thousand dollars towards a mission in Palestine; but the enterprise failed, and his prayers seemed unanswered. Many years afterward he learned that a tract, published in Germany, detailing his labors, had fallen into the hands of some Jews, and had been the cause of their conversion; that it had reached Trebizond, where it had been translated by a Jew for the benefit of the Jews, and, as a result, they had made a request that a missionary should be sent them from Constantinople. This marvelous answer to his prayers both startled and humbled Judson.

A PRAYER NOT ANSWERED.

539. A pious man living in a shockingly wicked community prayed that God would send him a buyer for his farm, but none appeared. Just when things were at their worst, and the man was nearly in despair, a revival broke out which completely transformed the community, and made it a very desirable place in which to live. His prayer in one sense was not answered, and yet in another it was answered in a grander and more marvelous way.

A CHILD'S UNANSWERED PRAYER.

540. A little boy in Trenton, N. J., prayed three times a day for three weeks, that God would put it into somebody's mind and heart to give him a drum. At the end of that time he went to his eldest sister, who knew what he had been doing and expecting, and said, "Hattie, I guess I won't pray any more about that drum." "Why not," she asked. "Well," said he, "I don't think the Lord wants me to have one. I have been praying three weeks, and he don't send me any, and I don't think I'll pray about it any more, for it seems so much like worrying mother for something she don't want me to have." He then gave up the matter entirely, and thus set an example that many grown people might profitably pattern after.

OUT OF HIS PLACE.

541. The gift of spiritual fullness is the one to be first and always *asked for*.

An itinerant preacher once, in a fit of low spirits, wrote to John Wesley, requesting him to send another man to his circuit, for he believed he was out of his place. Wesley wrote back: "Dear Brother, you are indeed out of your place; for you are *reasoning*, when you ought to be *praying*."

"IS GOD DEAD?"

542. A little girl one evening, when all was silent, looked anxiously into the face of her backsliding father, who had ceased to pray in his family, and said to him with quivering lips, "Pa, is God dead?" "No, my child,—why do you ask that?" "Why, pa, you never talk to him now as you used to do," she replied. These words haunted the father until he was mercifully reclaimed.

"GOOD-BYE, GOD."

543. A child, after saying her usual prayers, added: "Good-bye, God; we are all going to Saratoga, and pa and ma won't go to meeting, or pray any more, till we come back again."

"BIG ENOUGH TO QUIT SAYING MY PRAYERS."

544. A little Shelbyville boy who was in the habit of saying his prayers before going to bed, the other night asked his mother: "Mamma, how long will it be before I'm big enough to quit saying my prayers? You never say yours, do you?" And the mother said: "Little boys should not ask so many questions. Go to sleep my child."

"NO LEISURE TO LOOK UP TO HEAVEN."

545. King Henry IV. asked the Duke of Alva if he had observed the great eclipse of the sun, which had lately happened. "No," said the Duke; "I have so much to do on earth that I have no leisure to look up to heaven." This is only too true of many professors of religion in these days.

AN UNUSUAL NOISE.

546. One evening an officer presented himself to General Jackson, and complained that certain of the soldiers had got together in a tent, and were making a great noise. "What are they doing?" asked the General, with some feeling. "They are *praying* now, but they have been singing." "And is that a crime?" "The articles of war order punishment for any *unusual* noise." "God forbid," said the old General, "that praying should be an unusual noise in any camp."

“DE GRASS GROW ON YOUR PATH.”

547. The earliest converts to Christianity, in Africa, were very earnest and regular in their private devotions. They had no closets, or rooms for retirement, but each had a separate spot in the thicket to which he used to go. The several paths to these little Bethels became distinctly marked; and when any one began to decline in the ways of God, it was soon manifest to his fellows, and they would remind him of his duty, by saying, “Broder, de grass grow on your path yonder.”

A REBELLIOUS PRAYER.

548. “Let him become what he will; so he may live, I shall be satisfied,” was the prayer of a father at the bedside of his youthful and only son, who seemed about to die. The child recovered. Years passed, and that son lived a life of almost unparalleled iniquity and villainy. He had broken the sensitive heart of an affectionate and watchful mother, and brought her to a suicide’s grave. He had been tried for crime, convicted, and sentenced to death. With a careless air, the criminal asked his white-haired father if he would see him to the tree, and then went out with the sheriff and was hung. “Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt,” is the spirit of a true prayer.

“IT MUST BE HIS WILL.”

549. Rev. Mr. Kilpin, of Exeter, England, once gave this testimony: “I knew a case in which the minister, praying over a child apparently dying, said, ‘If it be thy will, spare this child.’ The poor mother’s soul, yearning for her beloved, exclaimed, ‘It must be his will! I cannot bear ifs.’ To the surprise of many, the child recovered, and the mother, after almost suffering martyrdom by him while a stripling, lived to see him hanged before he was two and twenty.”

SELFISH PRAYERS.

550. A man once complained to his minister, that he had prayed for a whole year that he might enjoy the comforts of religion, but found no answer to his prayers. His minister replied, “Go home now and pray, ‘Father, glorify thyself.’” Reader, are you one of those who find no profit in calling upon God? Ask yourself if your prayers are not *selfish*.

A SELFISH PRAYER.

551. A planter in Virginia once owned a slave in connection with one of his neighbors. He was a pious man, and would sometimes wind off his prayers by saying, "O Lord, in addition to all the blessings I, a sinner, have asked at thy hands, wilt thou, in thy infinite mercy and goodness, condescend to bless my half of Pomp."

A SWEARER REPROVED.

552. The Rev. W. Romaine was once crossing Blackfriars Bridge when he came up with a man, who, in a strain of fearful impiety, called upon God to "damn his soul for Christ's sake!" Mr. R., laying his hand upon his shoulder, said, "My friend, God has done many things for Christ's sake, and *perhaps he will do that, too!*" and passed on. The reproof, quite as original as the imprecation which called it forth, went to the wretch's heart, and was the occasion of turning him from Satan to God.

A SHOCKING PRAYER.

553. A little boy heard a drunkard swearing at his horses. "Is that the way you pray?" asked the boy. The Lord used these words to open the eyes of that man, and he became a Christian as the result of this one question.

4. CHRISTIAN WORK.

(I.) CONSECRATION.

"I WILL GO FOR CHRIST."

554. Dr. Mason, of Burmah, once wanted a teacher to visit and labor among a war-like tribe. He asked his converted boatman, Shapon, if he would go, and told him that he would only have four rupees a month as a teacher, whereas he was then earning fifteen as a boatman. After praying over the matter, he returned

to the Doctor, and the following conversation ensued: "Well, Shapon," said the Doctor, "what have you decided? Will you go for four rupees a month?" "No, teacher," replied Shapon, "I will not go for four rupees a month; *but I will go for Christ.*" And for Christ's sake he did go.

NO SHADOW OF HIMSELF.

555. It is narrated of the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, that when at work, he wore over his forehead, fastened on his artist's cap, a lighted candle, in order that no shadow of himself might fall upon his work! It was a beautiful custom, and spoke a more eloquent lesson than he knew! For the shadows that fall upon our work—how often they fall from ourselves!

HIDING BEHIND CHRIST.

556. A gentleman in Scotland thought he would try his hand at fishing. Provided with the best of tackle, he toiled all day, but caught nothing. Towards evening he spied a ragged little urchin, with tackle of the most primitive order, land fish with marvelous rapidity. He went to him and asked the secret of his success, receiving for reply, "The fish'll no catch sir, as lang as ye dinna keep yerself oot o' sight." Fishers of men need not wonder at their want of success if they do not keep themselves out of sight.

"FAIL, FOR CHRIST."

557. A wealthy lady of Canada, when she became a Christian, felt that she ought to recommend religion to others by speaking in the prayer-meeting. She feared that she would break down, but said at length, "I can at least stand up and fail for Christ."

SELF-SACRIFICE BRINGS POWER.

558. It is told of Pousa, the Chinese potter, that being ordered to produce some great work for the emperor, he tried long to make it, but in vain. At length, driven to despair, he threw himself into the furnace, and the effect of his self-immolation on the ware which was then in the fire, was such that it came out the most beautiful piece of porcelain ever known. So in the Christian ministry, it is self-sacrifice that gives real excellence and glory to our

work. When self in us disappears, and only Christ is seen, then will be our highest success alike in our own lives and in the moving of our fellow-men.

SELF-SACRIFICING SERVICE.

559. A heathen king, who was wounded in battle, sent in his dying hours for his trusted servant, and said to him, "Go, tell the dead, I come." The soldier-servant, without hesitating for a moment, drew his sword and stabbed himself to the heart, that he might go to the dead before his master, and prepare them for his coming. Oh! that we had this spirit of service and of sacrifice for the King of kings. In his dying hour, he also said to us, "Go, tell the dead, I come."

"THE GOD MUST HAVE THE BEST."

560. A poor Hindoo woman had a pair of beautiful twin babes. The mother loved her little ones, but her joy over them was mingled with pain. One of them was a girl and blind. To her dark heathen mind there could be but one reason for this mark upon her offspring; her deity, the goddess Gunga, was angry with her for some sin she had committed. "I must make a sacrifice," she said, in bitter sorrow, to a missionary lady who called upon her; "the goddess must be appeased, cost what it may."

When she called again, she found the mother weeping over the basket cradle in which lay only a single child. It was the blind girl. The wretched woman had thrown the other babe into the Ganges. Recovering from her horror sufficiently to speak, the Christian lady could not help asking why, if she must sacrifice a child, she had not chosen the one that was the occasion of her sorrow. "Oh," sobbed the benighted mother, "that was the bitterest of all. I could not offer the girl, the blind one, when I had a boy, a perfect child. That would have made Gunga only more angry. The god must always have the best." While our God does not require sacrifices in the same form, he does require at our hands the best we have.

AN OLD WOMAN'S RAILWAY SIGNAL.

561. One wild spring night the falling rains, reinforced by the melting snows and ice from the mountains, produced a flood that, rushing down a gorge in the West Virginia mountains, tore down a railroad bridge that spanned its dangerous depths. By the side of the bridge, in a poor cottage, lived a lone widow and her

daughter. What should she do to warn the approaching train, due in half an hour? She gathered her scanty furniture in a pile on the track and set it on fire. She tore from her person her red woolen gown, and, tying it to a stick, ran up the line, waving it with both hands, while the daughter swung around her head a blazing brand a little way before her. The engine came around the curve at full speed, but as the watchful engineer saw the fire and the waving flag and brand, he reversed the engine and whistled "down brakes." At the very edge of the gorge, the train stood still, its passengers saved by the old woman who had sacrificed her all. If she could do so much to save the lives of these passengers, what ought we be willing to sacrifice for the salvation of the souls of men?

HOW TO MOVE THE WHEELS.

562. I heard Dr. John Scudder use a good missionary illustration lately, which I wish to relate to the children. On his return from India he made a short stay in London. While there he went one day with his family to visit the Crystal Palace. That was the building where the first "world's fair" was held; and it has been kept up as a kind of perpetual fair ever since. Among the curious things which pleased the children very much was a great collection of toys. One set consisted of an old woman with a wash-tub, a wind-mill with its sails all set for work, a mason with his trowel, a big rooster with his wings just ready to flap and his throat to crow, and several other similar pieces. "Wouldn't it be fun," said one of the missionary's little folks, "to see all these things move?" Now, the children might have stood about there forever, wishing, hoping, and even praying for that end, but it would have done no good. But just drop a penny into a little slip left for it, and behold! the mason begins to work, the wind-mill to turn, the old woman to rub her clothes, and the rooster to crow. The money started the whole machinery. So, Mr. Scudder said, it was with mission work. The Church has been praying a great while for the Lord to "open the way" for his gospel. He had opened it so wide that his laborers did not know what to do. They could not occupy a tenth of the ground. The Church now needed to drop in the money if they would see the works move.

"OCCUPY TILL I COME."

563. About a hundred years ago, there was in America a day of such unaccountable darkness that it was supposed by many that the last day had come. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, and its members shared in the general awe and terror.

In the consternation of the hour some one moved an adjournment. An old Puritan then arose, and said that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his post, doing his duty, and therefore moved that the candles be brought in, so that the house could proceed with its business.

“ALWAYS READY.”

564. During the war in Burmah a sudden approach of the enemy made it necessary to strengthen a certain position, and the commander-in-chief sent orders for a particular corps to occupy the post at once; but the orderly returned, saying that so many of the men were intoxicated that the force was unfit for duty. Campbell was enraged; but something must be done immediately, and it did not take a man like him very long to decide what to do. “Call out Havelock’s saints!” cried the old general. “They never get drunk, and Havelock is *always ready*.”

NO RETREAT.

565. It is said that at the battle of Alma, when one of the regiments was being beaten back by the Russians, the ensign in front stood his ground, as the troops retreated. The captain shouted to him to bring back the colors. But the reply of the ensign was, “*Bring up the men to the colors!*” The dignity of Immanuel’s ministry can never be lowered to meet our littleness. The men must come up to the colors.

“TO FIGHT AND NOT TO RUN.”

566. A good story is told of one of the soldiers of Alexander the Great, who chanced to be exceedingly lame, one of his legs being shorter than the other. He had enlisted as a foot soldier, and upon being asked why he had not (considering his lameness) enlisted in the cavalry, he simply replied, “I am going to *fight*, and not to *run*.”

This came to Alexander’s ears; and before that year’s campaign was ended the lame soldier was not only mounted, but was one of the conqueror’s most trusted aides.

LOVE NEVER RETREATS.

567. A little English drummer boy was brought prisoner before Napoleon. The emperor told him to sound the retreat. “I

never learned it," was the prompt reply. Love never retreats. Love is ever accompanied by faith and hope, and in their company it always dares to pursue its course, however the odds may appear against it.

FIGHTING IN ANY POSITION.

568. Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, when he was a general of a brigade, entailed the censure of the great Napoleon, although the latter admired him for his bravery. The emperor, in one of his characteristic fits of passion, deprived him of his command, telling him he should never again draw a sword in the service of France.

Some months after, and while reviewing his troops, Napoleon saw a private in the ranks whose appearance was strikingly like that of the degraded general. The emperor advanced towards him, and at once recognized in the humble soldier his formerly distinguished brigadier.

"Lannes," said Napoleon, "I thought I ordered that you should never again draw a sword in the French service."

"You did, sire," replied the private; "but you can't prevent me from fighting for my country with a musket."

Napoleon acknowledged the true nobility of the man, and immediately restored him to his command.

"JUST AS THE CAPTAIN SAYS."

569. During a railroad strike there was great danger of mob violence, and the general public was almost panic-stricken. Twenty thousand workmen filled the streets, and an outbreak was imminent at any moment. But suddenly a cheer made the very earth tremble. A little company of wearied, dirty men that wore a blue uniform, with a belt around the waist, and a musket over the shoulder, came along with a tramp, tramp that meant business, as some of the boys said; and the whole community breathed more freely at the sight of less than a hundred men. The secret is found in one single word—organization; and discipline. One friend from the Green Isle stepped up to a brother Irishman whom he saw with the uniform and said, "Now look here; you wouldn't be after shootin' a fellow, would you?" The man turned round and said, "It's just as the captain says." What we need in this work is a company of men that fear nothing but sin, and are ready to do just what the Captain says.

WORKING WITHOUT ENCOURAGEMENT.

570. In the battle of Trafalgar, when the grand old Nelson sent his flag away up to the mast-head and shouted, "England expects every man to do his duty," there were two Scotchmen below decks that heard this. "Donald," says one to the other, "there's na' ward about the puir Scotchman." "Toot mon, a Scotchman can do his duty without being told about it."

OUR WOUNDED CAPTAIN.

571. The Highland chief, McGregor, fell wounded by two balls. Seeing their leader fall, the clan wavered and gave their enemy an advantage. The chieftain, beholding the effects of the disaster, raised himself upon his elbow, and while the blood was gushing in streams from his wounds, he cried, "I am not dead, my children; I am looking to see you do your duty." These words revived the sinking courage of his clan. The Captain of our salvation, though slain, yet lives to look upon us and to see us do our duty.

DESIRABLE ECCENTRICITY.

572. If Professor John Stuart Blackie is an "eccentric" person, it is a pity that some of his eccentricities are not to be met with a little more commonly in others, who get credit for acting more wisely than he. When he gave up his chair of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, Professor Blackie resolved to devote himself to work in behalf of the Highland crofters, or lower class of peasants. To that he is now giving his whole energy. "Let Greek die," he said recently; "let Hebrew die; let learning go to the dogs; but let human beings live, and let human brotherhood and charity live." This is a good spirit, for a scholar, in which to engage in practical work.

LONGING FOR DISCHARGE.

573. Whitefield was much attached to his friend Mr. William Tennent. It was from him he received the well-known reproof against impatience for heaven. They were dining with Governor Livingston one day, and Whitefield, being much exhausted by severe labor, expressed a hope that he should soon enter into his rest. He appealed to Tennent, if that was not his comfort. Ten-

nent replied, "What do you think I should say, if I were to send my servant into the field to plough, and at noon should find him lounging under a tree, complaining of the heat and begging to be discharged from his hard service? I should say he was an idle, lazy fellow, and that his business was to do the work I had appointed him."

BALKY CHRISTIANS.

574. That balky horse that delayed forty or fifty cars on a city horse railway the other day, was a great success as a hindrance, and yet at his proper proper work of pulling he had not strength enough to draw a single car. What a good illustration of the hindering power of a balky teacher! His power to advance the school by direct effort may be very small, but his ability to hinder the progress of others may be very great. The best thing to do with the balky worker in any department of Christian activity is to put a good substitute in his place,—and the sooner the better.

NOMINAL SOLDIERS.

575. A soldier who went to war, took with him some of the small instruments of his craft,—he was a watch-tinker,—thinking to make some extra shillings, now and then, while in camp. He did so. He found plenty of puttering, and almost forgot that he was a soldier; so that one day, when ordered off on some duty, he exclaimed: "Why, how can I go? I've got ten watches to mend!" Some Christians are so absorbed in self-seeking that they are ready to say to the Master's call, "I pray thee have me excused!" They are nominally soldiers of Christ, but really only watch-tinkers—they keep back part of the price.

"ODD JOB CHRISTIAN."

576. That was a suggestive answer of the little boy who, when asked if his father was a Christian, replied that he was, but that he did not work at it much at present. A remark in similar style, but of more hopeful significance, was lately made by a workingman at a religious meeting in Liverpool. He said, "I used to be an 'odd job Christian,' but now I am working full time." Christianity is a life, not a *trade*.

(2.) ZEAL.

"IF I HAD TO SWIM."

577. A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her.

They said: "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it, too? *I would go* if I had to swim there!"

"OH, THAT I HAD A BIGGER BOAT!"

578. Who that has felt a measure of Jesus' compassion has not at times wished for an equal measure of Jesus' power?

That was a grand and heroic speech of the Becton boatman, who was the first to launch forth on the darkening waters of the Thames at the cry of hundreds of drowning victims of the Princess Alice steamboat.

This good man found a copious harvest of human lives, easily gathered in a moment to the full of the small capacity of the boat; and seeing how he had gathered all he could accommodate, and hundreds still struggling—and the vast majority of them struggling in vain—with the waters, he exclaimed:—

"Oh, that I had a bigger boat!—I could save so many more!"

"I KINDLE QUICK."

579. "I am not always glowing with zeal, but I kindle quick," said a noble young minister, who was about to die, to a friend and brother standing at his bedside.

"SOMEBODY HAS GOT TO LET THE PEOPLE KNOW."

580. A man was going to his work one morning, when he was told that the river had burst its banks, and was sweeping

down through the valley, carrying death and destruction. His informant did not seem much concerned about the matter, but the brave workman immediately rushed off down the lower part of the valley, shouting, "If that's so, somebody has got to let the people know." By his timely warning he saved the lives of many people.

CHRISTIANS' DUTY TO SINNERS.

581. Rev. G. M. Mathews uses the following illustration with most excellent results. A foreigner, excavating a well, in the city of Dayton, had descended forty feet, when the curbing gave way and entombed him, earth surrounding him to the shoulders. Repeated efforts were made to get down to him, but every hour he was wedged in more tightly by falling earth and stone. Fortunately the timber had so fallen as to protect him to some extent. A small aperture was also left for air and for conversation with his rescuers, so that he could make his wants known. After ceaseless efforts for part of a day and a night, and after his friends had almost reached the sufferer, water began to enter the well, and all hope seemed gone. Over fifteen hundred persons visited the spot, manifesting the most intense interest. After twenty hours of tireless effort, the poor benumbed foreigner was rescued, amid great rejoicing and the wildest demonstration.

We all commend this effort to rescue a fellow-man. It was human, manly, benevolent; it was a duty. But multitudes of our fellow-men are entombed in sin. They are reckless and imprudent; they are helpless, unable to overcome the environments of their society and evil life. It requires more persistent effort and constant sympathy to reach and rescue them than most Christians seem to manifest or believe necessary. What Christ-like zeal we should exhibit for the salvation of these souls.

A LESSON FOR WEAK CHRISTIANS.

582. When the foot-sore regiments of the Union army neared Gettysburg, and the sound of battle reached them, among those who grasped their arms to hurry to the front was one poor fellow who hobbled out of an ambulance, and shouldering his musket, was staggering forward, when the surgeon cried, "Where are you going, sir?" The brave fellow, trying hard to stand erect, said, "To the front!" "What! a man in your condition? You can't march half a mile. You have every symptom of typhoid fever; a little overexertion will kill you!" "Well, doctor," he said, "if I *must* die, I had rather die in the field than in an ambulance."

“I MAY BE DEAD.”

583. A missionary in the West Indies having called on the people for a little help in spreading the gospel, a negro came forward, and putting his hand in one pocket, pulled out some silver, saying, “That for me, massa”; and another parcel from another pocket, “That’s for my wife, massa,” and another still,—in all upwards of twelve dollars,—“That’s for my child, massa.” When asked if he were not giving too much, he said, “God’s work must be done, massa, and I may be dead.” Let us do and let us give what we can. “God’s work must be done, and we may be dead.”

“IF IT WERE MY SON.”

584. It is related, that after an address of Horace Mann, in the State of Massachusetts, in which he stated that if all the money that had been expended in the magnificent buildings occupied as a reformatory institution in the State of Massachusetts succeeded in saving one boy, the money was well laid out, when they passed out of the building, a gentleman turned round to his friend, who was silent, and said, “Do you believe that statement of Mr. Mann’s?” And the man, who must have been a father, tightened his grasp upon his arm, and said, “Yes, if it were my son.”

“YOUR BROTHER IS DOWN THERE.”

585. In the east of London, they were digging a deep drain in the neighborhood of Victoria Park. Some of the shoring gave way, and tons of earth fell down upon several men who were there at work. Of course there was a good deal of excitement; and standing by the brink was a man looking on—I grant you, with great earnestness—on those who were attempting to dig out the earth. But a woman came up to him, put her hand on his shoulder and said, “Bill, your brother is down there.” Oh, you should have seen the sudden change! Off went his coat, and then he sprang into the trench, and worked as if he had the strength of ten men.

SUFFICIENT RESPONSIBILITY.

586. John Brown, of Haddington, said to a young minister who complained of the smallness of his congregation, “It is as

large a one as you will want to give an account for in the Day of Judgment." The admonition is appropriate not to ministers alone, but to all teachers.

"PAINTING FOR ETERNITY."

587. When Apelles, the Greek painter, was asked why he bestowed so much labor upon his pictures, he replied, "Because I am painting for eternity." He used the word as a bold figure of speech; but we may use the word literally when we say that we are painting the picture of our lives for eternity.

SAVING THE SOUL.

588. The Rev. Rowland Hill once introduced Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, to a nobleman, in these terms: "Allow me to present to your lordship my friend, Dr. Jenner, who has lately been the means of saving more *lives* than any other man." Dr. Jenner bowed, and said with great earnestness, "Ah! would, like you, I could say *souls*!"

THE DIVINE SEAL.

589. When some one took occasion, in conversation with Dr. Wayland, to criticise a certain Christian worker's methods, and to question his orthodoxy and his "call," the Doctor stopped him by bluntly asking, "Can he cast out devils?" That was all the great man wanted to know.

WANDERING FROM THE SUBJECT.

590. Bramwell was a plain preacher in the States, and to some extent an uncultivated preacher; but he was full of faith and zeal, and his ministry was attended with marvelous power. He was preaching in a little village on one occasion, and the German minister, Trubner, was induced to go to hear him. Trubner was a very cultivated scholar, and a profound critic; and when some of Bramwell's friends saw him there they said, "Alas! alas! for poor Bramwell; how Trubner will criticise him!" Very little did Bramwell care for him, or for all the philosophers under the sun. He preached, and set before his audience the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ, and when Trubner went out of the church one of his

friends said to him: "How do you like him? Don't you think he wanders a good deal in his preaching?" "O, yes," says the old Lutheran, "he do wander most delightfully from de subject to de heart."

BETTER THAN LOGIC.

591. A clergyman spent a whole week preparing a sermon with special reference to one of his hearers, an infidel lawyer, who, from habit and traditional respect, regularly attended church, and had for some time sat under his ministry.

Sunday came, and with it a cold, icy storm, but Judge Leyman sat in his accustomed place. Not a word of the sermon escaped him. After the benediction he walked quietly down the aisle. On the icy steps stood an old colored woman, lame and poor. As she attempted to go down, she slipped, and would have fallen, but the Judge, with the dignified courtesy that always distinguished him, assisted her till she had gained the sidewalk. Turning, as he supposed, to thank him, the old woman peered into his face with the inquiry, "Do you love Jesus?" Receiving no answer for an instant, she repeated, "Do you love Jesus?" and then hobbled away.

The lawyer went home, but the words followed him. He tried to read, but could not escape the trembling, pleading tone. He fought the impression till evening, and then sought the pastor's study to ask guidance and help.

Some weeks later, after he had found peace and united himself with the people of God, the minister said to him one day: "Do you know that I expected you that stormy evening when you first came to me to inquire concerning the way to eternal life? I had prepared my sermon that day especially for you, and I thought it would bring you to conviction."

"That sermon!" replied the Judge; "why, I could have answered all your arguments, and it did not move me in the least. It was what the old negro woman said, 'Do you love Jesus?' that I could not get away from. It seemed to me as if I should hear that voice following me as long as I lived."

THE MINISTER'S BUSINESS.

592. A Scottish minister was riding on horseback, one stormy day, enveloped in a loose cloak of large proportions, and having a broad, scarlet neck. By the strong action of the wind the cloak was tossed about in all directions, when an English gentleman

rode up on a spirited charger. The gentleman's horse shied, and almost threw the rider. "That cloak of yours would frighten the Devil!" said the Englishman. "Man," replied the minister, "that's just my beezeenness."

INDIFFERENT WARNING.

593. A traveler one dark night was journeying toward a deep, rapid river, crossed by a bridge, which had been swept away, but he knew it not. A man met him, and, with a careless air, asked, "Are you aware the bridge is gone?" "No; do you think it is so?" "O, I heard so," said the man in the same indifferent manner; "you had better not go on." Deceived by his hesitation and careless way, the traveler proceeded. Soon another man met him, and called out in alarm, "Sir, the bridge is gone!" "O, yes," replied the traveler, "I heard that story, but do not believe it, as it was told in a careless tone." "But it is gone, for I barely escaped being carried away with it myself." The traveler was convinced, and, turning about, saved his life. So the danger to men's souls may be pointed out with such a careless and indifferent air that they may not realize it. Or they may be warned with so much of earnestness as to arrest and turn them from the sinful road to the path of safety.

HARPOONS ON BOARD.

594. A sailor just off a whaling expedition asked where he could hear good preaching. On his return from church his friend said to him, "You do not seem to have liked the sermon." "Not much; it was like a ship leaving for the whale-fishing—everything ship-shape, anchors, cordage, sails, all right—but *there were no harpoons on board.*"

BRILLIANT PREACHING.

595. Sir Astley Cooper, on visiting Paris, was asked by the surgeon-in-chief of the empire how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah, but, monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times. How many times did you save his life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he had looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face. "I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty?" "Ah, monsieur, I

lose them all; but de operation was very brilliant." Of how many popular ministries might the same verdict be given.

A ZEALOUS CONVERT.

596. I once knew a young man who was converted away from home. The place where he lived had no minister, no preaching, and no religion. He went home in three days after he was converted, and immediately set himself to work for a revival. He began meetings in the neighborhood, and prayed and labored, and a revival broke out, of which he had the chief management, resulting in a powerful work which converted most of the principal men of the place.

AN ENTHUSIAST.

597. Rowland Hill, a man of powerful voice, was sometimes completely carried away by the impetuous rush of his feelings. On one such occasion, while preaching at Wotton, he exclaimed: "Because I am in earnest, men call me enthusiast. But I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was working on yonder hill. I saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below, at the distance of a mile. Help came and rescued the poor sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then. And when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and I call aloud to them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now?"

MORE EARNESTNESS NEEDED.

598. "Brother," said a dying man, "why have you not been more pressing with me about my soul?" "Dear James," said the brother, "I have spoken to you several times." "Yes," was the answer, "you are not to blame, but you were always so quiet over it; I wish you had gone on your knees to me, or had taken me by the neck and shaken me, for I have been careless, and have nearly slept myself into hell."

SHALLOW DESIRES.

599. A pastor once wept because he could have no revival. The next Sabbath he preached a faithful, feeling sermon. During

the week he did his part in a large, jovial party, and then fell back into his old routine.

“MOUNTAIN-TOP EXPERIENCE.”

600. A man arose in one of Moody's meetings and gave his experience. “I have been for five years on the Mount of Transfiguration.” “How many souls have you led to Christ last year?” was the sharp question that came from Mr. Moody in an instant. “Well, I don't know,” was the astonished reply. “Have you saved any?” persisted Mr. Moody. “I don't know that I have,” answered the man. “Well, we don't want that kind of mountain-top experience. When a man gets so high that he can't reach down and save poor sinners, there is something wrong.”

“TAKE ANOTHER.”

601. A battle was raging, and a messenger came up, and said to the general, “General, we have taken a standard of the enemy!” The general kept on talking with another officer, as if he did not hear it, and the messenger said again, “General we have taken a standard of the enemy!”

The general did not seem to pay any attention to it, until the third time the messenger cried out, “General, we have taken a standard of the enemy!” The general looked back and said, “Then take another.”

“Forgetting those things which are behind,” let us press forward “unto those things which are before.”

“TAKE AHOLD AND LIFT.”

602. There was very sound theology, on its practical side, in the reply of the negro laborer at Fortress Monroe. A large steamer was taking on its cargo; and this man was laboring very earnestly at his appointed work. But another workman was idling in the shade, and his comrade called out to him, “Sam! do you expect to get to hebbin?” “Yes!” was the reply of the idler. “Then take ahoid and lift!”

The Christian is to be rich in good works, not *in order to be* saved, but just *because he is* saved. His salvation is to be the inspiration of his work!

“THE LAZY MINISTER DIES FIRST.”

603. On one occasion a neighboring minister warned Dr. Morison, of Chelsea, that he was doing too much work. “Depend upon it,” replied Mr. Morison, “the lazy minister dies first.” Six months after, he was sent for by his friendly monitor, and to his amazement and sorrow found him dying. “Do you remember what you once said to me?” inquired the dying man. Stunned by finding his words invested with almost prophetic character, he could only falteringly reply, “Oh, don’t speak of that!” “Yes, I must speak of it,” said his friend. “It was the truth. Work, work while it is called to-day, for now the night is coming when I cannot work.” Dr. Morison often related this circumstance as a warning to the indolent.

KEEPING CONVERTS STILL.

604. A celebrated doctor of divinity in New England boasted at a public table of his success in keeping all his converts still. He had great difficulty, he said, for they were in a terrible fever to do something, to talk, to pray, or get up meetings, but by the greatest vigilance he had kept it all down, and now his church was just as quiet as it was before the revival. Wonderful achievement for a minister of Jesus Christ! Was that what the blessed Savior meant when he told Peter, “Feed my lambs”?

(3.) OPPORTUNITIES IMPROVED.

A SMALL CONGREGATION.

605. Once, when John Newton preached in an English village, such was the indifference that only a handful came to hear him. But he was loyal to Christ, and gave the best he had. Among that little number of hearers was Thomas Scott. The sermon turned his thoughts toward the truth, and all the Christian influence of “Scott’s Commentary” may be traced to that sermon. That restricted service, which seemed almost like wasting time, may have done more for the world than any other service in Newton’s life. The world is listening yet to that sermon.

ONLY ONE CONVERSION.

606. Dr. O. H. Tiffany, in a sermon published in the *Methodist*, thus tells the story of Rev. John Dempster.

Years ago a camp-meeting in New Hampshire broke up and went away with disappointment, because only *one* had been converted, a stranger and a peddler. He had been attracted by the unusual services, and tying his horse securely, strayed in among the worshippers and there found God. It was a very simple camp-meeting. That one man, converted, has done more for Methodism than any man of his age. He abandoned his peddler's cart, and went out into South America as a missionary, and returned with the fire of the Holy Ghost upon him. He consecrated his intellect, and founded our theological schools and colleges.

John Dempster was converted under the circumstances which I have mentioned. He has been the occasion of blessing and all praise, until his name is a household title through all New England. I would rather have been the man that led such a one to Christ than any other individual who saw fit to accomplish wonderful deeds.

ONE CONVERSION LEADS TO MANY.

607. The visit of a traveling peddler to the door of Richard Baxter's father led to the purchase of a little book; that book led to the conversion of Richard Baxter. Baxter wrote the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," which was blessed to the conversion of Philip Doddridge. Doddridge wrote the "Rise and Progress of Religion," and that led to the conversion of Wilberforce. Wilberforce's "Practical View" was the means of the conversion of Dr. Chalmers and Leigh Richmond, the results of whose lives for good are incalculable.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

608. An English missionary magazine tells an interesting story of a little child who, a long time ago, when she was four or five years old, had some money given her as a birthday gift. She made up her mind to devote part of her money to the purchase of a Bible to send to India. Her name was written on the fly-leaf. After reaching India the Bible, it seems, was given to a heathen girl. In after-years the English child, when she came to be a woman, gave herself to the missionary work, and was appointed to labor in a certain city of India. While there, in the rounds of her missionary toil, she met the very same Bible she had given

when a child. The book had not been torn or neglected, and the heathen girl who had received it was then a Christian lady, the wife of a Christian husband. As the missionary entered that Christian home and took into her own hands the Bible which had her name on the title-page, with the record of her birthday, years ago, we think her heart must have been overflowing with joy.

SEEMING VAIN LABOR.

609. Dr. Munhall preached in Kokomo, Indiana, one Sabbath, while still at work as a dentist in Indianapolis. After preaching eight times between 8:00 A. M. and 10:00 P. M., no special interest seemed to be manifested, and the next morning, while on the train home, he was tempted to feel that it was no use; he did no good, but lost money and time. Fourteen months later he met a student in a university town who was converted in consequence of that Sunday's preaching, and was now studying for the ministry. Three years afterward he related the foregoing at Kokomo, in a general meeting, when three rose in succession and stated that under the influence of that day's preaching they, too, had been converted.

A GOOD SERMON TO A SMALL AUDIENCE.

610. Dr. Lyman Beecher, one stormy, snowy night, preached to but one hearer, who went away after the sermon before the Doctor could speak to him. Twenty years afterwards, in a pleasant village in Central Ohio, a stranger accosted Dr. Beecher, saying, "Do you not remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, sir," said the Doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio."

A SAILOR'S REPROOF.

611. A British naval commander named Haldane, during an engagement at sea, became terribly enraged at his men, and wished them all "in hell." One of them, a poor Highlander, touched his cap and said, "Captain, I believe God hears prayer—and if he

had answered your prayer just now, where should we have been?" The sailor's words troubled the captain so much afterward that he became a thoughtful, and in reality a praying man. Captain James Haldane's influence brought his infidel brother, Robert, to Christ. Robert Haldane settled in Geneva, and became the means of the conversion of Felix Neff, Henry Pyt, and J. H. Merle, D'Aubigne, President of the Theological School of Geneva and author of the History of the Reformation.

A shining train of blessings to follow from a humble seaman's reproof to a profane captain.

ONE CONVERT WINS ANOTHER.

612. Mr. William Booth, in his magazine, writes: "About a month ago, one of our people, who had herself been a drunkard, was standing at one of the open-air services on the waste, when she observed a woman who had formerly been one of her bad companions suddenly leave the crowd and walk quickly away. Hurrying after her, she found this poor drunkard in great distress about her soul. '*Oh!*' she said, '*I listened to the speakers; but when I saw you standing there so wonderfully changed from what you used to be, I could stand it no longer.*' She was induced, however, to return to the meeting, and then to attend the service in the hall, where she found salvation. She is now another living witness of the power of Christ to save the drunkard. May God preserve her faithful unto death!"

THE FAR-REACHING INFLUENCE OF A REVIVAL.

613. In a prayer-meeting held in a church in New York, where a revival had occurred the preceding winter, a pastor of a church in St. Paul, Minn., rose and said: "You can never estimate the results of a single revival. Last winter, while merchants from my congregation were in New York, they attended revival prayer-meetings in this church. They came home and poured forth the emotions of their warm hearts, and a great awakening followed."

"WORTH SAVING."

614. Years ago, the faculty of a New England college met to expel a reprobate student. His tutor alone expostulated. He called on his pupil, and said: "There is a gifted young man in

this college whom I wish to save. Will you help me?" The young man was touched. He was reformed, and converted. He graduated with honor, and became a pastor. Years rolled away. Not long since, he and his old tutor, now president of a college, met for the first time at the Presbyterian General Assembly. The young preacher seized his friend by the hand, and with a tear in his eye, and a sob in his voice, exclaimed, "My dear doctor, you are the only man that ever thought me worth saving."

"BESIDE ALL WATERS."

615. Two young men traveling on horseback came to the same brook. Whilst their horses were drinking, one of the strangers, a young Christian, spoke to the other a word concerning salvation. The horses finished drinking, and the travelers separated in different directions. They never met again in this world; but the young man spoken to was brought under serious impression, was led to consecrate himself to Christ, gave himself as a minister of the gospel, and wanted to give himself as a missionary to the heathen.

He was an only son of a very wealthy father, who wanted to have his wealth, and name, and fame, and position in society perpetuated in his son. Said he to the young man, "My son, I will support twenty missionaries of Christ, if you will not give yourself to the work, or to the work of the ministry." The young man replied to his father that he must preach the gospel, that the Savior had given more for him than he could give with himself and all his money—he must do it. He did do it. He bore the gospel to Africa, planted the standard of the cross on its dark shores, and laid his own bones there as a testimony to his sincerity.

These young horsemen never met again in this world, but they have met on the shores of immortality. They recognize each other there. They have grasped hands in an acquaintanceship there which shall never be terminated. May God give courage to *speak* to the souls around.

A WORD IN SEASON.

616. A young man in San Francisco, California, was on his way to the theater, when a Christian worker put into his hand a card of invitation to an evening prayer-meeting. He accepted the invitation, attended the meeting, and before he left the house, he had given his heart to the Savior.

THE ARROW HIT HOME.

617. A Christian lady once having occasion to write on some business matter to a young man in the navy, who was almost a stranger, thought, "Shall I close this as anybody would, or shall I say a word for my Master?" and lifting up her heart for a moment, she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the word, "Here we have no continuing city," and asked if he could say, "I seek one to come." Tremblingly she folded it and sent it off.

Back came the answer: "Thank you so much for those kind words. I am an orphan, and no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died, long years ago."

The arrow, shot at venture, hit home; and the young man shortly after rejoiced in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace.

A STAR IN GLADSTONE'S CROWN.

618. An old woman-servant had a son inclined to go wrong. The mother remonstrated and advised her boy, but all to no purpose; he seemed determined on a headlong course to ruin. At last, the mother, in her desperation, caught the idea that, if she could persuade the Premier to take him in hand, perhaps the prodigal might be reclaimed. "Screwing her courage to the sticking-point,"—for what will a mother not do for her child?—she approached her master, and, in trembling tones, preferred her request. Mr. Gladstone responded at once; and though the affairs of one of the greatest kingdoms in the world pressed heavily upon him, with genuine simplicity of character, he had the lad sent to his study, when he spoke tender words of advice and remonstrance, and knelt down and prayed a higher power to help in the work of redemption. This kindly action was effectual; the lad became a reformed character—a follower of Jesus, a comfort to his mother, and a star for the Premier's crown when he shall be called to his reward above.

A BEGGAR SAVED BY A SONG.

619. An old blind fiddler and ballad singer, led by a little boy, was wandering, one cold day, through the streets of an English city, trying to collect pennies by his music, when a pious lady took pity on him, and called him in, and fed him. She was

a fine singer herself, and before he left, she sang him the hymn ending, —

"I'll bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love,"

and taught him the words and tune.

The poor old man went about singing that hymn and playing it on his violin for two months, and, as he expressed it, the more he sang the lines, the more guilty he felt. Their meaning entered into his very heart, and preached the gospel to him. They made him a sincere penitent, and finally led him into the kingdom—and when he stopped again at his kind friend's door, it was to thank her for teaching him how to glorify God.

SAVED FROM SUICIDE BY A CARD.

620. Recently it was reported in the news columns of a New York daily paper that a man stepped into a horse-car in New York, and, before taking his seat, gave each passenger a little card, bearing the inscription, "Look to Jesus, when tempted, when troubled, when dying."

One of the passengers carefully read the card and put it into his pocket. As he left the car he said to the giver: "Sir, when you gave me this card, I was on my way to the ferry, intending to jump from the boat and drown myself. The death of my wife and son had robbed me of all desire to live. But this ticket has persuaded me to begin life anew. Good-day, and God bless you!"

All this is no imaginary story, taken from a religious novel. It happened on a Fulton Ferry car, on a day in March, 1878, and the man who distributed the cards was Mr. James Huggins, the proprietor of a Pearl Street printing establishment.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

621. A gentleman in New York, who is in the habit of distributing tracts on Sunday, was once discouraged by the rain from going his usual round. His little daughter came from Sunday-school, and found him at home, with his bundle of tracts lying on the table. She seemed surprised, and was quite exercised when he told her that he should not go out.

"Let *me* take them, papa," she said.

"No, my dear; it is too wet."

But she pleaded that she was already dressed for the wet—had on her water-proof and rubbers, and she would take the big umbrella, and the rain wouldn't hurt her a bit, and besides "those

people will want their tracts. Do let me go, papa." And finally she got his consent and started out.

At one house she was obliged to knock a great while before she could get in. A woman with a gloomy face at last came to the door. The little girl smiled, gave her a tract, and went on, till she had finished her round.

Next Sunday the father of the little girl heard a remarkable story of rescue from death, and of conversion to God. The person who told him was the woman herself, at whose door the child had waited so long. She said she had determined to commit suicide, and was in the act of hanging herself when she heard the knock on the door. She took the tract from the hand of the little missionary, and the reading of it raised her from despair to the glad hopes and peace of the gospel.

THE WORK OF AN INVALID.

622. Sufferers—and the faithful in duty of any kind—are doing the "Father's business." A pious but helpless woman, in a destitute neighborhood, who thought she was no longer of any use in the world, was visited by a minister, to whom she told her troubles, and was much comforted by his conversation. Before he went away, she made him promise to appoint a religious meeting at her house. The meeting was held, and resulted in a series of revival meetings, in the course of which more than thirty souls found the peace of God. Like Joseph and Mary, the poor woman "understood not" the providence that hindered her. But she knew afterwards—as they did.

A HUSBAND'S PARDON.

623. After the Canadian Rebellion, a husband was banished to Van Diemen's Land. The wife left Canada, went to England, and there remained, working for her board, till she could get an interview with the queen. On her knees she pleaded for a pardon for her husband. Finally, she obtained it; and waited and worked till that pardon was sent to her husband, who soon after joined her in London, and returned with her to Canada. The wife whose heart is set upon the conversion of her husband, will sooner or later succeed.

"THROUGH A HOLE IN THE WALL."

624. The Countess of Huntingdon once spoke to a workman who was repairing a garden wall, and pressed him to take some

thought concerning eternity and the state of his soul. Some years afterward, she was speaking to another on the same subject, and said to him, "Thomas, I fear you never pray, nor look to Christ for salvation." "Your ladyship is mistaken," answered the man; "I heard what passed between you and James at such a time, and the word you designed for him, took effect on me." "How did you happen to hear it?" asked her ladyship. "I heard it," answered the man, "on the other side of the garden, through a hole in the wall, and shall never forget the impression I received."

THE WIDOW'S LAMP.

625. Some years ago, there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the sea-shore. All around her the coast was rugged and dangerous; and many a time was her heart melted by the sight of wrecked fishing-boats and coasting vessels, and the piteous cries of wrecked human beings. One stormy night, when the howling wind was making her loneliness more lonely, and her mind was conjuring up what the next morning light would disclose, a happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood on an elevated spot, and her window looked out upon the sea; might she not place her lamp by that window, that it might be a beacon light to warn some poor mariner off the coast? She did so all her life after, and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp—many a crew was saved from perishing.

A PRAYING SLAVE.

626. In Lawrence County, Middle Tennessee, about forty years ago, Mingo, a negro slave, professed religion at his plow, and would often get happy when plowing. On one occasion, while he was rejoicing, his master forbade him, and asked if he would cease.

"No, master," said Mingo.

"Then," said his master, "I will whip you to death, or make you cease this foolishness," and he whipped him till the blood ran to the ground.

Mingo never wept, but fell on his knees, and began to sing in a strong, clear voice, "My wearied soul will soon be at rest."

Lyman laid down the hickory, and went away in great distress, and that night proposed to his wife that they should have Mingo come in and pray for them. And Mingo was brought in, and prayed for his persecuting master. Lyman was a deist.

Very soon, two of Lyman's daughters and his wife professed religion, and at home, from the influence of this praying negro slave. And very soon the deist master furnished Mingo with a horse, and permitted him to go in comfort to all his appointments, for he had his own special appointments for religious services among his people, and was often invited to pray and exhort among white people.

The above incident was related by Deacon Esaias Baker, of Amity Church, who was well acquainted with the circumstances.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

627. A lofty tenement-house in one of our large cities was wrapped in flames. Suddenly a shriek from an upper window told that one unrescued life was left in the building. A long ladder was raised, and a brave fireman swiftly climbed it almost to the top. Stifled by the smoke, he stopped. The crowd was in agony, as a life seemed lost, for every moment of hesitation appeared an age.

While this shivering fear seized every beholder, a voice from the crowd pealed out, "Cheer him! cheer him!" and a wild "hurrah" burst from the excited spectators. As the cheer reached the fireman, he started upward through the curling smoke, and in a few moments was seen coming down the ladder with a woman in his arms.

The cheer did the work.

HE "HOLLER'D 'AMEN.'"

628. Three little boys were left alone for a while to "take care of the house." It was a cold, windy day, and the wood-work around the stove-pipe caught fire. The burning place was high up, and difficult for the children to reach, but the brave little fellows put out the fire without alarming any one.

When the father and mother returned, they shuddered to see the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall and got upon that."

"And did you help brother, Jimmy?" to the next.

"Yes, sir, I brought him a pail of water and handed him the dipper."

"And what did *you* do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "I just stood by and holler'd 'Amen.'"

THE POWER OF A LOOK.

629. Doctor Cutler, of Brooklyn, was returning from a visit, carrying a pair of chickens. He was met by a friend who wished to know the price of the chickens, to whom he made the reply that he was not rich enough to buy them. He then related their brief history. As he was passing the humble dwelling of a poor woman whose husband had been very intemperate, she called after him, and holding up these chickens begged him to accept them. "I told her," said he, "she could not afford to give away such a fine pair." "Mr. Cutler," said she, with a sad expression, "you will hurt my feelings if you do not accept them. I have fattened and picked them on purpose for you, they being the only gift I am able to make to requite your kindness done to me and my children." He remarked that he knew of no favor. "Recently, sir," said the poor woman, "you have reformed my husband." This could not be; he had never spoken to him a single word on that subject. But as he left his humble home one day, he emptied out his spirits, declaring that no words had ever made any impression on his mind, but the look of that man he could not endure. He showed what he meant!

(4.) OPPORTUNITIES NEGLECTED.

"IN SEASON, OUT OF SEASON."

630. Dr. Chalmers, on one occasion, spent an evening with a number of pious friends and a former parishioner, who was seventy-two years of age, and apparently in perfectly good health, though, alas! as yet without hope in Christ. During the evening, the conversation took a devout turn, and was continued till a late hour. The old man listened, and seemed attentive. Dr. Chalmers observed this, and felt inclined to speak to him personally about his eternal interest, but thought it would hardly be proper before the company. The next morning a noise was heard in the old man's room. Dr. Chalmers ran in just in time to see him die. It was a solemn scene; and no sooner was it cer-

tain that life was extinct, than he called the whole household together, and, kneeling down, offered a most affecting prayer, and gave a solemn exhortation; but he was greatly distressed the whole day, a large part of which was spent with a friend in the woods. "It was touching," said that friend, "to see him sit down on a bank, frequently with tears in his eyes, and say: 'God has rebuked me! I know now what St. Paul means by being instant in season and out of season. Had I addressed that old man last night, with urgency, I might have seemed "out of season" to human eyes—but how seasonable it would have been!'"

A PASTOR'S HUMILIATION.

631. Dr. Pentecost narrates the following regarding a New England pastor. This pastor had had one of the most prominent men in the community in his congregation for twelve years, without speaking to him personally about his spiritual interests. During a meeting held by Dr. Pentecost in his church, he felt it his duty to go and talk to him on the subject. After a few introductory commonplace remarks, the pastor stated his errand. Said the gentleman: "Pastor, you are too late! You might have won me to Christ years ago, if you had come; but now you are too late!" "O, no," said the startled pastor, "it is never too late. The Lord is ready and willing to receive you." "No, pastor, you are too late!" "Why do you say so?" said the pastor, somewhat puzzled at the expression on his friend's face. "Because," said the merchant, "having waited and longed for years to have you speak to me, and despairing of your ever coming, not half an hour ago, not able longer to bear my load of sin and distress, I fell down on my knees here, alone, in this office, and gave myself to Christ. I am sorry, pastor, that you never came; but you are too late to win me now."

Do you wonder that the pastor went home deeply humbled?

"THE BODY OF MY OWN FATHER."

632. In the West, a man was plowing near a river; another man was chopping on the bank; a third was on the opposite side seeking a fording place. The man plowing called to the one chopping, who was nearer the river, and said: "There is a man over the river; I guess he is a stranger, and wants to cross. Just step up there and tell him where the fording place is." "If he will let me alone," said the chopper, "I will him." "But just step up there—it will take you but a moment." "I know it,"

said the other, "but when I leave my work to help others, I want my pay for it."

The man, in attempting to cross the river, was drowned. Some two hours after, when they had dragged the body out upon the bank, the chopper exclaimed, "Why, this is the body of my own father!" Who does not call that son guilty of the death of his father? While Christians are neglecting the work of saving the people, their own friends are being lost.

A NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

633. During the progress of a meeting in a Western community, a man killed two members of his family, and then hanged himself. A Deacon H—— came into the meeting, and when the opportunity was given for testimony, he arose and said: "I never felt so guilty as I do just now. I have been over to the barn where Mr. W—— is hanging, and I passed so near that I touched his clothes, and he swung round and stared me in the face, and seemed to say, 'Deacon H——, look at me! Here is the man beside whom you have lived for twelve years, and to whom you have never said a word on the subject of religion. See what I have done this morning? See what an end I have come to? All of which you might have prevented.' Those sightless eyes looked me through and through, and my conscience responded, 'Guilty! guilty! in the sight of God and man.'"

ONE SAD NEGLECT.

634. Not long ago I was called into the country to a prayer-meeting, and, at the close of the exercises, an old man with gray hair got up, and after an exhortation—beautiful because it spoke of the better country that he, a father in Israel, was hoping for, and because it was bright with glorious anticipations of the future—he paused, and amid the greatest solemnity, said, "Yet, with all this, there is one that I dread to meet in that blessed country." He then told us of a dying bed, and of one who, in her last hour, had said to him, "Mr. Harris, oh, why did you never speak to me of these things before?"

THERE WAS NO NEXT TIME.

635. A Christian tradesman bethought him that he had never spoken to a certain regular customer about his soul, though

the man had patronized him for years. He determined to plead earnestly with him the next time he came in his way. There was no next time; his customer died suddenly, so that he saw him no more.

• AARON BURR.

636. The father of Aaron Burr was an earnest Christian minister, and his mother a devout woman, a daughter of Jonathan Edwards, and yet he was an apostate. During his last year in college, at Princeton, there was a revival in the institution. Burr confessed that he was moved by the revival. He respected the religion of his mother; he had taken for granted the creed in which he had been educated. Therefore, though he was repelled by the wild excitement which prevailed, his mind was not at ease. He consulted Dr. Witherspoon in this perplexity. President Witherspoon was opposed to revivals, and he accordingly told the anxious student that the raging excitement was fanatical, not truly religious, and young Burr went away relieved. This is believed to be the key to Burr's apostate career.

PARENTAL NEGLECT.

637. Dr. G. F. Pentecost says that the first soul God ever gave him was the daughter of a Presbyterian elder. She said to him that though they had always had family worship in their home, neither her father nor her mother had ever spoken to her personally about her soul, or the need of giving herself to Christ.

THE DOCTOR'S MISTAKE.

638. A distinguished physician and his wife embraced the Savior. He said to his pastor, one day, in great anguish: "Oh, I have made a fatal mistake! While I deferred religion, my precious and gifted son has died in his sins. My dear daughter and her worldly husband seem to be utterly beyond my influence." He went to the grave a sorrowing man.

A CAUSE OF SKEPTICISM.

639. A young skeptic once said to Mr. Pentecost, the evangelist, that he "did not believe there was any truth in Christianity."

Mr. Pentecost replied, "Then you must believe that we Christians are either hypocrites or fools." "Well," answered the young man, "I should not care to put it in just that language, but that about expresses my feeling." Mr. Pentecost then asked, "Is your mother a Christian?" "She is a member of the church, and a professing Christian," was the reply. "Which is she—a fool or a hypocrite?" The young man felt inclined to resent this way of putting the case; but explaining that he meant no disrespect, and assuming that the young skeptic's mother was not a fool, Mr. Pentecost again put the question, "Is your mother, in your judgment, a hypocrite?" Bursting into a flood of tears, the young man sobbed out, "Well, if my mother is a real Christian, why has she never spoken to me about my soul?"

TALKING ABOUT BRASS.

640. Major Whittle tells the following anecdote:—

"Some years ago a gentleman, whose wife was a member of the church with which I was connected, came into my office, and with a little of evident embarrassment,—as I paused in my writing for him to make known his errand,—asked what we were paying for brass filings and scraps, and from that talked on some minutes about brass; and then, without coming to any point, bade me good morning, and went out. I went on with my work and thought no more of it, until the next prayer-meeting the wife of the same gentleman came up to me and said. 'Did Mr. — call upon you last Monday? He was moved Sunday night, and said he should call on you the next morning.' 'Yes,' said I, 'he called, but he had nothing to say to me of any religious interest; he only talked upon brass.' 'Oh,' said she, 'that was only an excuse; he wanted you to talk with him about his soul. Did you say nothing to him?' And I had to confess to this anxious wife that I, too, had talked about nothing but *brass*."

A GREAT MISTAKE.

641. A wealthy Christian lady said to her pastor, in her dying hours: "I have made a great mistake. My only son was in college. When his companions here were turning to the Lord, you begged me to bring him home for a season. This I declined to do. Now I leave him a hardened sinner." He died soon after, a sot.

AN UNAVAILING REGRET.

642. A Christian father allowed his restless son to go to sea. He fell from the mast, and was instantly killed. "Oh, God!" cried the agonized father, "if I only had my boy again, he should never leave me till he was a child of God."

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

643. "I have been a member of your church for thirty years," said an elderly Christian to his pastor, "and when I was laid by with sickness, only one or two came to see me. I was shamefully neglected." "My friend," said the pastor, "in all those thirty years, how many sick have you visited?" "O," he replied, "it never struck me in that light. I thought only of the relation of others to me, and not of my relation to them."

Common enough is this sort of lop-sided religion.

DEBATING PLANS INSTEAD OF WORKING.

644. There was once a stuttering blacksmith, and he had a stuttering apprentice. One day, standing at the forge, the blacksmith took out from the fire a piece of hot iron, laid it on his anvil, and lifted his hammer to strike; on the other side stood the apprentice, and he lifted his sledge, also; but both of them stood silent and inactive. Then the blacksmith said to the apprentice, "W-w-w-why d-d-d-don't you strike?" The apprentice replied, "W-w-w-where shall I strike?" And the blacksmith said, "N-n-n-never mind, it's c-c-c-cold now!"

CAST OUT THE DEVIL FIRST.

645. A good deacon, overhearing an altercation between his son and one of his hired men, came up to see what the trouble was.

"You left the pasture bars down."

"I didn't. It's some of your miserable fence mending."

"The fence was *well* mended. It's as good a fence as anybody's."

"Well (in a louder tone), *how did* the cattle get into that corn, then, I'd like to know."

There the cattle were, in the corn, eating and destroying it, and the farmer's son and servant stood disputing *how they got in*.

At this point the deacon suddenly made his appearance. "*Go and drive out those cattle*," he cried, "and do your talking afterwards!"

There is no time for long sermons when an evil spirit is tormenting a man. *Cast out the devil first*. That was the way Christ did.

NOT AN UNUSUAL TALENT.

646. There was once a man who wanted to be made a ruling elder in a church. His pastor began to question him about his qualifications for the office.

"Can you teach?"

"No, I am not educated."

"Well, what can you do?"

"If anything is brought up in the session that I do not like, I think I can manage to raise an objection."

It is safe to say that a good many men are like him.

"I'LL SEND A HAND."

647. A minister once urged a good farmer in his church to come out and co-operate in the meetings; and now particularly to be at one of special appointment. He assented; and as the pastor left, thinking he had gained a point, the farmer shouted, "If I do not come, I'll send a hand."

"LONG ON THE WAY."

648. Some time ago, a boy was discovered in the streets, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had the feeling of kindness strongly developed, went to him, shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come for me," said he.

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tones of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidence of the fever.

"God sent for father and mother and little brother," said he, "and took them away to his home up in the sky, and mother told me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and I came out here,

and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to take me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion. "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face, as he said, "Mother never told a lie, sir; but you have been so long on the way."

LOSING ONE'S PLACE IN THE KINGDOM.

649. Said a father of his son, who was occupying a comparatively subordinate place in the management of his great business: "I had intended that my son should have been my successor in the ownership and management of my business, but the training for it was hard and somewhat severe, and would have taken him away from many of the current pleasures of his associates; and he was not willing to make the sacrifice. The result is, that he has had to take a lower place; for he is not now competent to take charge of the business." Too many Christians are occupying subordinate positions in God's kingdom who ought to have been leaders, doing great things for their Lord.

(5.) CHILDREN.

"JESUS WANTS 'UM."

650. In a Sunday-school where all the children were expected to repeat a text of Scripture, a very small boy commenced the verse, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God," but through embarrassment could only get as far as "Suffer the little children." He started again, and was only able to add the words, "to come." The third time, with more energy, he began and ended as follows: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for—Jesus wants 'um all to come, and don't any of you big folks stop 'um!"

EARLY CONVERSIONS.

651. Matthew Henry was converted at the age of eleven, Jonathan Edwards at seven, and Isaac Watts at nine.

"MOHAMMED DID NOT LOVE LITTLE GIRLS."

652. An English lady, writing from Syria, says that the Mohammedan girls there are continually singing our beautiful hymns in Arabic. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," is a great favorite. A little Moslem girl accounted for her preference for the Christian religion by saying: "I like your Jesus, because he loved little girls. Our Mohammed did not love little girls." With unerring instinct, she had seized upon at least one of the great differences between the two religions.

THE BEST CHRISTIAN IN THE HOUSE.

653. A lady working in an inquiry meeting found a little boy not more than five years of age, and found that he was indulging a hope in Christ. Supposing him to be one of the new converts, she asked him how long he had been a Christian. His quick reply was, "O, I have been a Christian ever since I was a little boy!" "But," said she, "you are only a little boy now." A tall man who had been looking on in a confident manner, said: "That is my boy. He has been a Christian for two years at least; and about the best Christian, too, in the house."

"SHE TOOK THE CHILDREN."

654. A little boy asked his mother which of the characters in "Pilgrim's Progress" she liked best. She replied, "Christian, of course; he is the hero of the story." Her son said, "I don't, mother; I like Christiana best; for when Christian went on his pilgrimage, he started alone; but when Christiana went, she took the children with her."

CHRIST AND HIS LAMBS.

655. In a Chinese Christian family, at Amoy, a little boy, the youngest of three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young—that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made a touching reply: "Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. I am only a little boy; it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the child was ere long baptized.

THE YOUNG OFFICER.

656. A brilliant young officer, who often talked and prayed with his soldiers, was shot dead upon his horse while leading his force to battle. He was brought home for burial. His widowed mother was a noble woman. I saw her hanging over his remains. She did not say, "Why did I let you go?" but she did say in that agonizing farewell: "I have wronged him. I have wronged him. When he was ten years old, he was hopefully converted. He wanted to join the church. But I said to him, 'You are too young,' and so he was always under a cloud, and often shrinking from open religious duties."

HE SAVED THEM ALL

657. A Christian man was always watching for favorable seasons. Many a revival began in his own breast. At any signs of special interest his heart's cry was, "This is the time for which I have prayed and wept and toiled." Then the great passion and business of his soul was the saving of his eleven children. They were all brought into the church. Several of them are now preachers of the gospel.

THE DEVIL WILL NOT NEGLECT.

658. A lady was once talking with an archbishop upon the subject of juvenile education, and, after some time, the lady said, "Well, my lord archbishop, as for myself, I have made up my mind never to put my child under religious instruction until he has arrived at years of discretion." He replied, "If *you* neglect your child all that time, the *Devil* will not."

"PLAYS LIKE A CHRISTIAN."

659. "I once heard of two little children," said a Sunday-school speaker, "a boy and girl, who used to play a great deal together. They were converted.

"One day the boy came to his mother, and said, 'I know that Emma is a Christian.'

"What makes you think so, my child?"

"Because, mother, she plays like a Christian.'

"Plays like a Christian!" said the mother. The expression sounded a little odd.

"‘Yes,’ replied the child, ‘if you take everything she’s got, she doesn’t get angry. Before, she was selfish; and if she didn’t have everything her own way, she would say, ‘I won’t play with you; you are an ugly little boy.’”’"

"THE END OF HIS RELIGION."

660. There was once an officer of a church who was very bitterly opposed to a certain boy being received into the church; whenever it was proposed, he strongly objected. But at last, the pastor's good counsel prevailed, and the boy was received. The next morning the pastor heard the door-bell ring as if the house were afire. He hastily descended, and found the office-bearer out of breath, and greatly excited. "That boy you took into the church," said he, "I saw coming down the hill this morning, *playing horse as hard as he could! I guess that's the end of his religion!*"

This good man, it would appear, was greatly troubled because the little boy was taking exercise in the pure morning air.

OUTDONE BY A BOY.

661. A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, worked in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who did business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:—

"You never will amount to much; you can never do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"*I can keep from swearing!*" said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

"I WILL SHUT MY EYES."

662. In the South of France there are many *fêtes*, at which they have bull-fights, and these are often held on Sunday.

A Sunday-school scholar, who had a wicked father, determined that he would not go to a bull-fight. His father wanted him to go to one, and asked him if he would not go with him—if he would not as soon go there as go to Sunday-school. The boy said, "No, I would rather go to Sunday-school."

"Well," said the father, "*you shall go with me*. Doesn't your teacher tell you to obey your parents?"

The boy said, "Father, I will go with you, because you command me; but *I will shut my eyes*."

That reply conquered the heart of the father; and he was afterward converted.

"TRY THE LITTLE KEYS."

663. Returning home one evening with a friend, we were about to enter the front door, when we found that the key was lost. There was no one in the house, and we were obliged to borrow keys of the neighbors to try. None of the large keys on any bunch fitted the lock, and I had no thought of trying the others.

At last I said, "No use; we will break out a pane of glass and raise a window."

My friend said, "Try the little keys."

"Why," I replied, "that can do no good—they are all too short." And while saying this, I used one of the small ones, and felt the bolt move slowly, and as the door opened we both laughed at the surprise.

So Christian effort has often reached and won an unwilling family by beginning with a child. Don't overlook the "little keys."

CHILDREN PUTTING PARENTS TO SHAME.

664. In the North Platte district there was a small school concerning which the adults had come to the conclusion that it was impossible to keep it up through the severe weather. The children were not of that mind. They came to the school. No superintendent, no officer, no teacher, no adult was present. There they were, without a leader. One of the older boys, who had taken a great interest in the school, determined to have school—to go through with it and make the best of it. One hymn they had learned by heart, and could sing without the book. They sang it. The boy then read a portion from the Bible—the lesson for the day. He knew that it was customary next to offer prayer. Here was a difficulty. The boy trembled and grew pale; but he felt that it had to be done; so he said, with a faltering voice, "Let us

pray," and began with, "Our Father, who art in heaven," and his voice choked; he broke down and cried, and the children cried with him. Then he gave expression to one agonizing groan for help and finished the prayer as well as he could. They went through the lesson, sang another hymn that they knew, and closed the school. The children went home and told their parents what they had done; how the boy cried, and they could not help crying with him, and the parents said, "If God has given us such children, it is a shame for us to leave them alone; we must keep that school in operation!"

"PAPA, I CAN'T STAY THERE WITHOUT YOU."

665. Recently a little girl, frail, but very bright and spiritual, bowed with an older sister at the altar of prayer. Her father, a highly respected lawyer, sat in his pew. After a brief prayer, the child rose from her knees, went to the father, put her arms about his neck and whispered, "Papa, I can't stay there without you." The father was deeply moved, and permitted his little one to lead him forward as a penitent. The effect upon the audience was wonderful. Many at once rose and asked the prayers of God's people. This event marked the turning-point in the meetings, and it was but a short time till more than fifty had been happily converted to God.

A CHILD AS A REVIVALIST.

666. There is a story of a little New England girl, ten years of age, whose mother had been converted under the preaching of Whitefield, and who received such a revelation of Divine love to herself that she could not help telling of it to all she met. She begged her mother to let her go to the neighbors and talk about the Savior.

"Ah, my child," said the mother, "that would be useless, for I suppose that were you to tell your experience, there is not one within many miles who would not laugh at you, and say it was all a delusion."

"Oh, mother," replied the little girl, "I think they would believe me. I *must* go over to the shoemaker, and tell him; *he* will believe me."

She ran over, and found him at work in his shop. She began by telling him that he must die, and that he was a sinner, and that she was a sinner, but that her blessed Savior had heard her mother's prayers, and had forgiven all her sins, and now she was so happy she did not know how to tell it.

The shoemaker was struck with surprise, and his tears flowed down like rain; he threw aside his work, and by prayer and supplication sought mercy. The neighborhood was awakened, and within a few months, more than fifty persons found Jesus, and rejoiced in his love.

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

667. Rev. M. R. Drury tells the following incident: Said a father who was rejoicing in his new-found peace with God: "My children led me to the church and to Christ. They first gave their hearts to the Savior and then they said, 'Papa, won't you be a Christian, too?' So here I am, saved by the blood of the Lamb," he added, with tears of joy in his eyes.

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

668. The little son of a gentleman of high literary standing sat in his study one day, seemingly in deep meditation. Suddenly looking up into his father's face, he said, "Papa, how old are you?" "Fifty-six, my son," was the reply. "How old was grandpa when he died?" "Sixty, I believe." "Well, papa, are you a Christian?" "I don't think I am, my son." "Hadh't you better become one now, dear papa? You haven't much time to wait before you will be as *old as grandpa was when he died.*" Says the father: "The little fellow came close up to me, and begged me to love Jesus. I have heard sermons all my life, but never such a powerful one as from my little boy, sitting here by the fire yesterday afternoon."

THE INFIDEL LAWYER'S CHILD.

669. An infidel lawyer, who had successfully resisted all attempts to lead him to accept Christ, was one evening greeted by his six-year-old daughter, on his return home from the office, with the question: "Papa, why don't you love Jesus? He was so kind to die for us—how can you help loving him?" Thus, with great tenderness, she pleaded with him to come to Christ. When she was about to retire, she begged her father, who was in the room, to let her kneel down and pray with him. This was too much for even his proud heart. His little daughter's words were more potent than all the arguments or sermons he had ever heard. He became an earnest, working Christian, of great influence and usefulness.

THE GAMBLER AND HIS CHILD.

670. A gambler, who had been all over the East and the North with fast horses, and had been a participant in almost every kind of vice and debauchery, hid his bottle of brandy in his hay-mow, after a drunken spree. It was found one day by his little boy, who brought it to him, and told him where he had discovered it, saying that he supposed some vagabond had left it there. That comparison was a home-thrust, and from that date he sought an interest in Christ.

THE WORK OF A PENNY.

671. A lady, who was a Sunday-school teacher, wanted to make up a box of things to be sent to a missionary in India. One Sunday she named it to her class, and asked them if there was anything they would like to put in. One little girl very much wanted to help, but she had only a penny to give. At last she made up her mind to buy a tract with it, and send it. She did so. It reached the missionary. His wife had a young chief from the mountains of Burmah in school. She taught him to read; and, when the time came for him to leave and go home, she gave him some books and tracts to take with him. Among them was the very tract which the little girl had sent; it caused him to see the folly of heathenism, and led him to Christ. He went home a Christian; but that was not all; he told the story to his friends. They listened. God blessed the words. More came and heard him speak. They gave up idolatry, a missionary was sent, a church built, a congregation gathered, and fifteen hundred persons became Christians.

"JESUS MUST LOVE TO COME HERE."

672. A little girl went with her mother, a woman in lowly circumstances, as she had occasion to call on a wealthy lady in a neighboring city. The lady felt quite an interest in the child, and took her all over the house to show her all the beauties and wonders of her comfortable home. Much surprised at all she saw, the little thing exclaimed:

"Why, how beautiful! I am sure Jesus must love to come here; it is so pleasant. Doesn't he come here very often? He comes to our house, and we have no carpet at home. O, how Jesus must love to come here!"

The hostess made no reply, and her visitor asked again, "Doesn't Jesus come here very often?"

Then, with much emotion, the lady replied, "I am afraid not."

That was too much for the child; she hastened to her mother, and begged to be taken home, for she was afraid to stay in a house where Jesus did not come. That night the lady related to her husband the whole circumstance, and the question of the child went to the hearts of both husband and wife, and it was not long before Jesus was made a guest in their house.

A LITTLE GIRL PRAYING FOR HER FATHER.

673. A father, coming home at an unusual hour one day, heard his little girl, Mary, praying for him. It brought him under great conviction for sin, and he went down stairs, and, telling his wife that he felt very strangely, asked if there were not a Bible in the house. It was found, and the wife read at his request, choosing the fifty-third psalm. Then he asked her to pray for him, but she could not, and little Mary was called in to pray for her papa. As the results of her prayer, both her father and mother were brought into the kingdom, and they were a united family in the Lord.

PRAYING CHILDREN.

674. In a town in Western New York, two little sisters with their little brother were returning from an afternoon's children's meeting, when one of them said, "I wish we could get father to go to the meeting for *grown-up* people to-night." "How can we do it?" "I'll tell you," said the little boy, "we'll all pray for him." "But where can we get a good place to pray for him?" "Why, you go into the parlor, where father hardly ever goes, and I will go off out to the barn."

So into the parlor the two girls went, and knelt down and began to pray. While they were pleading most earnestly, the father, who was a farmer, came in from the field, and, instead of going round the back way, started to pass right through the parlor; but as he opened the door quietly, they did not hear him. He listened a minute, and felt he could not go through that room. Away he went to the barn, and there, too, up on the hay-mow, he heard his boy's voice in pleading prayer. As the little fellow slid down from the mow, his father put his hands upon his head, and with tears said, "Oh, pray for me; I will go to the meeting." And so he did; and what is better still, he came to Jesus.

PRAYING FOR HIS GRANDFATHER.

675. Paris R., living in Virginia, found peace in believing when he was eight years old. At a camp-meeting, held when he was nine years old, he was called on to pray in public nearly as often as any of the men, and prayed with much greater effect than many of them. During that camp-meeting Paris' grandfather became awakened to see his lost condition as a stranger to God, and asked his little grandson to pray for him. He was soon converted, and Paris rejoiced in the salvation of his aged grandfather, who was so near the grave.

POOR JOHNNY'S PRAYER.

676. An English paper tells the story of James Smith, who worked in a navy-yard on the Thames, and his little boy, Johnny. James was a very intemperate man. After the death of his wife, sorrow kept him sober for a little while, but he took to his cups again, and, as poor Johnny expressed it, "got badder and badder all the time."

One night the drunkard awoke (a most uncommon thing for him at such an hour), and lay very still, for he heard a sound. It was his motherless boy praying by his bedside. He heard him say, "Please, God, make daddy a better man, for Jesus' sake."

James Smith could not sleep any more. He rose very early and went to his work. He came home early that night without having drank a drop of liquor. His heart was melted. Said he to Johnny, "What put it into your head to pray for your worthless old dad?"

Johnny told him that it was because he loved him; and besides he had been to a Sunday class where the teacher taught him the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

"Then keep on prayin', keep on prayin', little lad," said James. "I believe God has answered you already; I've been praying for myself that God would make me a better man."

The prayer *was* answered. James Smith reformed, and from that time lived a steady, Christian life.

THE MATCH-BOY.

677. Dean Stanley, in one of his sermons to children at Westminster Abbey, told the following very touching little story: Not long ago, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel, one very cold day, when a little boy, with a poor, thin, blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing

to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches." "No, don't want any," the gentleman said. "But they are only a penny a box," the poor little fellow pleaded. "Yes, but you see we don't want a box," the gentleman said again. "Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last; and so, to get rid of him, the gentleman who tells the story says: "I bought a box, but then I found I had no change; so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh, do buy them to-night, if you please,' the boy pleaded again; 'I will run and get ye the change, for I am verra hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; still, there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Late in the evening I was told a little boy wanted to see me; when he was brought in, I found it was a smaller brother of the boy who got my shilling, but if possible still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood for a moment, diving into his rags, as if he were seeking something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence out o' yer shilling. Sandie cannot come; he's very ill; a cart ran ower him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your sevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll die; and that's a'.' And then, putting the fourpence on the table, the poor child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man, and I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived alone, their father and mother being dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back, and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs were broken. And, oh, Reuby! little Reuby! I am sure that I am dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will you do, Reuby?' Then I took his hand and said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look up at me, as if to thank me; the light went out of his blue eyes. In a moment,—

" 'He lay within the light of God
Like a babe upon the breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.' "

"SOMEBODY MIGHT HAVE SLIPPED."

678. A lady was walking quietly along the city street not long ago, when the door of a house flew open, and a boy shot out with a whoop like a wild Indian. Once on the pavement, he

danced a sort of double-shuffle all around a curb-stone, and then raced down the street in great haste, for it was evident by the books under his arm that he was going to school. The lady was thinking what thoughtless, noisy creatures healthy boys always are, when just a few yards before her she saw something yellow lying on the stones. Coming nearer she fancied it was a pine shaving, and looked after the boy again. She saw him suddenly stop short in a crowd of people at a crossing, and come back as fast as he had gone, so that just before she reached the shaving he did, and picked up not a shaving at all, but a long, slimy banana-skin. Flinging it into a refuse-barrel, he waited only long enough to say, "Somebody might have slipped on it," and was off again.

He had not slipped himself; he was far past the danger; and when one is in a hurry, it is a great bother to go twice over the same ground, but for the sake of this unknown somebody the hurrying boy came back. He might have said, "I can't wait to go back; it is none of my doing, and so it is none of my business." But he *made* it his business.

JESSIE FINDING JESUS.

679. A little girl in a wretched tenement in New York stood by her mother's death-bed and heard her last words: "Jessie, find Jesus."

When her mother was buried, her father took to drink, and Jessie was left to such care as a poor neighbor could give her.

One day she wandered off unmissed, with a little basket in her hand, and trudged through one street after another, not knowing where she went. She had started out to find Jesus. At last she stopped, from utter weariness, in front of a saloon. A young man staggered out of the door and almost stumbled over her. He uttered passionately the name of Him whom she was seeking.

"Can you tell me where he is?" she inquired eagerly.

He looked at her in amazement.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Will you please tell me where Jesus Christ is? for I must find him"—this time with great earnestness.

The young man looked down at her curiously for a minute without speaking, and then his face sobered, and he said in a broken, husky voice, hopelessly, "I don't know, child, I don't know where he is."

At length the little girl's wanderings brought her to the park. A woman, evidently a Jewess, was leaning against the railing, looking disconsolately at the green grass and the trees.

Jessie went up to her timidly. "Perhaps she can tell me where

he is," was the child's thought. In a low, hesitating voice, she asked the woman, "Do you know Jesus Christ?"

The Jewess turned fiercely to face her questioner, and in a tone of suppressed passion, exclaimed, "Jesus Christ is dead!"

Poor Jessie trudged on, but soon a rude boy jostled against her, and, snatching her basket from her hand, threw it into the street. Crying, she ran to pick it up. The horses of a passing street-car trampled her under their feet—and she knew no more till she found herself stretched on a hospital bed.

When the doctors came that night, they knew she could not live until morning. In the middle of the night, after she had been lying very still for a long time, apparently asleep, she suddenly opened her eyes, and the nurse, bending over her, heard her whisper, while her face lighted up with a smile that had some of heaven's own gladness in it:—

"O Jesus, I have found you at last!"

Then the tiny lips were hushed, but the questioning spirit had received an answer.

"DOES THIS RAILROAD LEAD TO HEAVEN?"

680. Rev. J. M. Dosh, now in heaven, used to tell the following incident. A conductor taking up the tickets on a Western train, came to a little girl and found that she was alone and without a ticket. He asked, "Where are you going?" She answered, "I am going to heaven. Doesn't this railroad lead to heaven, and doesn't Jesus travel on it?" The conductor answered, "I think not. Why did you think so?" "Why, sir, before my ma died, she used to sing to me of a heavenly railroad, and how Jesus paid the fare for everybody; and that the train stopped at every station to take people on board. You looked so nice and kind, I thought this was the road. But my ma don't sing to me any more, and I thought I'd take the cars and go to ma in heaven. Mister, do you sing to your little girl about the railroad that goes to heaven? You have a little girl, haven't you?" The conductor replied, weeping, "No, I have no little girl now. I had one once, but she died some time ago, and went to heaven." Again she asked, "Did she go over this railroad, and are you going to see her now?" By this time all the people in the coach had been deeply impressed. Addressing the conductor again, she asked: "Do you love Jesus? I do, and if you love him, he will let you ride to heaven on his railroad. Wouldn't you like to see heaven, and Jesus, and your little girl? I am going there, and wish you would go with me." After a few minutes she again spoke up: "What shall I tell your little girl when I see her? Shall I tell her that I saw her pa on Jesus' railroad?" The conductor, em-

bracing her, wept the reply he could not utter, and within a few hours was soundly converted. Within three days the little girl suddenly died, without apparent disease, in the home of persons in that car who befriended her. The conductor continues to live a consistent Christian life.

(6.) TEMPERANCE.

"CAN'T GET THE GOSPEL IN."

681. An experience of "Camp-meeting John Allen" with a penitent rum-seller, in the days of his earlier ministry, illustrates the wisdom of heroic treatment.

At one of his meetings, among those who came forward for prayers was a man with red face and rum breath, not sober enough to understand the gravity of the occasion, but still seriously in earnest about his salvation.

This man kept a little shop, and among other things sold a little new rum, but was his own best customer. Mr. Allen went to his shop one day, and expostulated with him about the matter, but he said he could not afford to lose what rum he had on hand.

Finally, Allen agreed to buy it, if he would seek the Lord then and there, and kneel down and pray for himself.

As they knelt down, the minister turned the faucet, and set the rum to running. This was too much for the penitent, and he cried out on his knees, "It's wasting, it's wasting."

"Let it waste," said Allen, as he kicked it out doors, took a hatchet and burst in the end of the cask.

"It ain't measured," said the man.

"Guess at it, and be sure to guess enough," said Allen.

Thus the battle was won, and the man became temperate and religious.

Next day some of the church members said they thought Brother Allen "came to preach the gospel, and not to spend his time kicking out rum-barrels."

"You can't get the gospel in till you kick the rum out," said the preacher.

'LORD, KEEP ME.'

682. John B. Gough used to tell the following incident:—

"A gentleman had got so far into drinking that he was known

to drink a quart of brandy a day. He was a fine business man, and yet he was ruining himself in the estimation of those who knew him well. One day, when in the house, he said, 'Wife, come sit on my knee.' She sat there, and then said, 'If my husband didn't drink, I would be the happiest woman in Canada.' 'Well, my dear,' he replied, 'I married you to make you happy, and I never will drink another drop as long as I live.' Now, that man cut it off as square as a piece of cheese, and kept it for eight years without any belief in Christianity. Walking down the street with him, a little while ago, he said: 'Do you see that red-front drinking-saloon? Well, I have been afraid of that for many years, and used to go around it; but, Mr. Gough, since I have got the grace of God in my heart, I go right by that saloon; and if I have the slightest desire, I breathe an ejaculatory prayer, "Lord, keep me, for Christ's sake," and go by it safely.'"

THE DRUNKARD'S ETERNITY.

683. Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the famous Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow and Edinburgh, gave her life, after his death, to the reclaiming of the most vicious elements in the latter city. Visiting, one day, she met a drunken man, who suggested that in the Day of Judgment he would stand as good a chance as any one else. Miss Chalmers opened her Bible and read the passage, "No drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God." The man was sobered in a moment, signed the pledge, and was saved.

"LET'S DRINK TO YOUR BETTER LIFE."

684. A prominent New York merchant, originally an Englishman, never sat down to his table without his wine and brandy, and his three sons, in consequence, all grew up drunkards. One became so abandoned that his father cast him out of the house. At last some temperance people brought about his reformation, and he came to see his father on New-year's day. The old gentleman said: "My son, I'm delighted to see you again; I'm glad you have reformed." Thoughtlessly, he said, "Let's drink, to your better life, one glass of sherry." The young man hesitated a moment, and then thought he would take just one glass. The old appetite revived, and that night the father found him dead drunk in his stable.

"WHAT FATHER TAKES."

685. A little boy was sitting with his father at the hotel table. The waiter asked him, "What will you drink?" "I will take what father takes." "Well," said the father, "I will take water." It is best to do what you want your boy to do.

THE RUMSELLER'S SON.

686. How can a father who is a slave to Satan himself expect to keep his children free?

A rumseller in Grafton, N. H., had a son, a bright, promising boy, whom he regarded with pride and affection. For a long time the father kept his son away from the bar. But at length, in the pressure of business, love and prudence gave way to avarice, and the son was made bar-tender. The father took the son behind the bar, and, pointing to a long row of bottles, said, "Do you see those bottles?" "Yes," said the son. "Well, there's *poison* in every one! *There is poison in every one! Don't you ever drink a drop—not a drop!*"

But the influence of the bar proved too strong for the father's counsel. Example is mightier than precept. The son drank, and went down, through descending steps of sin and shame, till he died a miserable drunkard.

INTERCESSION OF A CHILD.

687. Rev. J. W. Hott, D. D., relates the following incident:—

A little boy, in the eastern part of the city of Dayton, had been allowed to go out, after an attack of the measles, and was taken worse. Death was fast working to a close the short problem of his frail life. His mother came into the room, and, going softly to his bed, found him crying as if his heart would break. "Why do you cry, my darling?" fell on his ears from his mother's lips. "I was praying to the Lord that father would quit drinking when I die," was his tender answer. The mother sat down beside his bed and wept sorrowfully. By and by his father came into the chamber, and, as he approached the bed of the little sufferer, he saw that the child was crying. "What makes you cry so?" was asked by the father. "Oh, I was praying to Jesus that you would not drink any more when I am dead," was the soft and fevered response. I know not if the father ceased to drink when the darling boy was laid away in the tomb, but thousands of lit-

tle forms on earth and in heaven are asking Jesus that fathers and mothers may come to him and be saved. Oh, these pleadings of tender, loving hearts!

AN INCIDENT FROM GOUGH.

688. "When in Ohio, I was passing from one town to another, and on going to the station, I found a vacant seat in the cars. They were very much crowded. I said to a gentleman, 'May I sit by you?' 'Yes, Mr. Gough, you may. I am very glad to have you for a fellow-traveler.' 'Thank you for your courtesy.' 'I heard you speak last night. I'm a pretty hard drinker. I look like it, don't I?' 'Somewhat.' 'I am worth some property, but I might be worth many thousands, where I am only worth ten to-day. I'm a pretty rough character, but I always consider myself a man of my word. When I left, after your lecture, I went home, and said to my wife, 'I think I will never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live.' I thought she would be tickled at it, but she burst out crying, and dropped on her knees. I didn't like it. I am not that sort. I haven't been on my knees since I was eight years old; and as for the inside of a church, I don't know what it is. I didn't like it, and said, 'What are you on your knees for?'" I went to bed sulky; got up this morning, and I wanted whisky. I had never promised my word to anybody before, and I had done so now; and I am a man of my word. I'm going to see about a piece of property I bought when drunk. I'm going right among the drink and into temptation; and I would rather be carried home dead, to-night, than carried home drunk. I want whisky now, but I don't mean to have it. I tried to eat my breakfast, this morning, but the more I chewed it, the bigger it grew. I wanted whisky. I felt that I must have whisky, and I knew where I was going.' Then the tears came, and the lip quivered, as he said, 'Well, Mr. Gough, you may think it very queer of me, but I have been on my knees this morning over an hour.' 'Have you?' 'Yes.' 'Then,' I said, 'keep there, and you will go home sober, if you do. No man ever drank a glass of liquor in this world while honestly praying God to keep him from it.' There is safety there; but all the rest is risk. He may keep the pledge to the day of his death, but he does it at a risk. Thus we bring the intemperate not only to fight the battle, but to trust in God for the victory."

THE PROOFS AT HOME.

689. Home is the place to begin, when the proofs of one's conversion are sought for.

"How is your father getting on now?" said Mr. Gough to a little daughter of a man, formerly a drunkard, but whom, some months ago, he had persuaded to sign the pledge.

"He is getting along very well," was her reply.

"Has he kept his pledge?"

"O, yes," she joyfully replied.

"Are you sure he has?"

"Yes, sir, I am quite sure."

"How is it that you are so positive on this point?" asked Mr. Gough.

"Why," said she, and her face was radiant with joy, "he never abuses mother any more; we have always plenty to eat; and he never takes my shoes off to pawn them for the drink now. This is why I know it, sir."

With a wise and tender judgment, Jesus sent the freed slave of Satan back to the bosom of his family, to begin his new life there, and to preach there the gospel of his cure. Not every saved soul can be a foreign missionary, but every saved soul can be an evangelist at home.

WHY A PITTSBURG MAN WENT OUT OF THE LIQUOR BUSINESS.

690. "I hear that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of a couple of middle-aged men who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield Street saloon on Friday night.

"Yes," responded the other, rather slowly.

"What was the reason? I thought he was just coining money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then said:—

"It's rather a funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played out doors—all boys, you know, the oldest not over nine, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family.

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week and found his wife out shopping, or something of that sort. He went on through the house into the back yard and there, under an apple tree, were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting the drinks up pretty free. Smith

walked over and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbor's boy, a couple of years older, lay asleep behind a tree.

"My God, boys, you must not drink that!" he said, as he lifted the six-year-old from behind the bench.

"We's playin' saloon, papa, an' I was a sellin' it just like you," said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys and put them to bed. When his wife came back, she found him crying like a child. He came back down town that night and sold out his business, and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it."

This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.

"THE LAST OF THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS."

691. A banker's clerk said at a Y. M. C. A. prayer-meeting recently that, while counting a package of money, he noticed a twenty-dollar bill on which was written with an indelible pencil: "This is the last of thirty thousand dollars. Whisky did it."

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

692. "I should like to speak with you a moment, sir," said he, one morning, as I passed through his room.

"Well, John, what now?" I said, drawing out my note book. "Cylinder oil all gone?"

"It's about myself," he replied.

I motioned him to proceed.

"Thirty-two years ago I drank my first glass of liquor," said the engineer, "and for the past ten years, up to the last month, no week has passed without its Saturday-night drunk. During those years I was not blind to the fact that appetite was getting a frightful hold upon me. At times my struggles against the longing for stimulant were earnest. My employers once offered me a thousand dollars if I would not touch liquor for three months, but I lost it. I tried all sorts of antidotes, and all failed. My wife died praying that I might be rescued, yet my promises to her were broken within two days. I signed pledges and joined societies, but appetite was still my master. My employers reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me, but all to no effect. I could not stop, and I knew it. When I came to work for you, I did not

expect to stay a week; I was nearly done for; but now!" and the old man's face lighted up with an unspeakable joy, "in this extremity, when I was ready to plunge into hell for a glass of rum, I found a sure remedy! I am saved from my appetite!"

"What is your remedy?"

The engineer took up an open Bible that lay, face down, on the window ledge, and read:—

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND."

693. A young wife, the drunkenness of whose husband had broken her heart, in her despair went to the saloon where her husband procured his drink, and, with broken voice, cried out to the owner, "Give me back my husband!" "There's your husband," said the man. "That my husband! What have you done to him? What have you done to that noble form, to the sinews of that manly arm, to that noble brow, to that eye, in which once was my delight? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the fountains of his heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me beside the altar!"

"HANDED IT ALL UP TO GOD."

694. "When I's dressed for de grave, de marks which your whisky made my husband make on me will be found on my body. I's nuthin' but a poor nigger, and you's a fine white gentleman, but I've handed it all up to God, and in a comin' day you'll have to meet this poor nigger's complaint."

That is what a negro woman said to a man who had sold whisky to her husband.

WHAT RUM WILL DO.

695. Some years ago, in one of the counties of New York, a worthy man was tempted to drink until drunk. In the delirium of drunkenness, he went home and murdered his wife in a most barbarous manner. He was carried to jail while drunk, and kept there through the night. Awaking in the morning and looking around upon the walls, and seeing the bars upon the windows, he exclaimed:—

"Is this a jail?"

"Yes, you are in jail," answered some one.

"What am I here for?" was the earnest inquiry.

"For murder," was the answer.

"Does my wife know it?"

"Your wife know it!" answered some one. "Why, it was your wife that you have murdered!"

On this announcement he dropped suddenly, as if he had been struck dead. Let it be remembered that the constable who carried him to jail sold him the liquor which caused his drunkenness; the justice who issued the warrant was one of those who signed his license; the sheriff who hung him also sold liquor and kept a ten-pin alley.

(7.) CHRISTIAN REWARDS.

MINDING GOD'S BUSINESS.

696. Queen Elizabeth requested a merchant to go abroad on her service, and when he mentioned that his business would be ruined, she replied, "You mind my business, and I will mind yours." If we will but care for God's cause, he will care for us.

AN UNEXPECTED REWARD.

697. A European gentleman writes to the editor of a newspaper as follows:—

"Baron James de Rothschild once sat for a beggar to Ary Scheffer. While the great financier, attired in the rags of a beggar, was in his place in the estrade, I happened to enter the studio of the great artist, whose friend I had the honor to be. The Baron was so perfectly disguised that I did not recognize him, and, believing that a veritable beggar was before me, I went up to him and slipped a louis into his hand. The pretended model took the coin and put it into his pocket. Ten years later I received, at my residence, an order on the office in the Rue Lafitte for ten thousand francs, inclosed in the following letter: 'Sir—You one day gave a louis to Baron Rothschild in the studio of Ary Scheffer. He has employed it, and to-day sends you the little capital with which you intrusted him, together with its interest. A good action always brings good fortune. BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD.' On receipt of this order I sought the billionaire, who proved to me, from the books before him, that under

his management my louis had actually fructified so as to have swelled to the large sum sent me."

So Christ is walking through the world in the guise of a beggar,—hungry, naked, and outcast. Blessed are we if we give to the Master in the person of these his poor brethren.

JESUS WENT WITH HER.

698. A little girl, of only six summers, had been given up by the physician. When her weeping father told her she must die, she exclaimed, "Tell mamma to go down into the grave with me; it looks so dark." When her father told her that her mamma could not go with her, she asked, "Papa, won't you go with me?" When he sadly told her he could not, she turned her face to the wall and seemed deeply engaged in prayer. In a few moments she turned around, and, with a face illumined with an angelic smile she said, "I know that you and mamma cannot go with me into the grave, but Jesus has just whispered to me that he will go with me, and now I'm not afraid." Her death was a joyful one.

DYING WORDS.

699. A Christian passed away to his crown with these joyful yet broken whispers: "Valley—Shadow—Home—Jesus—Peace."

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

700. Talmage tells of a funeral in a crowded church, where there was but one really happy face, and that was the face of the dead, sleeping, 'mid white flowers. Through a wild snow-storm he went to her dying-bed. Parent and lover stood by the beautiful girl. They were broken with grief, but she was full of joy. "Tell all the young folks," said she, "that religion will make them happy!" 'Mid the wailing of grief in that darkened chamber, rang out her cheerful good-by: "We'll meet on the other side of the river!"

A CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

701. In a prayer-meeting in Brooklyn, a gentleman from Morristown, New York, related the following incident of the death of a little boy:—

"He was a Sunday-school boy. He was seized suddenly with diphtheria, and soon became speechless. Just before he died, his parents, with the physician, stood by his side, but he could not utter a word. At length he looked up to his father; a sweet smile was on his face; he lifted his two hands, put one forefinger into the palms of his hands, then touched his feet, then drew a line with his finger across his forehead, and sank back with a look of calm resignation.

"His father could not understand this movement, and turning to the doctor, said, 'What can that mean?'

"The doctor went up to the bed, and leaning over the dying boy, said, 'Do you mean the Savior, and what he suffered for man on the cross?'

"A smile of grateful joy lighted up the pallid features. A slight inclination of the head gave the assent, and then he passed away, to join that Savior who gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom. A more touching recognition of the wounded Redeemer and his presence at a dying-bed I have seldom heard of."

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

702. Some two hundred years ago, there was a dark period of suffering in Scotland, when deeds of bloody cruelty were committed on God's people, not out-done by Indian butcheries. One day, the tide is flowing in the Solway Frith, rushing like a race-horse, with snowy mane, to the shore. The shore is occupied by groups of weeping spectators. They keep their eyes fixed on two objects out upon the wet sands.

There two women, each tied fast by her arms and limbs to a stake, stand within the sea mark, and many an earnest prayer is going up to heaven that Christ, who bends from the throne to the sight, would help them now in their hour of need. The eldest of the two is staked farthest out. Margaret, the young martyr, stands bound, a fair sacrifice, near by the shore. Well, on the big billows come, hissing to their naked feet; on, and farther on they come, death riding on the top of the waves, and eyed by those tender women with unflinching courage. The waters rise and rise, till, amid a scream and cry of horror from the shore, the lessening form of her who had death first to face is lost in the foam of the surging wave. It recedes, but only to return; and now, the sufferer gasping for breath, the death-struggle is begun; and now for Margaret's trial, and her noble answer.

"What see you yonder?" said their murderers, as while the water rose cold on her own limbs, they pointed her attention to her fellow-confessor, in the suffocating agonies of a protracted

death. Response full of the boldest faith and brightest hopes, she answered:—

“I see Christ suffering in one of his own members.”

“I KNOW WHERE HE IS GOING.”

703. A young lady who was engaged to a young clergyman was entreated by her friends not to marry him, urging that his previous history was little known. “True,” replied the lady, “I do not know where he came from, but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him.”

NO MORE PAIN.

704. On Sabbath evening, one Fourth of July, a dear little girl, five months old, fell asleep in Jesus. The next day a man asked her little four-year-old brother how she was. “O, God took her to heaven yesterday to make her well,” was his quick reply. Was not that a true and beautiful answer? John once heard a great voice out of heaven, which said, “There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.”

“WHAT HAVE YOU GOT UP YONDER?”

705. An old man took a Christian friend up to the top of his house, and pointing with his hand, he said, “That is my land as far as you can see.” He then pointed to the town near by, where were large buildings, and said: “The whole of this is mine. I came to the West a poor boy, and have earned all this myself.” When he was through, the friend said, “Well, what have you got up yonder?” The old man’s countenance fell, and he asked, “What do you mean?” “What have you got in heaven?” “I haven’t got anything there.” A millionaire for time, but a pauper for eternity!

“NEARLY HOME.”

706. “Almost well, and *nearly home*,” said the dying Baxter, when asked how he was, by a friend.

A martyr, when approaching the stake, being questioned as to

how he felt, answered, "Never better; for now I know that I am almost at home." Then looking over the meadows between him and the place where he was to be immediately burned, he said, "Only two more stiles to get over, and I am at my Father's house."

"Dying," said the Rev. S. Medley, "is sweet work, sweet work—home! home!"

Another, on his death-bed, said, "I am going home as fast as I can, and I bless God that *I have a good home to go to.*"

ENTERED HEAVEN WITH PRAYER.

707. Alexander Cruden, well known as the author of the invaluable help to Bible study,—the Concordance,—was very poor. What little profit came from his books he gave away. When about seventy years of age he was found at his humble lodgings, kneeling at his chair, his Bible open before him, his face calm and peaceful, but his spirit gone to God.

David Livingstone, the great explorer, when very ill of his last sickness, was left for a little while alone in his tent. Upon the return of his men, he was found upon his knees. They paused a moment, but he moved not; then they entered and touched him, but he was dead.

A medical student in New York was recently missing at his breakfast table. He was sought in his room. The bed was undisturbed, and he was kneeling at its side, cold in death.

"FROM THE POOR-HOUSE TO HEAVEN."

708. A minister of the gospel was one day visiting a pious old woman, who was in the poor-house. While in conversation with her, he saw an unusual luster beaming from her countenance, and asked, "Will you tell me what thought it was that passed through your mind which was the cause of your appearing so joyful?" The reply of the old disciple was, "O, sir, I was just thinking what a change it will be from the poor-house to heaven."

A PLUNGE THROUGH DARKNESS INTO GLORY.

709. A chamois hunter of the Alps climbed one of the mountain sides in pursuit of his game; out of the vale of Chamouni up the Mer de Glace, up among the snows of the mountain beyond.

Suddenly the snow gave way beneath him, and he fell down, down several hundred feet. He was not harmed, but as he arose and looked up, he saw that wall of ice reared on each side towards the sky, and the blue light of heaven alone looked down upon him. How hopeless! Better that he had died at once than in that tomb and in a slow death. But just at his footsteps,—ran on the thread of a stream. A thought struck his mind. Streams sometimes flow from out the glaciers of the Alps, bursting from their base into the valley beyond. He thought, "I will follow that little thread of clear snow water"; and so while it broadened and deepened, he followed on, climbing over the ice, until he at last came to the broadened pool into which the stream sank away. The water was dark, and swirled around and around, and sank in the center, and the wall on the other side reared itself before him, and all was lost. The thread of hope seemed extinguished in that dark pool. "But no," he says, "there is one chance yet." He kneeled upon the snow; he cast beside him all his trappings, and lifted his heart to the God of the eternal mountains. He plunged into the pool. There was a moment of darkness, unconsciousness, and then he was thrown upon the bosom of the stream, in the midst of the singing birds and the green hills and fields and blooming flowers of Chamouni.

So shall it be with us when our footsteps trend upon the dark pool. It shall be but a moment's plunge into the icy depth, a moment's unconsciousness, it may be, and then into the vale whose flowers are more fragrant, whose fields are brighter than any Chamouni, amid the songs of the angels, to the welcoming hands of God, our spirits shall joyfully go.

CALLING THE ROLL IN HEAVEN.

710. An incident is related by a chaplain who was in the army. The hospital tents had been filling up as fast as the wounded men had been brought to the rear. Among the number was a young man mortally wounded, and unable to speak. It was near midnight, and the surgeons had been their rounds of duty, and, for a moment, all was quiet. Suddenly this young man, before speechless, calls in a clear, distinct voice, "Here!" The surgeon hastened to his side and asked what he wished. "Nothing," said he, "they are calling the roll in heaven, and I was answering to my name." He turned his head and was gone—gone to join the great army whose uniform is washed white in the blood of the Lamb. In the great roll-call of eternity, can you answer, "Here"?

“IS THIS HEAVEN?”

711. A little boy who had been blind from infancy was taken to a physician to have his eyes cured. After the doctor had cut away the obstruction from his eyes, he had them closely bandaged for a few days. But after a while the time came when the bandages were slowly taken off, and the boy opened his eyes. For a moment he stood in silent wonder, as if a new world had suddenly become visible to him. Then, as the familiar voice of his mother asked him, “Willie, can you see?” he sprang into her arms, exclaiming, “O, mamma, is this heaven?”

THE JOY OF HOME-COMING.

712. Dr. Pierre states that once, on his return to France from a long voyage to India, the ship's crew were so excited with joy at sight of their native land that they became unfit for duty. As the shores grew more and more distinct, some of the sailors stood wistfully gazing, some dressed themselves in their best clothes, some talked, some wept. But as the vessel drew near the quay, and they began to recognize their wives and children, parents and friends, waiting for them, they quite abandoned themselves to the delight of the moment—and another gang of sailors had to be sent for to take their place.

THE CRUEL WAR WAS OVER.

713. When Lee surrendered to Grant, the North went nearly wild with delight. The soldiers at the front had even more reason for rejoicing, for it meant to them rest and peace, home and loved ones. As Captain Ricks bore the message to the Twenty-third Army Corps, marching through North Carolina, the army abandoned itself to its joy, and yelled and danced, and shouted and capered, and exhausted its ingenuity in finding means of expressing itself. As the herald flew by, one man cried in response, “My God, you're the man I've been looking for for the past four years.”

What will be the rapture when an angel shall fly through the heavens, announcing the final victory of Christ over the powers of hell! Even now weary hearts are longing for the rustling of his wings.

THE WELCOME HOME.

714. In 1879, a large number of Communists, who had been amnestied, returned from New Caledonia. When the train arrived at Paris, a large crowd, consisting of their friends and relatives, were in waiting. Mothers welcomed their sons, wives their husbands, sisters their brothers, children their fathers. It was a scene of gladness and tears, affecting beyond expression. But what will be the rapture of that heavenly welcome, when friends long sundered meet to part no more.

OCCUPIED WITH JESUS.

715. An old Welsh minister, while one day pursuing his studies, his wife being in the room, was suddenly interrupted by her asking him a question, which has not always been so satisfactorily answered: "John Evans, do you think we shall be known to each other in heaven?" Without hesitation, he replied, "To be sure we shall; do you think we shall be *greater fools* there than we are here?" After a momentary pause, he again proceeded: "But, Margaret, I may be a thousand years by your side in heaven, without having seen you; for the first thing which will attract my notice when I arrive there, will be my dear Savior, and I cannot tell *when* I shall be for a moment induced to look at any other object." John and Margaret are now in heaven; and perhaps they have yet had hardly time to look out for one another.

(8.) CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

RESULTS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

716. An aged man in Rhode Island related how his neglect of joining church had left his Christian life in darkness. He and his wife were to relate their experience before the church, preparatory to being received as members, when, just as they were leaving the house, a neighbor called on some business, and his wife was obliged to go alone. By the time he was ready to follow her, it was too late. She related her experience, and was baptized the following Sunday. When the time for the next monthly meeting came, business again detained him. The *third* opportunity found

him unready and disinclined. He had begun to doubt if he were a Christian. The tender sense of nearness to Christ, which gradually left him after his first neglect, never returned to him. "And now," said he, "I am about fourscore years old, walking in darkness. Had I the world, I would give it for a return of that impressive sense of my obligation to God which should lead me to do the long-neglected duty."

"GET IN SOMEWHERE."

717. A little girl, who had been recently converted, was one day talking with her grandfather, who was questioning her about her new faith. Finally she said, "Grandpapa, are you a Christian?" "Yes, my dear, I hope I am." "What church do you belong to?" "I do not belong to any of the churches; I just belong to Christ." After a pause, in which the little one was thinking it all over, she turned her face up to her grandfather's, and said, "Well, grandpapa, if I were you, I would try and get in somewhere."

"IT NEVER TOOK."

718. A little boy was asked, during a small-pox excitement, if he had been baptized. He answered, "Yes, I have been baptized three times, but it never took." He was thinking of vaccination, but sometimes baptism also doesn't seem to take.

BAPTISM.

719. Among the negro servants of Mr. M. was one who had received an impression from some traveling preacher that immersion was all that was needful to salvation, and that the water which cleansed the body would, if consecrated by a minister, purify the soul. His master labored hard with James to convince him of his error, but to no purpose. After all his array of reasons and proofs, James' face was stolid and severe. The heresy still remained untouched—"immersion was regeneration." At length the master changed his tactics, and a homely illustration did what argument could not effect. "James," said he, "if I take an ink-bottle and cork it tight, and put a string round the neck, and drag it through the river, how long will it take to clean out the

inside?" The negro's face lighted up in a moment, and he said, "Massa, you'll never get it clean that way, in the world."

This was Mr. M.'s text, with which he was enabled to make a way for the truth to his servant's mind and heart, and to bring him to the only fountain that can cleanse the soul.

"HERE'S A CHURCH!"

720. Not long ago, says the New York *Evangelist*, a ship was wrecked upon the reefs of an island in the Pacific. The sailors, escaping to land, feared lest they might fall into the hands of savages. One climbed a bluff to reconnoiter. Turning to his companions, he shouted, "Come on! here's a church!"

Why was it safer for shipwrecked men to go where a church upreared its cross, than where there was none?

WITHOUT A CHURCH.

721. An infidel young lawyer, going to the West to settle for life, made it his boast that he "would locate in some place where there were no churches, Sunday-schools, or Bibles." He found a place which substantially met his conditions. But, before the year was out, he wrote to a former class-mate, a young minister, begging him to come out and bring plenty of Bibles, and begin preaching, and start a Sunday-school, for he said he had "become convinced that a place without Christians, and Sabbaths, and churches, and Bibles, *was too much like hell for any living man to stay in.*"

HARD PULLING FOR THE PASTOR.

722. "Some time ago I dreamed that I was hitched to a carriage, attempting to draw it through the mud which covered the street in front of my house. How or why I had been assigned that position, I could not explain, but there I was pulling, with all my might, as if I were the best carriage-horse in town.

"I had reached a point not far from the church, when the mud seemed to get deeper and deeper, and the carriage to draw so heavily that I gasped for breath, and almost sank exhausted. This seemed the more inexplicable, when, looking back, I saw the entire congregation behind the carriage, apparently pushing

it along. But the more I tried, the harder it became, till finally I was forced to stop and examine the difficulty.

"I went to the rear, where I supposed was the congregation, but nobody could be found. I called, but no answer. I repeated the call several times, but still no reply. By and by, a voice called out, 'Hello!' and looking up, whom should I see but one of the deacons, looking complacently out of the window, and upon going to the door of the carriage, what was my astonishment to behold the whole congregation quietly sitting inside!"

No one but the Master himself is competent to bear such a strain as that upon heart and strength. He often does bear it—but it grieves him none the less.

AN ERROR OFTEN COMMITTED BY CHRISTIANS.

723. In a sermon which the Rev. W. Williams once delivered at Rhos, this anecdote occurred, applying to his favorite topic of Christian union: "I recollect," he said, "on one occasion conversing with a marine, who gave me a good deal of his history. He told me that the most terrible engagement he had ever been in, was one between the ship to which he belonged and another English vessel, when, on meeting in the night, they mistook each other for enemies. Several persons were wounded, and both vessels were much damaged by the firing. When the day broke, great and painful was the surprise to find the English flag hoisted from both ships. They saluted each other, and wept bitterly together over their mistake. Christians sometimes commit the same error. One denomination mistakes another for an enemy; it is night, and they do not recognize one another. What will be their surprise when they see each other in heaven's light! How will they salute each other when better known and understood!"

NARROW CHURCH SPIRIT.

724. A woman in Philadelphia was invited to attend a female prayer-meeting at a certain place. She inquired what they met there for, and for what they were going to pray? She was told that they were going to pray for the outpouring of the Spirit upon the city.

"Well," said she, "I shan't go. If they were going to pray for *our congregation*, I would go; but I'm not going there to pray for other churches."

"A MIGHTY GOOD BAPTIST."

725. We have read somewhere of a colored brother who diagnosed his own case thus candidly: "I's a mighty po' sort of a Christian, but I's a mighty good Baptist." The same sort of description might apply elsewhere. Persons in their zeal for sect, or sectarian peculiarities, often forget to be real good Christians; and there are those who are very zealous for Sunday-school work and who are similarly forgetful. The zealous churchman and Sunday-school teacher alike should be zealous Christians first.

"MY BROTHER!"

726. At a Sunday-school convention over which the evangelist, Major Whittle, presided, a Presbyterian minister was present, a Mr. Frame, who rather prided himself on being able to tell, after a very short acquaintance, to what denomination a speaker belonged. Major Whittle was a puzzler to him. One night, after having retired, the minister's wife asked, "My dear, to what denomination does Mr. Whittle belong?" "Oh, I'm tired—let's go to sleep!" was the reply. The next night his wife repeated the question, and the good man confessed, "I don't know—can't tell." And it was so throughout the whole convention; not a word fell from any one that indicated what his particular denomination was. On the closing day Mr. Frame was asked to make some remarks. He stated the facts as above related and said, "Now, my brother, before we part, I want to know to what denomination you *do* belong? What *are* you, anyhow?" Major Whittle stepped up to him, took him by the hand, and said, "My brother, I am a sinner saved and kept by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ!" Mr. Frame, extending both his hands, took the Major's into his own, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said, "*My brother!*"

"WHAT HINDERS?"

727. Dr. W. P. Mackay, preaching one day to some British soldiers, put the question: "If Queen Victoria were to issue a proclamation, and placing it in the hands of her army and navy should say, 'Go into all the world and proclaim it to every creature,' how long do you think it would take to do it?" One of these men, accustomed to obeying orders without questioning or delay, and at the peril of their lives, replied (he was a grave and intelligent officer), "I think we could manage it in about eighteen months."

And now the Church may well ask, "*What hinders?*"

AN OLD LEGEND.

728. There was a city built high and fair upon a noble hill. From the center of that hill gushed forth a spring which supplied all the inhabitants. It was defended by great walls and towers, and a garrison well provisioned and brave, very brave. It had been besieged for many years, but its walls were high, and the battlements had on them cannon that swept every inch of ground around that city, and the brave defenders laughed the besieging enemy to scorn. But one day the general says, "We will make a sortie to-day, and raise the siege." The army is mustered; men are stationed at the gates, ready to slide back the bars at the sound of the bugle. See the garrison in the streets! Down one street the cavalry mounted on their horses, the plumes waving, and the polished metal glancing in the sunlight; down this street the artillery, every man on horse, or caisson, or cannon; in that great street the infantry, drawn up in a mighty column. All was ready, when lo! out of the great tent in the center of all the opposing forces came a gray-haired magician, and he began to work a charm of woven paces and waving hands, tossed it through the air, and it fell on the garrison! Strange and weird, it turned them into stone! There were the serried ranks of the infantry; there the strong cavalryman, stately, sitting on his horse, solid stone. The city is lost, if now the enemy comes; after all they will conquer the devoted city. "Adjutant, go to the priest, the high priest of the city; tell him our situation, ask him to come, and if possible break the magician's spell." The high priest comes; he lifts up his hands to heaven; he prays! God sent a mightier charm that broke the fatal influence. The hearts of stone began to beat, and the pulses to heave. Once more life returned. Back went the bars, open flew the gates, onward went the host, and the siege was raised. It is God's Church, built high and fair upon the Rock of Ages. She has stood the siege of eighteen centuries, scorned the attacks made upon her by the hosts of the Roman Empire, the lion's mouth, and the fiery stake, every assault of heathen philosophy, and later of scientific criticism and a materialistic philosophy. She has answered them over and over again a thousand times, "Will these gentlemen please to give us something new?" But what the world cannot do by argument, by persecution, by criticism, by sneers, it is accomplishing by magic. The world has come and wrought its charm of money, position, fame, pleasure, amusement, society, and has cast it over God's fair city; and when the command comes, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"; "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in," they are as still as a stone! What is needed? Our great High Priest to pray and break the tempter's fatal power, turn the stony heart to flesh, and begin from this good hour to revive his work afresh.

A ROYAL PAGEANT.

729. Rev. George Gilfillan, of Scotland, discoursing on "The Gospel of the Kingdom," says:—

"We are told in Matthew, that 'this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.' I never read the words without remembering a spectacle I, in common with thousands, saw, and which none that saw it can ever forget. It was when her Majesty, the Queen, visited Edinburgh, in 1842. Scarcely had the twilight darkened into night, when, from every hill surrounding that most magnificent of cities, there seemed to rise simultaneously a crest of fire. Each mountaineer lifted up in his hand a torch; and from Berwick to Fife, and Fife to Sterling, the great frith was at once illuminated. It was a witness, it was a token to the land that its sovereign was near. It was a token, too, to the approaching vessel far out at sea that all was ready for her reception—that loyalty had gushed out into those flaming signals."

Thus, when the gospel beacons from California to Japan are fully lighted, it will be a witness, a token to earth that the end is approaching, and a signal to heaven for the preparation of the chariot, the harnessing of the steeds, the furnishing of the thunderbolts, the gathering together of all the elements, the witnesses and the victims of that great day of God Almighty. Our part, meanwhile, is surely to go forward, and light up from land to land the signals of this great and blessed advent.

THE GOSPEL LANGUAGE.

730. "I have heard of a Hindoo and a New Zealander who met upon the deck of a missionary ship. They had both been converted from their heathenism, and were brothers in Christ, but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands, smiled in one another's faces, but that was all. At last a happy thought occurred to the Hindoo. With sudden joy he exclaimed, 'Hallelujah!' The New Zealander, in delight, cried out, 'Amen.' Those two words, not found in their own heathen tongues, but given them by the gospel, were to them the beginning again of 'one language and one speech.'"

PART III.

TEXTS, SUBJECTS, OUTLINES,

AND

SCRIPTURE READINGS.

TEXTS, SUBJECTS, OUTLINES, AND SCRIPTURE READINGS.

I. GOD.

I. GOD.—EXISTENCE AND ATTRIBUTES.

731. A FOOL'S OPINION—"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Ps. 14:1.

732. GOD NOT CONSIDERED—"God is not in all his thoughts." Ps. 10:4.

733. FORGETTING GOD—"Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass, and forgettest the Lord thy Maker?" Isa. 51:12, 13.

734. THE TRUTH OF GOD—"God is not a man, that he should lie." Num. 23:19.

735. GOD'S MICROSCOPE—"Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts." Ps. 139:23.

736. THE MEMORY OF GOD—"The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob, Surely I will never forget any of their works." Amos 8:7.

737. GOD'S TRIBUNAL—"I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings." Jer. 17:10.

738. THE EXACT JUDGE—"Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place." Isa. 28:17.

739. WHEN THE KING COMES IN—"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment." Matt. 22:11.

740. GOD'S UNSEEN BOOKS—"And the books were opened." Rev. 20:12.

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741. THE MORAL BALANCE SHEET—"And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done?" Gen. 3:13.

742. THE FINAL SEPARATION—"And he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." Matt. 25:32.

743. AN IMPORTANT DUTY—"Prepare to meet thy God." Amos 4:12.

744. THE COMING JUDGE—"Behold, the judge standeth before the door." Jas. 5:9.

745. THE UNERRING BALANCES—"For the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed." I. Sam. 2:3.

746. CLOAKS FOR SIN—"But now they have no cloak [margin, *excuse*] for their sin." John 15:22.

747. HIDING FROM GOD—"And Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden." Gen. 3:8.

1. Sin leads men to hide from God, 1. In forgetfulness of him. 2. In

thinking him afar off. 3. In denial of his retributiveness. 4. In denial of his being.

II. Hiding is vain. Ps. 139:1-12. God finds men through, 1. Their consciences. 2. The operation of the laws of nature. 3. The Church. 4. The Holy Spirit. 5. The final judgment.

REMARKS—1. Men hide from the mercy, not the wrath of God. 2. Hiding is a vain experiment. Millions have failed disastrously. 3. If you must hide, hide in the Rock of Ages.

748. A TERRIBLE FATE—“It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.” Heb. 10:31.

749. FORGETTING GOD’S WRATH—“They consider not in their hearts that I remember all their wickedness.” Hos. 7:2.

750. THE TERROR OF THE LORD—“Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.” II. Cor. 5:11.

751. JUDGMENT TEMPERED WITH MERCY—“And there was a rainbow round about the throne.” Rev. 4:3.

752. TWO PHASES OF GOD’S CHARACTER—“For our God is a consuming fire.” Heb. 12:29. “For God is love.” I. John 4:8.

753. GOD’S SILENCE MISINTERPRETED: GOD NOT LIKE MAN.—“These things hast thou done, and I kept silence; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such a one as thyself.” Ps. 50:21.

754. THE LORD’S MERCIES—“It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.” Lam. 3:22.

755. GOD’S TENDERNESS—“When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.” Isa. 41:17.

756. A STRANGE LOVE—“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” John 3:16.

757. A WONDERFUL LOVE—"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." I. John 3:1

758. GOD'S ANXIETY TO SAVE SINNERS—"I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye." Ezek. 18:32.

759. GOD'S PASSIONATE CRY OVER THE SINNER—"How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?" Hos. 11:8.

760. GOD NOT FAR AWAY—"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us." Acts 17:27.

761. ENMITY ON THE SINNER'S, NOT ON GOD'S PART—"And you, that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death." Col. 1:21, 22.

762. GOD NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LOSS OF SOULS—"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." Ezek. 33:11.

2. CHRIST.

763. THE CHARACTER OF JESUS—"Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." Heb. 3:1.

764. JESUS CARETH FOR US—"And they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Mark 4:38.

765. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN—"I am the Lord that healeth thee." Ex. 15:26.

766. A LIVING CHRIST—"Seeing he ever liveth." Heb. 7:25.

767. AN INTERCEDING CHRIST—"Seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. 7:25.

768. AN HOUR OF CONSUMMATION—"Father, the hour is come." John 17:1.

769. A WEEPING SAVIOR—"And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it." Luke 19:41.

INTRODUCTION—The inner happiness of Jesus as Divine. Yet he was sad over the sin of the world; never smiled, but wept.

JESUS WEPT—

- I. Over the sin of Jerusalem.
- II. Over its consequent degradation.
- III. Over its temporal punishment.
- IV. Over its eternal punishment.
- V. Over its unwillingness to be saved.

CLOSING THOUGHTS—1. Jesus could not avert the coming calamities without becoming a participator in its sin. 2. He loved the city even after it had rejected him. 3. His tears reveal the Divine estimate of sin.

770. CHRIST'S PITY FOR THE SINNER—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, . . . and ye would not." Matt. 23:37.

771. CHRIST OUR PASSOVER—"For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." I. Cor. 5:7.

772. RANSOM FOR ALL—"Who gave himself a ransom for all." I. Tim. 2:6.

773. GOD'S UNSPEAKABLE GIFT—"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." II. Cor. 9:15.

774. A DIVINE ERRAND—"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." I. Tim. 1:15

775. A GREAT PRICE—"To feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." Acts 20:28.

776. CHRIST'S UNALTERABLE PURPOSE—"And it came to pass, when the time was come that he should be received up, he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." Luke 9:51.

777. THE MARVELOUS MAGNET—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." John 12:32.

778. A STRONG REDEEMER—"Their Redeemer is strong; the Lord of hosts is his name." Jer. 50:34.

779. MIGHTY TO SAVE—"I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." Isa. 63:1.

780. JESUS THE SAVIOR—"Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1:21.

781. THE ONLY FOUNDATION—"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." I. Cor. 3:11.

782. THE THREE CROSSES—"And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left." Luke 23:33.

783. GLORYING IN THE CROSS—"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. 6:14.

784. CRUCIFYING THE LORD JESUS—"God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." Acts 2:36.

785. THE WORLD'S RECOGNITION OF THE VALUE OF CHRIST—"For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." Deut. 32:31.

786. THE LAW OF RETRIBUTION—"Then was the king's wrath pacified." Esther 7:10.

787. THE SINNER'S NEED AND SAVIOR—"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Isa. 53:6.

788. THE BENEVOLENCE OF CHRIST—"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." II. Cor. 8:9.

789. A SHEPHERD FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH—"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." John 10:11.

790. SALVATION BY THE BLOOD—"As for thee also, by the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water." Zech. 9:11. See preceding verses.

791. THE POWER OF CHRIST TO SAVE—"He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth." John 11:43.

792. CHRIST ONLY CAN SAVE—"And was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." Mark 5:26.

793. SALVATION TO THE UTMOST—"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. 7:25.

794. OUR ONLY GLORY—"But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." I. Cor. 1:30.

3. HOLY SPIRIT.

795. BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST—"For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Acts 2:39.

796. SPIRITUAL EARTHQUAKES WANTED—"And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken." Acts 16:26.

797. THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT—"How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Luke 11:13.

798. THE WORKING POWER—"But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Acts 1:8.

799. THE LEADING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT—"But the Spirit suffered them not." Acts 16:7.

800. CONVICTING POWER OF THE HOLY GHOST—"And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." John 16:8.

801. GRIEVING THE SPIRIT—"And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Eph. 4:30.

802. QUENCHING THE SPIRIT—"Quench not the Spirit." I. Thess. 5:19.

803. FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT—"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." Gal. 5:22, 23.

804. MARKS OF HAVING RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST—"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Acts 19:2.

4. THE WORD OF GOD.

805. THE BIBLE'S ESTIMATE OF ITSELF—"For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." II. Peter 1:21.

806. POWER OF THE BIBLE—"For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Heb. 4:12.

807. THE ONLY GOSPEL—"But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." Gal. 1:8.

808. THE GOSPEL SUFFICIENT—"And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." Luke 16:31.

809. CHRISTIANITY THE SAVING POWER—"Receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls." Jas. 1:21.

810. A BURNING QUESTION—"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word." Ps. 119:9.

811. THE WORK OF THE BIBLE IN CONVERSION—"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." Ps. 19:7.

812. HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE—"Moreover he said unto me, Son of man, all my words that I shall speak unto thee receive in thine heart, and hear with thine ears." Ezek. 3:10.

813. THE NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE BEREANS—"These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." Acts 17:11.

I. Character and conduct of the Bereans.

1. The gospel was preached to them by Paul and Silas.
2. The courteous deportment of the Bereans was favorable to the influence of the gospel preached.

(1.) They heard the gospel attentively. (2.) They manifested a laudable spirit of inquiry. (3.) They received the word with all readiness of mind. (4.) Their acknowledgment of the truth was the result of diligent investigation. (5.) They believed.

II. Their conduct is worthy of imitation.

III. The advantages of imitating the Bereans.

814. PAYING ATTENTION TO GOD'S WORD—"Come hither, and hear the words of the Lord your God." Joshua 3:9.

815. THE SCRIPTURES BRING FULLNESS OF JOY—"These things write we unto you, that your joy may be full." I. John 1:4.

816. A GOOD HIDING PLACE FOR GOD'S WORD—"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." Ps. 119:11. See Ps. 37:31.

817. THE BIBLE A DIVINE BOOK—"Not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God." I. Thess. 2:13.

818. CLEANSING POWER OF GOD'S WORD—"Ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." John 15:3.

819. GOD'S WORD A PRESERVATIVE FROM SIN—"Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." Ps. 119:11.

- I. The great object which David wished to secure.
 1. It is natural to man to sin.
 2. Christians are surrounded by many temptations to sin.
 3. Two special reasons why the Christian is anxious to avoid sin.
 - (1.) Its evil nature. (2.) Its awful effects.
- II. The important expedient adopted by the Psalmist to preserve him from sin.

II. MAN.

I. MAN'S SIN.

(I.) NATURE OF SIN.

820. THE WORLD'S BLOOD-POISON—"For the mystery of iniquity doth already work." II. Thess. 2:7.

I. The actual nature of sin—iniquity.

II. The inexplicable peculiarities of sin—mystery of iniquity. 1. Origin. 2. Power. 3. Omnipresence. 4. Gloom.

III. The tremendous activity of sin—doth work. 1. Perpetuating itself. 2. Propagating itself. 3. Intensifying itself.

Consider in the light of this text the following passages: Jer. 44:4; Prov. 21:4; Prov. 14:12; II. Peter 2:20; Jer. 2:25; II. Thess. 2:3, 8; Rev. 22:20.—REV. C. S. ROBINSON, D. D.

821. LESSONS FROM THE FALL OF MAN—Gen. 3:1-7.

822. FULL CONSECRATION TO EVIL—"Behold, thou hast spoken and done evil things as thou couldest." Jer. 3:5.

823. THE ROOT OF SIN—"Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God." Heb. 3:12.

824. THE UNCLEANNESS OF SINNERS—"And that which they offer there is unclean." Haggai 2:14. See also preceding verse.

825. SIN AS A DEBT—"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Matt. 6:12.

826. THE CAPTIVITY OF SIN—"And that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the Devil, who are taken captive by him at his will." II. Tim. 2:26. See Isa. 61:1.

827. THE INSANITY OF SIN—"The whole head is sick." Isa. 1:5. See Isa. 42:7; Eccles. 9:3.

828. SIN AS A DEATH—"For to be carnally minded is death." Rom. 8:6. See I. Cor. 15:22.

829. A FAINTING SOUL—"Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them." Ps. 107:5. See Isa. 55:1, 2.

830. THE POPULAR ESTIMATE OF SIN—"Oh, do not this abominable thing that I hate." Jer. 44:4.

A popular novelist declared a sermon on sin and its evil consequences in "bad taste," in view of the many pleasant and comforting themes which might have been chosen. He was a representative of a large class who seek to shut their eyes to one of the most terrible facts in the universe.

1. What is sin? 2. What do you mean by the new life? 3. What disclosure does Scripture make? 4. What about the remedy for sin?—REV. C. S. ROBINSON, D. D.

831. FILTHINESS OF SIN—"They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy." Ps. 14:3. See Zech. 13:1.

832. RAGGEDNESS OF SIN—"But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Isa. 64:6. See Isa. 61:10.

833. THE WOUNDS OF SIN—"From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores." Isa. 1:6. See Ps. 103:3; 147:3.

834. THE BLINDNESS OF SIN—"But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off." II. Peter 1:9. See Isa. 42:7.

835. LEPROSY OF SIN—"And immediately his leprosy was cleansed." Matt. 8:3.

836. INGRATITUDE OF SIN—"What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death." Rom. 6:21.

837. MERCILESSNESS OF SIN—"And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt." Matt. 18:30.

838. GOD'S IRRECONCILABLE ENEMY—"Because the carnal mind is enmity against God." Rom. 8:7.

839. HATRED IS MURDER IN EMBRYO—"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." I. John 3:15.

840. A PESTILENTIAL PLACE—"Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest: because it is polluted, it shall destroy you, even with a sore destruction." Micah 2:10.

841. SIN'S ENORMITY—"Is not thy wickedness great? and thine iniquities infinite?" Job 22:5.

842. SINS ESTIMATED IN THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN—"Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." Ps. 90:8.

INTRODUCTION—If we would know what our sins really are, we must regard them in the same light that God does.

1. Bring forward our iniquities, or our more open and gross sins, and see how they will appear in the light of God's countenance. 2. Bring our secret sins, the sins of the heart, into heaven, and see how they will appear in that world of unclouded light. 3. Let us take a similar view of our sins of omission.

CONCLUSION—You perceive the reason why your sins appear more numerous and more criminal in the sight of God than they do in your own.—PAYSON.

843. CONFESSION OF DEPRAVITY—"For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing." Rom. 7:18.

844. SECRET SINS—"Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults." Ps. 19:12.

845. THE GUILT OF INDIFFERENCE TO DIVINE THREATENINGS—"Yet they were not afraid, nor rent their garments, neither the king, nor any of his servants that heard all these words." Jer. 36:24.

846. THE SINNER THWARTING GOD'S PLANS—"I have overthrown some of you . . . : yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord." Amos 4:11. See preceding verses.

847. MORALITY INSUFFICIENT FOR SALVATION—"By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight." Rom. 3:20.

848. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM—"And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." Mark 12:34.

1. This scribe pleases Jesus. 2. Yet he is outside of the kingdom of God. 3. How shall he step into the kingdom?

(2.) ATTITUDE OF THE SINNER.

849. WHERE ART THOU?"—"And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?" Gen. 3:9.

850. WHOSE SONS ARE WE?"—"Jesus said unto them, If God were your Father, ye would love me." John 8:42.

851. NEUTRALITY IMPOSSIBLE—"He that is not with me is against me." Luke 11:23.

852. "WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?" Exodus 32:26.

853. AN UNFINISHED EDUCATION—"And he did evil, because he prepared not his heart to seek the Lord." II. Chron. 12:14.

854. RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE—"And Gallio cared for none of those things." Acts 18:17.

855. SINNERS CANNOT SERVE GOD—"And Joshua said unto the people, Ye cannot serve the Lord." Josh. 24:19.

856. PRAYERS OF THE WICKED—"He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination." Prov. 28:9. See Prov. 15:8.

857. A TERRIBLE MISTAKE—"Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Rev. 3:17.

858. THE FATAL DEFECT—"One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me." Mark 10:21.

859. SIN OF OMISSION RUINOUS—"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Heb. 2:3.

860. SINS OF OMISSION—"Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Jas. 4:17.

861. SINS OF OMISSION—"She obeyed not the voice; she received not correction; she trusted not in the Lord; she drew not near to her God." Zeph. 3:2.

862. THE MORALIST'S DEFECT—"Thou gavest me no kiss," Luke 7:45.

863. THE SELFISHNESS OF MERE MORALITY—"Did ye at all fast unto me, even to me?" Zech. 7:5. See context.

Men are moral: 1. For health's sake. 2. For financial reasons. 3. To retain the respect of their fellows. 4. To retain their self-respect. 5. To avoid an accusing conscience.

864. A FRUITFUL SOURCE OF EVIL—"For thy heart is not right in the sight of God." Acts 8:21.

865. THE SELF-ASSERTION OF WORLDLINESS—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Acts 19:34.

866. "IS THINE HEART RIGHT?" II. Kings 10:15.

1. Right in its love? 2. Right in its motive power? 3. Right in its dispositions, its feelings, its spirit? 4. Right in its anticipations?

867. ROBBING GOD—"Will a man rob God?" Mal. 3:8.

I. Robbing God is robbing: 1, A father; 2, A benefactor; 3, A sympathizing friend; 4, A Savior.

II. We rob God: 1, By ignoring him; 2, By rebelling against him.

III. We rob God of: 1, His glory; 2, Our praise; 3, Our prayers; 4, Our love; 5, Our labors; 6, Our means.

IV. Consequences of robbing God: 1, Shrinking souls; 2, Unrest; 3, Curse of God.

868. DESTRUCTIVENESS OF DISBELIEF—"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." Heb. 11:4. "And without shedding of blood is no remission." Heb. 9:22.

869. CHRIST'S SUFFERING, THE MEASURE OF OUR SIN—"But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Isa. 53:5.

870. SELF-DECEPTION—"The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee." Obadiah 1:3.

(3.) JUDGMENT FOR SIN.

871. UNFAILING JUSTICE OF GOD—"Thus he shewed me: and, behold, the Lord stood upon a wall made by a plumb-line, with a plumb-line in his hand." Amos 7:7.

872. TEKEL—"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." Dan. 5:27.

873. GUILTY BEFORE GOD—"That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." Rom. 3:19.

874. INDIVIDUAL JUDGMENT—"So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Rom. 14:12.

875. PONDERING HEARTS—"The Lord pondereth the hearts." Prov. 21:2.

876. FACING THE RECORDS—"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened." Rev. 20:12.

877. ON THE LAST JUDGMENT—Rev. 20:11.

- I. The throne. 1. It is great. 2. It is white (pure, righteous).
 - II. The Judge.
 - III. The manner of the judgment.
 - IV. The execution of the judgment.—REV. JOHN WELCH.
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878. SILENCED AND GUILTY—"That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." Rom. 3:19.

879. THE PARTIAL AND THE JUST JUDGE—"All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes; but the Lord weigheth the spirits." Prov. 16:2.

880. EARTHLY STANDARDS NOT ACCEPTED AT THE JUDGMENT—Isa. 55:8, 9.

881. ENLIGHTENMENT DEEPENS GUILT—"Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Jas. 4:17.

882. PRIVILEGE INCREASES RESPONSIBILITY—"Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." Heb. 2:1. See context.

883. SUPERIOR PRIVILEGES INCREASE CONDEMNATION—"The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it." Matt. 12:41.

1422
(4.) REJECTING CHRIST.

884. OBDURACY OF SIN—"For all this they sinned still, and believed not for his wondrous works." Ps. 78:32.

885. HIDING FROM GOD—"And Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden." Gen. 3:8.

886. NO ROOM FOR JESUS—"There was no room for them in the inn." Luke 2:7.

887. HUMAN FRIVOLOUSNESS—"But they made light of it." Matt. 22:5. See Prov. 1:26; Ps. 2:4.

888. A LOW APPRAISEMENT—"So they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver." Zech. 11:12. Comp. Matt. 27:3-10; Acts 1:16-19.

889. REJECTING CHRIST—"Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas." Luke 23:18.

890. THE WARNING OF THE TRUMPET UNHEEDED—"He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul." Ezek. 33:5.

1. A time of peril. 2. A warning trumpet. 3. The alarm despised.
4. A doom pronounced.

891. THE DANGER OF DELAY—"Give glory to the Lord your God, before he cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains." Jer. 13:16.

892. UNAPPRECIATED PRIVILEGES—"Receive not the grace of God in vain." II. Cor. 6:1.

893. AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Mark 16:16.

894. THE SINNER'S CHOICE—"Then cried they all again, saying, Not this man, but Barabbas." John 18:40.

895. WILLFUL UNBELIEF—"If I say the truth, why do ye not believe me?" John 8:46.

896. WORLDLY BUSINESS NO PLEA FOR NEGLECTING RELIGION—"Let the dead bury their dead." Matt. 8:22.

897. VAIN EXCUSES—"Bring forth your strong reasons, saith the King of Jacob." Isa. 41:21.

898. ASHAMED OF CHRIST—"For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels." Luke 9:26.

899. REFUSING THE LAST CHANCE—"I gave her space to repent . . . ; and she repented not." Rev. 2:21.

900. LOT'S CHOICE—"Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan." Gen. 13:11.

I. His choice (historical).

II. His motive. 1. Not religious advantages, 2. Not the hope of benefiting others, 3. But worldly advantage.

III. What he gained—a home in Sodom.

IV. What he lost—1. Christian fellowship. 2. Moral tone. 3. Happiness. 4. Property. 5. His adherents and part of his family.

CONCLUSION—Compare Lot and Abraham,—sinner and saint.

901. REFUSING TO RETURN—"They have refused to return." Jer. 5:3.

902. REBELLING AGAINST THE LIGHT—"They are of those that rebel against the light." Job 24:13.

903. OPPOSING THE TRUTH—"Now as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth." II. Tim. 3:8.

904. INDIFFERENCE TO CHRIST—"And Gallio cared for none of those things." Acts 18:17.

905. A WARNING NEGLECTED—"When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man." Matt. 27:19.

906. THE LAST CHANCE THROWN AWAY—"And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." Luke 23:39.

907. DESPISING GOD'S GOODNESS—"Or despisest thou the riches of his goodness and forbearance and longsuffering?" Rom. 2:4.

908. GOD'S FORBEARANCE AN EXCUSE FOR SIN—"Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." Eccles. 8:11.

909. A RUINOUS CHOICE—"The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said, Barabbas." Matt. 27:21.

910. A FALSE ANSWER—"Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified." Matt. 27:22.

911. SHIRKING RESPONSIBILITY—"And as soon as he knew that he belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod, who himself also was at Jerusalem at that time." Luke 23:7.

912. A RICH MAN'S BAD ADVICE TO HIMSELF—"And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." Luke 12:19.

913. A CONTENTED SINNER AND A CONTENTED CHRISTIAN—"Esau said, I have enough. . . . Jacob said, . . . I have enough." Gen. 33:9, 11.

914. AN OLD EXCUSE—"And Saul said unto Samuel, I have sinned: for I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and thy words: because I feared the people, and obeyed their voice." I. Sam. 15:24.

915. WITHOUT EXCUSE—"So that they are without excuse." Rom. 1:20.


(5.) THE SINNER REJECTED.

916. CHRIST'S FINAL WITHDRAWAL—"Then said Jesus again unto them, I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins: whither I go, ye cannot come." John 8:21.

917. THE PERIL OF DELAY—"Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." Acts 24:25.

918. JESUS PASSING BY—"But Jesus hid himself, and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by." John 8:59.

919. ALMOST SAVED—"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Acts 26:28.

 **920.** CRITICAL PERIODS IN THE SINNER'S LIFE—"And he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none." Luke 13:6. See verses 6-9.

921. TURN OR BURN—"If he turn not, he will whet his sword; he hath bent his bow, and made it ready." Ps. 7:12.

922. NEGLECT OF CHRIST THE FATAL SIN—"And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." John 5:40.

923. A FATAL LAMENT—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Jer. 8:20.

924. INEFFECTUAL REPENTANCE—"And Joab fled unto the tabernacle of the Lord, and caught hold on the horns of the altar." I. Kings 2:28.

925. BEYOND MERCY—"When the boughs thereof are withered, they shall be broken off; the women come, and set them on fire." Isa. 27:11.

(6.) RESULTS OF SIN.

(a.) *In This Life.*

926. A WORLD IN TROUBLE—"And in those times there was no peace to him that went out, nor to him that came in, but great vexations were upon all the inhabitants of the countries." II. Chron. 15:5.

927. TERROR OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE—"Then Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed." Gen. 32:7.

928. THE UNFAILING DETECTIVE—"Be sure your sin will find you out." Num. 32:23.

1. How have we sinned? 2. Our sin will expose us. 3. Exposure may be delayed, or may be sudden. 4. Men's consciences condemn and reveal sin. 5. Hypocrisy condemned by Christ. 6. The wages of sin is death. 7. Christ a hiding place.—REV. D. O. DARLING.

929. "CONSCIENCE DOES MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL"—
"And Ahab said to Elijah, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"
I. Kings 21:20.

930. A TREMBLING AUDIENCE—"Felix trembled." Acts
24:25.

931. AN ACCUSING CONSCIENCE—"And, behold, they cried
out, saying, What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of
God? Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?"
Matt. 8:29.

932. A HAUNTED CONSCIENCE—"But when Herod heard
thereof, he said, It is John, whom I beheaded: he is risen from
the dead." Mark 6:16.

933. CROSS WITHOUT CROWN—"In vain have I smitten
your children." Jer. 2:30.

934. PRESENT PLEASURE MAY BRING FUTURE PAIN—"For
all these things God will bring thee into judgment." Eccles.
11:9. See context.

935. WILD OATS—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked:
for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6:7.

936. SPIRITUAL SUICIDE—"Thou hast destroyed thyself."
Hos. 13:9.

1. The seat of injury—thyself.
 2. The extent of the injury—destroyed.
 3. The date of the injury—hast.
 4. The responsibility for the injury—thou.—REV. C. S. ROBINSON, D. D.
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937. SOWING THE WIND—"For they have sown the wind,
and they shall reap the whirlwind: it hath no stalk: the bud shall
yield no meal: if so be it yield, the strangers shall swallow it
up." Hos. 8:7.

938. THE UNPROFITABLENESS OF SIN—"I have sinned, and
perverted that which was right, and it profited me not." Job
33:27.

939. SIN ITS OWN PUNISHMENT—"Evil shall slay the wicked." Ps. 34:21.

940. CURSE OF THE SINNER—"The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot." Prov. 10:7.

941. RUINS—"But they were the ruin of him, and of all Israel." II. Chron. 28:23.

942. EMPTINESS OF A WORLDLY LIFE—"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" Isa. 55:2.

943. SIN DESTROYS THE SENSE OF RIGHT (CONSCIENCE)—
"Evil men understand not judgment." Prov. 28:5.

944. SLAVERY OF THE INFIDEL—"While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption." II. Peter 2:19.

945. THE FAILURE OF THE WICKED—"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper." Prov. 28:13.

946. SATAN'S FANATICS—"And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them." I. Kings 18:28.

947. A SPIRITUAL TRAMP—"Having no hope, and without God in the world." Eph. 2:12.

The sinner is: 1. Homeless; 2. Friendless; 3. Hopeless; 4. Godless.

948. A TROUBLER IN ISRAEL—"There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel." Josh. 7:13.

949. SIN THE CAUSE OF FALSE THINKING—"And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind." Rom. 1:28.

950. DESTRUCTIVENESS OF SIN—"One sinner destroyeth much good." Eccles. 9:18.

(b.) *Death.*

951. TO-MORROW—"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Prov. 27:1.

952. CONSIDERING DEATH—"O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." Deut. 32:29.

953. THE SINNER'S DEATH-STRUGGLE—"And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself." Matt. 27:5.

954. A WEALTHY FAMILY IN DEEP SADNESS—"The rich man also died, and was buried." Luke 16:22.

955. PREPARING FOR DEATH—"Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live." Isa. 38:1.

956. DYING REGRETS—"And thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof." Prov. 5:11, 12.

957. DEATH A SURPRISE—"Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Luke 12:40.

958. NUMBERING OUR DAYS—"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Ps. 90:12.

959. UNCERTAINTY OF THE FUTURE—"Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Jas. 4:14.

960. TRANSITORINESS OF LIFE—"For what is your life?" Jas. 4:14. See context.

(c.) *In Eternity.*

961. SIN'S HARVEST HOME—"And sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." James 1:15.

962. THE WAGES OF SIN—"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6:23.

963. EVERLASTING UNREST OF SIN—"But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Isa. 57:20, 21.

964. A PROBLEM IN SOUL INSURANCE—"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Matt. 16:26.

965. THE INEVITABLE RESULT OF SIN—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Ezek. 18:20.

966. SINNERS IN ZION DESCRIBED AND DOOMED—Amos 6:1-11.

967. THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS—Luke 16:19-31.

The occasion and matter of the parable.

REMARKS—1. Those who die Christians go immediately to heaven. 2. Those who die sinners go immediately to hell. 3. All sinners will pray sooner or later. 4. Those who lose their souls will remember what took

place on earth. 5. We see what the damned would say, were they to come back to this world. 6. We learn that sinners in hell are not yet convinced of the awful depravity of the heart. The rich man thought that moral suasion, if increased to a certain amount, would be sufficient to bring sinners to repentance. 7. Finally, learn from this subject that our Savior was a very plain preacher.

968. TOKENS OF PERDITION—Matt. 24:32, 33.

I. The first token of perdition I shall mention is vicious habits; 2. Infidelity, or universalism; 3. A false hope and a false profession; 4. The approach of age without religion; 5. A state of carnal security; 6. A satisfaction with worldly good; 7. A presumptuous confidence in God's mercy; 8. Profanation of the Sabbath and neglect of the means of grace; 9. A contention against the truth, and a demand for smooth prophesyings; 10. The rejection of many calls.

In many instances these tokens cluster. Half a dozen may be found on the same man; all may be found on some.—DR. E. D. GRIFFIN.

969. THE IMPASSABLE GULF—"And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed." Luke 16:26.

I. That great gulf exists already in this life, between the Christian and the sinner: 1. In their thoughts; 2. In their feelings; 3. In their purposes.

II. That gulf can in this life be bridged by the cross of Christ.

III. In the next life the gulf becomes impassable.

970. THE ETERNAL SEPARATION—"Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous." Ps. 1:5.

971. A TERRIBLE BANKRUPTCY—"And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him." Matt. 18:34.

972. CHRIST'S DOCTRINE OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT—"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal." Matt. 25:46.

973. THE BIBLE'S IDEA OF HELL—Luke 16:19-31.

974. FRUITLESS CRIES OF THE IMPENITENT—"And they have not cried unto me with their heart, when they howled upon their beds." Hos. 7:14.

975. THE ROAD TO DEATH—"For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die." Rom. 8:13.

976. BARRED OUT—"Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?" I. Cor. 6:9.

977. SURPRISES AT THE JUDGMENT DAY—Matt. 25:31-46.

978. THE FLOOD CAME AT LAST—"And knew not until the flood came and took them all away." Matt. 24:39.

979. AN AWFUL PARTNERSHIP—"But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." Rev. 21:8. See Rev. 7:9-17.

2. MAN'S SALVATION.

(1.) SALVATION.

980. THE GOSPEL'S POWER—"Then Jesus answering said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached." Luke 7:22.

981. THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL—"It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Rom. 1:16.

982. THE ETERNAL QUESTION—"Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" Mark 10:17.

983. THE QUESTION OF THE AGES—"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Acts 16:30.

984. THE HIGHEST CAUSE FOR JOY—"Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." Matt. 9:2.

1. The miserable condition of a human being—sinful and sick. 2. The power and love of Jesus. 3. The joyous change produced.

985. THE GOSPEL RIVER—"Everything shall live whither the river cometh." Ezek. 17:9.

986. THE VISION OF DRY BONES—See Ezek. 37:1-10.

987. A FAITHFUL SAYING—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." I. Tim. 1:15.

988. THE THOROUGHNESS OF SALVATION—"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Ps. 103:3.

989. ABOUNDING GRACE OF THE GOSPEL—"And yet there is room." Luke 14:22.

990. RESCUE FROM SIN—"To proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Isa. 61:1.

991. SALVATION COSTS ONLY THE ASKING—"For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Rom. 10:13.

992. THE PROTECTED PEOPLE—"Come not near any man upon whom is the mark." Ezek. 9:6. See context.

993. THE LAST CHANCE—"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Heb. 2:3.

994. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM—"Thou art not far from the kingdom." Mark 12:34.

995. A DYING ROBBER SAVED—"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Luke 23:43.

996. AN UNDIVIDED FAMILY—"And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood." Gen. 7:7.

997. RESCUE FROM FIRE—"And others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." Jude 23.

998. WHY ARE MEN SAVED?—"Nevertheless he saved them for his name's sake, that he might make his mighty power to be known." Ps. 106:8.

999. SHUT IN—"And the Lord shut him in." Gen. 7:16.

1000. AN AUSPICIOUS DAY—"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." II. Cor. 6:2.

1001. A HARVEST OF SOULS—"Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed." Amos 9:13.

1002. GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY—"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Prov. 25:25.

1003. CLOUDS OF DOVES—"Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" Isa. 60:8.

I. Who are these converts, that they should be so many? 1. Sinners are many. 2. Christ's redemption is great. 3. His blessings are attractive. 4. Shall Satan have the preëminence in numbers at the last? 5. The Spirit of God is able to draw many. 6. Heaven is great and there is room for hosts of souls.

II. Who are they, that they should fly? 1. In great danger. 2. Time is short. 3. They are driven by a great wind, the Holy Spirit. 4. They are moved by strong desire.

III. Who are they, that they should fly together? 1. In common danger.

2. One common object, seeking the Savior. 3. They are wafted by the same heavenly wind, the Holy Spirit. 4. They find comfort in each other's society. 5. They hope to live together forever above.

IV. Who are they, that they should fly this way? 1. Seeking safety in Jesus. 2. Desiring rest in his love. 3. Finding a home in his heart. 4. Their companions are there. 5. Their young are there. 6. Their food is there. 7. Their all is there.

V. But who are they individually? 1. Our children. 2. Our Sabbath-school scholars. 3. Old gospel-hardened hearers. 4. Strangers. 5. Returning backsliders. 6. Those whom we have been seeking in prayer and by personal address.—SPURGEON.

(2.) INVITATION.

1004. A CHEERING "MAY BE"—"Seek ye the Lord . . . it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger." Zeph: 2:3. See I. Sam. 14:6; II. Sam. 16:12; II. Kings 7:4; Jonah 3:9.

1005. THE DIVINE DEMAND—"My son, give me thine heart." Prov. 23:26.

1006. THE LIFE LOOK—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else," Isa. 45:22.

1007. WALKING IN THE LIGHT—"O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord." Isa. 2:5.

1008. REST FOR THE SOUL—"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." Jer. 6:16.

1009. A KINDLY INVITATION—"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." Num. 10:29.

1. Christians are journeying. 2. Christians desire others, and especially their kindred, to journey with them. 3. Those whom they cannot persuade to go with them they must give the parting hand.

1010. A PUBLIC PROFESSION OF RELIGION—Matt. 10: 32, 33.

1. It is due to the world; 2. Due to the Church; 3. Due to yourself;
4. Due to Christ.

1011. MEN'S SOULS GOD'S PROPERTY—"Behold, all souls are mine." Ezek. 18:4.

1012. ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD BRINGS PEACE—"Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee." Job 22: 21.

1013. A MIDNIGHT CRY—"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Eph. 5:14.

1014. COME AND SEE—"Philip saith unto him, Come and see." John 1:46.

1015. AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS—"Enter ye in at the strait gate," etc. Matt. 7:13.

1016. A KNOCKING SAVIOR—"It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh." Canticles 5:2.

1017. LOVE ON THE AGGRESSIVE—"And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." Luke 14:23.

1018. A BROAD INVITATION—"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22:17.

1019. CHRIST'S CALL TO SOULS IN THE DARK—"And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee." Mark 10:49.

1020. CALLED AND CHOSEN—"For many are called, but few are chosen." Matt. 22:14.

1021. THE SAVIOR'S INVITATION—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11:28.

1022. LINGERING LOT—"And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand . . . ; the Lord being merciful unto him: and they brought him forth, and set him without the city." Gen. 19:16.

1023. A SOLEMN SEARCH—"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." Isa. 55:6.

1024. WHY SERVE THE LORD?"—"Serve ye the Lord." Joshua 24:14.

1025. A PRINCELY GUEST—"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." Rev. 3:20

1026. TWO CLASSES OF HINDERED SEEKERS—Mark 10:13, 14; 2:16, 17.

1027. A GREAT ELECTION—"Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Joshua 24:15.

1028. FREE SALVATION—"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Isa. 55:1.

1029. A NECESSARY PURCHASE—"I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see." Rev. 3:18.

(3.) REPENTANCE.

1030. THE BITTERNESS OF REPENTANCE—"They . . . shall be in bitterness for him." Zech. 12:10.

1031. THE MOURNING OF REPENTANCE—"And the land shall mourn." Zech. 12:12. See two preceding verses.

1032. THE BITTER AND THE SWEET—"Behold, for peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Isa. 38:17.

I. Healthful bitterness. 1. He had been in peace, carnally secure, careless, worldly. 2. He underwent a change. 3. His new state was one of emphatic sorrow—bitterness. 4. It wrought his health; it led him to repentance, prayer, self-knowledge, cleansing of self, faith. 5. Peace came again, and with it songs of joy.

II. Delivering love. 1. The deed of love. 2. The love which performed the deed.

III. Absolute pardon. 1. Restored peace. 2. The whole burden removed. 3. This involved effort on God's part. 4. Wonderfully described. "Behind thy back"—*a.* Place of desertion. *b.* Place of forgetfulness. *c.* Place of nonentity.—SPURGEON.

1033. THE NEED OF REPENTANCE—"And they went out, and preached that men should repent." Mark 6:12.

1034. TROUBLESOME THOUGHTS—"His thoughts troubled him." Dan. 5:6.

1035. RECOLLECTION OF FAULTS—"I do remember my faults this day." Gen. 41:9.

1036. REPENTANCE—"Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations." Ezek. 36:31.

1037. RENUNCIATION OF THE WORST, AND ACCEPTANCE OF THE BEST—"Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." I. Pet. 2:1-2.

1038. THE CONDITIONS OF DIVINE PARDON—"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isa. 55:7. See Ezek. 18:21, 22.

1039. A SORCERER ADMONISHED—"Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee." Acts 8:22.

INTRODUCTION—Historical connections.

1. The wicked intentions of men require pardon. 2. The means by which the wicked are to seek peace with God are repentance and prayer. 3. The bare possibility of success should encourage the sinner to use this means of grace.—H. R. RAYMOND, D. D.

1040. THE SUPREME INQUIRY—"Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" John 9:35.

1. The nature of the belief. 2. The importance of the question. 3. The personal character of the question. 4. But one of two answers can be given.

1041. WHAT TO DO WITH SINS—"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." Prov. 28:13.

1042. RETURNING TO GOD—"Return ye now every one from his evil way, and make your ways and your doings good." Jer. 18:11.

I. What: return.

II. When: now.

III. Who: every one.

IV. From what: from his evil way.

V. To what: "Make your ways and your doings good."—SPURGEON.

1043. CHOOSING GOD'S SERVICE AND PEOPLE—"And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest," etc. Ruth 1:16, 17.

1044. A SUCCESSFUL SERMON—"Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Acts 2:37.

1045. PUT OFF THE OLD MAN—"That ye put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts." Eph. 4:22.

1046. HEAVEN'S JOY OVER REPENTANT SINNERS—"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15:10.

1047. ANXIETY FOR ETERNAL LIFE NOT ALWAYS A WILLINGNESS TO ACCEPT IT—"And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved." Mark 10:22.

1048. USELESS REPENTANCE—"Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself." Matt. 27:3.

1049. THE SEEKER ENCOURAGED—"Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified." Matt. 28:5.

1050. PARDON FOR THE PENITENT—"Because he considereth, and turneth away from all his transgressions that he hath committed, he shall surely live, he shall not die." Ezek. 18:28.

1051. THE WAY TO THE KINGDOM—"The kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel." Mark 1:15.

(4.) CONVERSION.

1052. NECESSITY OF CONVERSION—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John 3:3.

1053. CHRISTIAN LIFE DEMANDS A NEW VITAL POWER—"Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." John 3:7.

1054. A RIGHT START IN LIFE—Heb. 11:24, 26.

1055. THE ETHIOPIAN—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" Jer. 13:23.

First question—Can the Ethiopian change his skin?
First answer—Never!

Second question—Can the Ethiopian's skin be changed?
Second answer—Yes; by the power of God.

1056. A WONDERFUL CHANGE—"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." II. Cor. 5:17.

1057. REGENERATION—"Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures." James 1:18.

1. Its nature, the origination of a new life. 2. Its instrumentality, the gospel of Jesus Christ. 3. Its author, "The Father of lights." 4. Its ultimate cause, "Of his own will." 5. Its purpose—subordinate, "firstfruits"; ultimate, "the praise of his glory."

1058. CONVERSION A REASONABLE REQUIREMENT—John 3:7.

Sinners would not be happy if taken to heaven without a change of heart: for they would not be fitted for it, because: 1. It is a holy place; 2. It is a place of ineffable glory; 3. The inhabitants of heaven are holy; 4. The employments of heaven are holy.

1059. A SPIRITUAL BIRTHDAY—"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." II. Cor. 5:17.

1060. THE CONVERSION OF ZACCHEUS—Luke 19:9, 10.

1061. THE CONVERSION OF THE EUNUCH—Acts 8:26-39.

1062. DEAD UNTO SIN, ALIVE UNTO GOD—"Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6:11.

1063. ASSURANCE ATTAINABLE—Rom. 8:38, 39. See v. 16.

1064. A PROFITABLE EXCHANGE—"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh." Ezek. 36:26.

1065. THOROUGH WASHING—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1:18.

1066. WHITER THAN SNOW—"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Ps. 51:7.

1067. A QUIET CONVERSION—"Whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul." Acts 16:14. Compare with Acts 9:3-6.

1068. FALSE NOTIONS OF CONVERSION—"But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper." II. Kings 5:11.

1069. EVIDENCES OF CONVERSION—"We know that we have passed from death unto life." I. John 3:14.

I. New affections, Ezek. 36:26. 2. Love of brethren, I. John 3:14. 3. Love of God, I. John 5:2. 4. Keeping God's law, I. John 2:5. 5. Consciousness of God's love, I. John 4:16. 6. Presence of the Holy Spirit in us, I. John 4:13. 7. Ascribing salvation to Christ, I. John 4:14, 15. 8. Giving us to know the things of God, I. Cor. 2:12. 9. Direct witness of the Spirit, Rom. 8:16.

1070. CHRISTOPATHY—"With his stripes we are healed." Isa. 53:5.

- I. God here treats sin as a disease.
 - II. God here declares the remedy.
 - III. This Divine remedy is immediately effective.
 - IV. Application.—SPURGEON.
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1071. MAN'S SHARE IN CONVERSION—"Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Ezek. 18:31. See Ezek. 36:26.

1072. THE MEANS OF SALVATION—"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. 5:1.

1073. JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH—"But the just shall live by his faith." Hab. 2:4. See Rom. 1:17; Gal. 3:11; Heb. 10:38.

1074. THE SUPREME INQUIRY—"Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" John 9:35.

1075. EVERLASTING LIFE A PRESENT POSSESSION—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." John 3:36.

1076. A DIVINE MORNING HOUR—"But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings." Mal. 4:2.

1077. FRUITS OF CONVERSION—"And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway. And when he had brought them into his house, he set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house." Acts 16:33, 34.

1078. A GOOD REASON FOR JOY—"Son, be of good cheer: thy sins be forgiven thee." Matt. 9:2.

1079. THE MYSTERY OF CONVERSION—"I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known." Isa. 42:16.

1080. CONVERSION CHANGES THE OUTWARD LIFE—"Neither shall they walk any more after the imagination of their evil heart." Jer. 3:17.

1081. THE DIVINE SIDE OF CONVERSION—"No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." John 6:44.

1082. A GLORIOUS TRANSFORMATION—"Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." Rom. 12:2.

3. CHRISTIAN LIFE.

(1.) HOLINESS.

1083. HATING SIN—"The fear of the Lord is to hate evil." Prov. 8:13.

1084. NEW BASIS FOR A MORAL LIFE—"If ye love me, keep my commandments." John 14:15.

1085. THE IRREPRESSIBLE ANTAGONISM—"Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Matt. 6:24.

1086. THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN—"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Eccles. 12:13.

1087. OBEDIENCE TO GOD'S COMMANDS IS LIFE—"For it is not a vain thing for you: because it is your life." Deut. 32:47. See context.

1088. ADVICE TO YOUNG CONVERTS—See Josh. 24:19-25.

1089. ENDURING TO THE END—"But he that endureth to the end shall be saved." Matt. 10:22.

1090. THE WILES OF THE DEVIL—"Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." Eph. 6:11.

1091. PERSEVERANCE A PROOF OF DISCIPLESHIP—"Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." Matt. 8:19. See v. 22.

1092. NEEDED CHRISTIAN VIRTUES—(Consistent life, unity, love, zeal, and courage.) Phil. 1:27, 28.

1093. THE WAY OF HOLINESS—Isa. 35:8-10.

1. A high way. 2. A holy way. 3. A plain way. 4. A safe way. 5. A delightful way.

1094. LIBERTY OF HEART AND WILL—"Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness." Rom. 6:18.

1095. SUBMISSION THE BEST DEFENSE—"But yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead." Rom. 6:13. See context.

1096. STAND UP AND BE COUNTED—"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" II. Cor. 6:14.

1097. SPIRITUAL GYMNASTICS—"Exercise thyself rather unto godliness." I. Tim. 4:7.

1098. SHINING LIGHTS—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5:16.

1099. CHRISTIAN CULTURE—"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." Heb. 6:1.

1100. SORROW FOR THE SINS OF OTHERS—"Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law." Ps. 119:136.

1101. LOVE TO GOD MAN'S FIRST DUTY—"Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," etc. Matt. 22:37, 38.

1102. INCONSISTENT CHRISTIANS—"They feared the Lord, and served their own gods." II. Kings 17:33.

1103. FRUITLESS TREES INVITE DESTRUCTION—"Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." Matt. 7:19.

(2.) CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES.

1104. THE JOY OF RECONCILIATION—"And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." Rom. 5:11.

1105. RELIGION THE BASIS OF ALL SUCCESS—"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6:33.

1106. THE SOUL SET FREE—"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." John 8:32.

1107. AN UNFAILING BANK—"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Phil. 4:19.

1108. A CONSPIRACY FOR GOOD—"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Rom. 8:28.

1109. YE SHALL NOT BE ASHAMED—"Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed." Rom. 10:11.

1110. CHRISTIAN LIBERTY—"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." Gal. 5:1.

III1. FILLING EMPTY VESSELS—"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Phil. 4:19.

III2. RELIGION AT HOME—"And when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there." Acts 16:15.

III3. BLESSED PRIVILEGES—"Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see." Luke 10:23.

III4. LIVING UP TO PRIVILEGES—"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him." Col. 2:6.

(3.) PRAYER.

III5. THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER—"And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications." Zech. 12:10.

III6. THE WELL-WROUGHT PRAYER—"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Jas. 5:16.

III7. A BLANK CHECK—"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark 11:24.

III8. A POWERFUL PRAYER-MEETING—"These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." Acts 1:14.

III9. BLESSING THE RESULT OF PRAYER—"He blessed him there." Gen. 32:29.

III20. THE SEA CAPTAIN'S LAST RESORT—"So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto him, What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." Jonah 1:6.

II21. SECRET PRAYER REWARDED OPENLY—"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Matt. 6:6.

II22. A CAPTIVE LIBERATED—"Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him." Acts 12:5. 7

II23. PRAYER FOR PROMISED BLESSING NECESSARY—"Thus saith the Lord God; I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." Ezek. 36:37. See context.

II24. A MOTHER'S PRAYER—"And, behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." Matt. 15:22.

II25. HOW TO HAVE A REVIVAL—"O Lord God, forgive, I beseech thee." Amos 7:2.

II26. SIGNS OF A TRUE REVIVAL—"And the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts: I will go also." Zech. 8:21.

II27. PRAYER FOR A RENEWED REVIVAL—"Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?" Ps. 85:6.

II28. UNHEARD PRAYERS—"Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss." Jas. 4:3.

Prayers are unheard because—

I. Hearts are corrupt.—Is. 59:1, 2.

II. They have wrong motives.—Jas. 4:3.

III. Lack of submissive spirit, Christ's example.—Mark 14:36.

IV. Really not in Jesus' name.—John 16:23.

V. Lack of real, earnest, fervent desire.—Luke 18:1-8.

VI. Lack of faith.—Jas. 1:7.

II29. ALTAR RUINS—"And he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down." I. Kings 18:30.

II30. A REITERATED COMMAND—"Watch." Mark 13: 33-37.

(4.) FAITH.

II31. VICTORY OF FAITH—"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." I. John 5:4.

II32. OMNIPOTENCE OF FAITH—"And nothing shall be impossible unto you." Matt. 17:20.

II33. UNSHAKEN FAITH—"That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine." Eph. 4:14.

II34. THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL—"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." Heb. 6:19.

II35. DOUBT PREVENTING BLESSING—"And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." Matt. 13:58.

II36. THE SIN OF UNBELIEF—"Now, behold, if the Lord should make windows in heaven, might such a thing be?" II. Kings 7:19.

II37. ABIDING FAITH—"Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward." Heb. 10:35.

II38. FAITH FORESEES THE VICTORY—"Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." Num. 13:30.

II39. NO REVIVAL WITHOUT FAITH—"And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." Matt. 13:58.

(5.) CONFESSING CHRIST.

II40. THE REWARD OF CONFESSING CHRIST—"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 10:32.

II41. WITNESSING FOR CHRIST—"And ye also shall bear witness." John 15:27.

II42. WHERE TO BEAR WITNESS—"Ye shall be witnesses unto me . . . unto to the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 1:8.

II43. WITNESSING FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE—"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us." I. John 1:3.

II44. PUBLIC CONFESSION OF CHRIST NECESSARY TO SALVATION—"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Rom. 10:9.

II45. WHAT A SINCERE CONFESSION OF CHRIST PROVES—"Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." I. John 4:15.

(6.) BACKSLIDING CHRISTIANS.

II46. LOSING THE FIRST LOVE—"Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Rev. 2:4.

II47. BACKSLIDERS' LAMENT—"And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out." Matt. 25: 8.

1148. UNCONSCIOUS LOSS OF POWER—"And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him." Judges 16:20.

1149. THE BACKSLIDER IN HEART—"The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." Prov. 14:14.

1150. HEARERS BUT NOT DOERS—"For they hear thy words, but they do them not." Ezek. 33:32.

1151. BACKSLIDING CHRISTIANS A COMFORT TO SINNERS—"Thou art a comfort unto them." Ezek. 16:54.

I. Sinners are comforted. 1. By having their consciences quieted by the inconsistent lives of Christians. 2. By having sin made respectable. 3. By receiving actual aid.

II. Christians comfort sinners. 1. By carelessly falling into conspicuous sins. 2. By failing in their covenant fidelities of service. 3. By peevish fault-finding with the church for severity of restriction. 4. By a spirit of murmuring against Divine discipline. 5. By sinking into the chill of indifference as to doctrine or practice.

III. Is there any real comfort to anybody in all this after all?

1152. THE BACKSLIDER'S QUESTION—"Will the Lord cast off forever? and will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone forever? doth his promise fail forevermore?" Ps. 77:7, 8.

1153. GOD'S LAMENT OVER THE BACKSLIDER—Hos. 11:8, 9.

1154. THE HOLY ROD CAST UPON THE GROUND—Ex. 4:2-4.

The dreadful results of casting down holy things. Among holy things are: 1. Fallen vows. 2. Prostration of secret, family, and public altars. 3. The only way to get out of danger is to take hold of the serpent.

1155. AN EASY RELIGION A FALSE ONE—"They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace." Jer. 6:14.

1156. LUKEWARMNESS—"Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." Rev. 3:16.

1. Criminality of religious indifference.
 2. Its offensiveness to God.
 3. Its danger.
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1157. WHOSE SONS ARE WE?—"If God were your Father, ye would love me." John 8:42.

1. They only are true sons who have filial affection for the Father.
 2. The test of such affection is Christ Jesus, "the express image" of God.
 3. Try yourselves by this: "Do you love Christ Jesus?"
 4. If you find no love for him in your heart, you are not a son of God, but of Satan.
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1158. PROFESSION AND CONFESSION—"Then certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus." Acts 19:13.

1159. A SAD RELIGION A FALSE RELIGION—"And they brought up an evil report of the land which they had searched." Num. 13:32.

1160. ARTIFICIAL RELIGION—"Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 5:20.

1161. RELIGIOUS DISCOURAGEMENTS—"The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way." Num. 21:4.

1162. THE CARELESS WARNED—"Tremble, ye women that are at ease; be troubled, ye careless ones." Isa. 32:11.

1163. JONAH THE BACKSLIDER—"Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." Jonah 1:6.

1164. DEMAS THE DESERTER—"For Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." II. Tim. 4:10.

1165. LOT'S WIFE—"Remember Lot's wife." Luke 17:32.

II66. LOOKING BACK FATAL—"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Luke 9: 62.

II67. AN UNREVIVED AND BACKSLIDDEN CHURCH—"Woe is me! for I am as when they have gathered the summer fruits, as the grape gleanings of the vintage; there is no cluster to eat: my soul desired the first ripe fruit." Micah 7: 1.

II68. A DIVIDED HEART—"Their heart is divided; now shall they be found faulty." Hosea 10: 2.

II69. THE FRUITLESS TREE—"And when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only." Matt. 21: 19.

II70. PRAYER FOR A DESOLATED CHURCH—"Now, therefore, O our God, hear the prayer of thy servant, and his supplications, and cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake." Dan. 9: 17.

II71. TIME TO SEEK THE LORD—"Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you." Hosea 10: 12.

II72. A WEEPING SINNER—"And when he thought thereon, he wept." Mark 14: 72.

II73. UNCONVERTED CHURCH MEMBERS—"They feared the Lord, and served their own gods, after the manner of the nations whom they carried away from thence." II. Kings 17: 33.

II74. IDOLIZING THE SACRAMENTS—"And brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made: for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it." II. Kings 18: 4.

II75. THE BACKSLIDER'S INACTIVITY—"Why do we sit still?" Jer. 8: 14. See context.

1176. POSITIVE CHRISTIANS NEEDED—"For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" I. Cor. 14:8.

1177. RECIPE FOR A REVIVAL—"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." II. Chron. 7:14.

4. CHRISTIAN WORK.

(1.) CONSECRATION.

1178. REASONABLENESS OF CONSECRATION—"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable, unto God, which is your reasonable service." Rom. 12:1.

Consecration is reasonable:—

- I. Because we are already God's property.
- II. Because of the mercies we have received at his hands.
- III. Because of the character of Him into whose hands we commit ourselves.
- IV. Because it brings added power and blessing.

REMARKS—In this consecration we reach the climax of our nature and powers.

1179. TAKING A STAND TO FIGHT FOR GOD—"Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me." Ex. 32:26.

1180. PREPARING FOR VICTORY—"And ye shall compass the city, all ye men of war, and go round about the city once. Thus shalt thou do six days." Joshua 6:3.

1181. "WHY STAND YE HERE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"—Matt. 20:6.

1. Why? The vineyard is so spacious. 2. Why? The reward is so liberal. 3. Why? The Master is so kind. 4. Why? The time of working is so short.—VAN OOSTERZEE.

1182. GOD DEMANDS HUMAN CO-OPERATION—"Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show to you to-day." Ex. 14:13. "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." V. 15.

1183. GOD'S FAVORITE INSTRUMENTS—I. Cor. 1:27, 28, 29.

1184. FISHERS OF MEN—"At thy word I will let down the net." Luke 5:5.

1185. TEMPORAL HINDRANCES—"Also regard not your stuff; for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours." Gen. 45:20.

1186. REMOVING HINDRANCES TO THE LORD'S WORK—"Jesus said, Take ye away the stone." John 11:39. See context.

1187. GRATITUDE A WORTHY MOTIVE FOR DOING GOD'S WORK—"Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you." I. Sam. 12:24.

1188. COURAGE AND STRENGTH—"Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord." Ps. 31:24.

1. Fearlessness in religious life. 2. The strength acquired from fearlessness in religion.

REMARKS—1. Be courageous and strong, for the time is short. 2. Be courageous and strong, for the enemy is alert. 3. Be courageous and strong, for your Divine leader is worthy.

1189. ZEAL DESIRABLE—"But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." Gal. 4:18.

1190. JOYFUL ENTHUSIASM A POWER—"For the joy of the Lord is your strength." Neh. 8:10.

1191. WINNING ONE SOUL—"And he must needs go through Samaria." John 4:4.

For one soul, Christ: 1. Took a long journey; 2. Held converse with a vile character; 3. Preached a long and carefully adapted sermon.

1192. A POWERFUL SHOUT—"Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city." Joshua 6:16.

1193. RELIGIOUS SHIRKERS—"Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Judges 5:23.

1194. GO FORWARD—"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." Ex. 14:15.

1195. PAYING VOWS—"Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God." Ps. 76:11.

1196. DOING WITH OUR MIGHT—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Eccles. 9:10. See context.

1197. THE SHORTNESS OF TIME—"The time is short." I. Cor. 7:29.

1198. THE CALL TO SERVICE—"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." Matt. 21:28.

1199. A GOOD TESTIMONIAL—"She hath done what she could." Mark 14:8.

1200. CRIMINAL EASE—"Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." Amos 6:1.

1201. A POOR EXCUSE FOR NEGLECTING SOULS—"And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone." I. Kings 20:40.

1202. CONDITIONS OF VICTORY—"Arise, get thee down unto the host; for I have delivered it into thine hand." Judges 7:9.

1203. EARNESTNESS IN RELIGION—"And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Matt. 11:12.

1204. COMPROMISES DANGEROUS—"But if ye will not drive out the inhabitants of the land from before you; then it shall come to pass, that those which ye let remain of them shall be pricks in your eyes, and thorns in your sides, and shall vex you in the land wherein ye dwell." Num. 33:55.

1205. A COMPLETE RELIGION—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Matt. 22:37. See Luke 10:27.

(2.) SOURCES OF POWER.

1206. A DIVINE HELPER—"And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following." Mark 16:20.

1207. POWER WITH GOD—"As a prince hast thou power with God." Gen. 32:28.

1208. VICTORY ASSURED—"And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands." I. Sam. 17:47.

1209. INFLUENCE OF A SINGLE CHRISTIAN—"Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city." Eccles. 9:15.

1210. CHRISTIAN COURAGE—"And Caleb stilled the people before Moses, and said, Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." Num. 13:30.

(3.) RESPONSIBILITY FOR OTHERS.

1211. A NEIGHBOR'S DUTY—"Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him." Lev. 19:17.

1212. RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE SINS OF OTHERS—"And he did evil in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the way of Jeroboam, and in his sin wherewith he made Israel to sin." I. Kings 15:34.

1213. OUR RESPONSIBILITY FOR OTHERS—"And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother?" Gen. 4:9.

1214. WATCHING FOR SOULS—"For they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief." Heb. 13:17.

1215. SOUL-SAVING THE CHRISTIAN'S BUSINESS—"I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." I. Cor. 9:22.

1216. "NO MAN CARED FOR MY SOUL"—Ps. 142:4.

INTRODUCTION—Souls may be saved by the use of right means.

I. The worth of the soul. 1. The soul will continue to improve forever. 2. The righteous will grow more happy, and the wicked more miserable, throughout eternity. 3. The value of the soul is proved by the price paid for it.

II. Contrast the care man takes for his soul, and the souls of his fellow-men, and the care he takes for worldly objects. 1. The solicitude manifested for riches. 2. Our care in educating our children. 3. A great many little things—dress, honor, business. 4. Anxiety for human life. Describe a child lost. 5. Contrast our care for souls and Christ's care. Paul. Primitive Christians. Luther. Whitefield. Edwards. 6. Contrast our care now with what it once was.

III. Some few things which show that this care does not exist. 1. If you do not stately observe secret prayer. 2. If your soul is not burdened with the souls of others. 3. If you neglect family prayer. 4. If you do not attend prayer-meeting.

REMARKS—The great responsibility resting on every Christian.

1217. HELPERS AND HINDERERS—"And they come unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was." Mark 2:3, 4.

1218. THE SALVATION OF OUR RELATIVES—"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther 4:14.

1219. SOUL-SAVING LIFE'S HIGHEST END—"And who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther 4:14.

1220. A SOUL-SAVING JOURNEY—"And he must needs go through Samaria." John 4:4. See following verses.

1221. SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL WORK—"The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20. See context.

1222. CARE OF CONVERTS—"Feed my lambs." John 21:15.

1223. DANGERS AFTER THE CLOSE OF A REVIVAL—"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Matt. 26:41.

(4.) CHURCH AT WORK.

1224. A CHURCH FULL OF PROPHETS—"Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his Spirit upon them!" Num. 11:29.

1225. AN INCREASING CHURCH—"The children which thou shalt have, after thou hast lost the other, shall say again in thine ears, The place is too strait for me: give place to me that I may dwell." Isa. 49:20. See v. 21.

- I. In the church there are decreases.
 - II. In the church we should look for increase.
 - III. In the church increase often causes surprise.
 - IV. In the church increase should be prepared for.—SPURGEON.
-

1226. SMALL THINGS—"For who hath despised the day of small things?" Zech. 4:10.

1227. PREPARING FOR A REVIVAL—"Prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of my people." Is. 57:14.

1228. THE REVIVAL AT HAND—"Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh." Isa. 62:11.

1229. PRAYER OF THE CHURCH FOR HELP—"And Judah gathered themselves together, to ask help of the Lord: even out of all the cities of Judah they came to seek the Lord." II. Chron. 20:4.

1230. SIGNS OF A TRUE REVIVAL—"And the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts: I will go also." Zech. 8:21.

1. Delight in prayer. 2. Harmony and co-operation. 3. Zeal. 4. Personal dedication.

1231. THE CONDITIONS OF BLESSING—"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." II. Chron. 7:14.

1232. BUILDING UP THE WALLS OF THE CHURCH—"And they said, Let us rise up and build." Neh. 2:18.

1233. THE GREAT REVIVAL—"All the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God." Isa. 52:10.

1234. "WHY SHOULD THE WORK CEASE?"—Neh. 6:3.

1235. THE CLOUD AS A MAN'S HAND—I. Kings 18:44.

THEME—The beginnings of a work of grace. 1. It begins in the hearts of God's people. Felt before seen, in the soul, in the closet, in prayer, in deep conviction. 2. It manifests itself in a solemn interest among the unsaved. Men begin to think—to hear the word—to lose their taste for the world—to think on God and salvation. 3. Conversions follow, but with feeble experiences. Converts are feeble when the church is weak. 4. But as we take hold on God, the cloud enlarges and gives rain.—H. W. KNAPP.

1236. MOURNING IN A REVIVAL—"And the victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people." II. Sam. 19:2.

The church mourns during revival scenes: 1. That so few of God's pro-

fessed friends enter actively into the work. 2. That so many sinners are passed by and left in their sins, even in the day of special merciful visitation. 3. That so many are convicted who are not converted; wounded, but not healed. 4. That, in all probability, a large proportion of those who are not reached and rescued in a revival will finally perish in their sins!

(5.) CHILDREN.

1237. THE VALUE OF CHILD CHRISTIANITY—"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." Matt. 18:10.

1238. THE MIGHTINESS OF CHILDHOOD—"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them." Matt. 18:2.

1239. PAUL'S VISIT TO THE NURSERY—Eph. 6:1-3.

1240. THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN—"Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Eph. 6:4.

1241. MORAL TENDENCIES MARKED IN CHILDHOOD—"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Prov. 20:11.

1242. HAPPY CHILDREN—"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." Isa. 54:13.

1243. CHRISTIAN'S DUTY TO CHILDREN—"Feed my lambs." John 21:15.

1244. OUR DUTY TO THE CHILDREN—"Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me." Isa. 8:18.

5. CHRISTIAN REWARDS.

1245. CHRISTIAN WORK AND WAGES—"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honor." John 12:26.

1246. A SURE REWARD—"Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded." II. Chron. 15:7.

1247. A GRAND INHERITANCE—"To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you." I. Peter 1:4.

1248. THE BETTER COUNTRY—"But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly." Heb. 11:16.

1. Better in outward manifestation—golden streets, etc. 2. Better in its conditions—no sickness, pain, or death. 3. Better in its opportunities. 4. Better in its companionships. 5. Better in its duration. 6. Better, because prepared by God for his people.

1249. A CAUSE FOR REJOICING—"Rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." Luke 10:20.

1250. KEPT TO THE END—"Who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." I. Cor. 1:8.

1251. CALLED TO A KINGDOM—"Walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory." I. Thess. 2:12.

1252. THE KING AND HIS LAND—"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off." Isa. 33:17.

1253. HEAVEN'S CHIEF JOY—"And they shall see his face."
Rev. 22:4.

1254. SUFFERING AND REIGNING WITH CHRIST—"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." II. Tim. 2:12.

1255. THE TIME OF CORONATION—"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." I. Pet. 5:4.

1256. ROBES AND REST—"White robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest." Rev. 6:11.

SCRIPTURE READINGS FOR SOCIAL MEETINGS.

1257. A Backslidden Church. Rev. 3:14-22.

1258. Fruitless Christians. Matt. 21:17-22.

1259. A Church with Whom God would not Walk. Ex. 33:1-17.

1260. The Evil Results of Backsliding. II. Kings 17:6-23.

1261. Unworthy Church-members Bring Defeat. Josh. 7:1-15.

1262. A Battle without God Meets Defeat. Num. 14:36-45.

1263. God's Judgments upon Frivolity. Amos 6:1-11.

1264. Insufficient Aggressiveness. I. Kings 13:14-19.

1265. A Good Church, but Lacking Love. Rev. 2: 1-7.

1266. Praying for a Backsliding Church. Ex. 32: 7-14, and 25-35.

1267. God's Cry to the Backslider. Jer. 3: 12-25.

1268. A Backsliding Church Seeks Help. Ps. 60.

1269. A Backsliding Church Desiring to Return. Judges 10: 6-18.

1270. The Backslider's Return. Hos. 6: 1-7, and 14: 1-9.

1271. A Backslider's Return. Ps. 77.

1272. Humiliation and Confession before God. Ps. 51.

1273. Guarding Against Backsliding. Heb. 10: 19-31.

1274. A Famishing Church Filled with Good Things. I. Kings 7: 1-20.

1275. Churches Worthy of Imitation. Rev. 3: 1-13.

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